A WAYFARER IN AUSTRIA

BY G. E. R. GEDYE

$3.00

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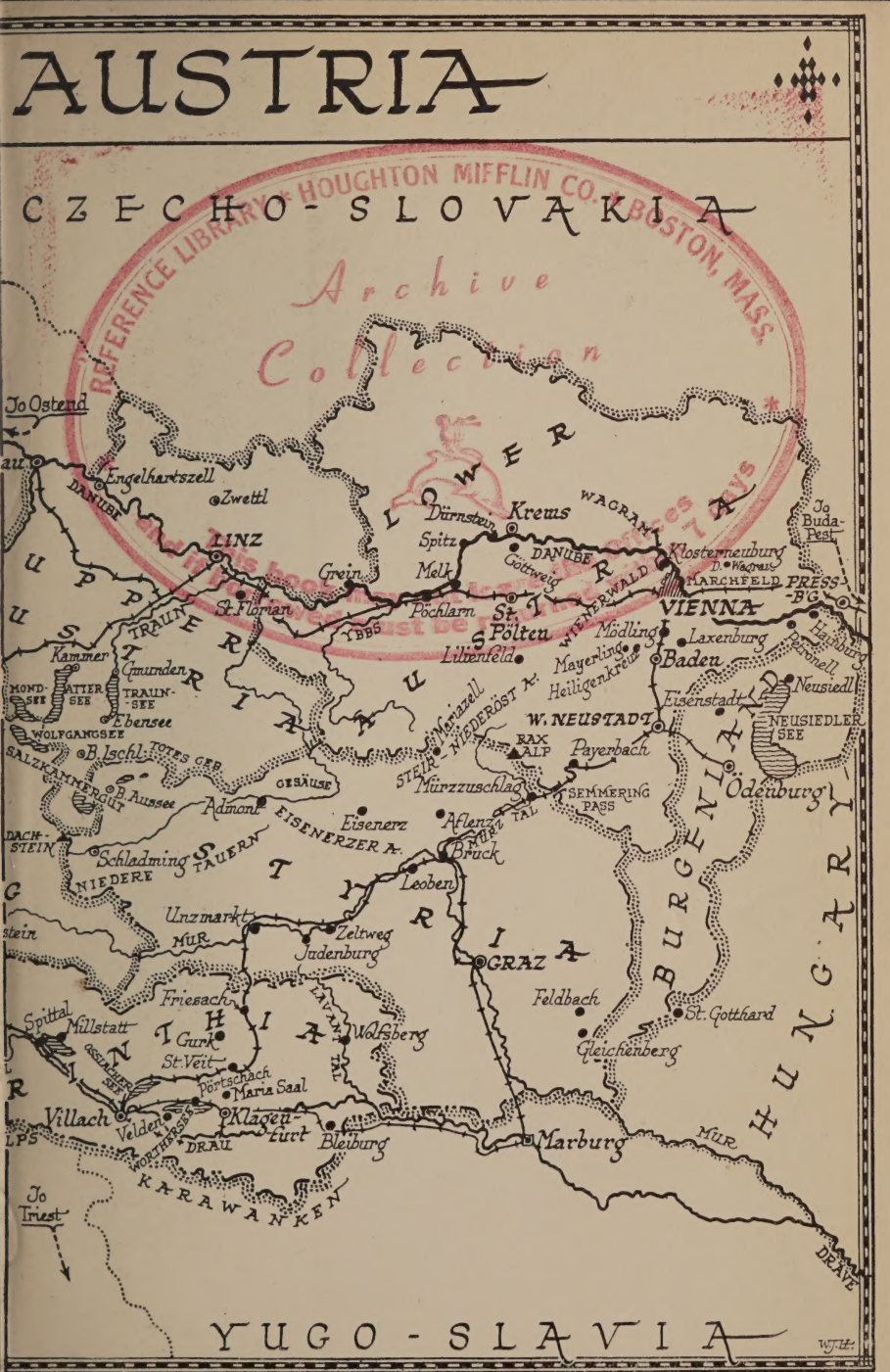
By G. E. R. Gedye

THIS light-hearted account of wanderings through romantic Austria begins in Vienna, 'that city of Western light, into which a faint perfume of the East has crept,' a city of splendid palaces and hidden corners where the middle ages still linger. Next the reader goes in a steamer up the Danube, stopping at little towns of proud history, such as Dürnstein, where the faithful Blondel, singing his despairing song, found Richard Cœur de Lion at last, penetrates the heart of Styria, lingers in tiny Friesach, the only walled and moated city of Europe, passes through the Tyrol to Innsbruck, and down the valley of the rushing snow-fed Inn to Salzburg, beloved city of colour, music, and magic.

Mr. Gedye writes with sympathy, knowledge, and vivacity. During a long residence in Austria as correspondent for the London *Times*, he has absorbed more than a little of the Austrian charm. Through his pages the reader comes to know thoroughly, not only the famous and well-trodden roads of Austria, but also the devious unknown paths through towns which have hardly changed in the last three or four centuries.

MAP of
The Salzkammergut Lakes
Kammer
Atter or Kammer See
Gmunden
Mondsee
Traunsee
SALZBURG
HÖLLEN-GEB
Langbath Seen
Traunkirchen
Mondsee
KRANABETH SATTEL
Ebensee
SCHAFBERG
St. Gilgen
St. Wolfgang
Wolfgang- or Aber See
BAD ISCHL
Altausseer See
Toplitzer See
Gosau Mühle
Gosau
Grundl-See
Bad Aussee
Hall-statt
Gosau Seen
Eishöhlen
Hallstättersee
DACHSTEIN
DANUBE
Pass
INN
SALZACH
Rosenheim
Salzburg
GAIS B.
To Munich
LAKE of CONSTANCE (Boden See)
To Calais
Kufstein
SALZBURGER KALK A
Bregenz
ACHEN SEE
KALKALPEN
UNT. INN TAL
Wörgl
ZUG SP.
NORDTIROLER
Jenbach
Rattenberg
Kitzbühel
VORARL-
Innsbruck
Hall
Schwaz
KITZBÜHLER A.
Feldkirch
OBER INN TAL
Amras
Zell
Bludenz
Ötz
Isel B.
Igls
SALZBUR
Vaduz
-BERG
St. Anton
ÖTZ TAL
STUBAIER A
WIPP TAL
ZILLER TAL
HOHE TAUERN
Hof-
LIECH-TEN-STEIN
ZILLERTALER A
GR. VENEDIGER
GR. GLOCKNER
Bad
BRENNER PASS
Heiligenblut
EAST TYROL
Lienz
SWITZERLAND
ÖTZTALER ALPS
OBER DRAUTA
INN
SOUTH TYROL
(TO ITALY)
CARNIC
TRENTO
To Venice
ITALY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Mödling
Laxenburg
Baden
Mayerling
Heiligenkreuz
Hainburg
Petronell
Neusiedl
Eisenstadt
NEUSIEDLER SEE
W. NEUSTADT
RAX ALP
Payerbach
Mariazell
STEIR-NIEDERÖST A.
Mürzzuschlag
SEMMERING PASS
Ödenburg
Kammer
Gmunden
MOND-SEE
ATTER SEE
TRAUN-SEE
Ebensee
WOLFGANGSEE
B. Ischl
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MUR
Zeltweg
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GRAZ
Feldbach
St. Gotthard
Gleichenberg
Friesach
LAVANT TAL
Wolfsberg
Spittal
Millstatt
Gurk
St. Veit
OSSIACHER SEE
Pörtschach
Maria Saal
Villach
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Klagenfurt
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YUGO-SLAVIA
W.J.H.

A WAYFARER IN AUSTRIA

THE GATES OF AUSTRIA

FELDKIRCH

A WAYFARER IN AUSTRIA

BY

G. E. R. GEDYE

LATE *The Times* CORRESPONDENT FOR CENTRAL EUROPE

WITH 29 ILLUSTRATIONS
AND AN END-PAPER MAP

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
1929

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TO

MY FELLOW WAYFARER

WHO ALWAYS INSISTS ON CARRYING

THE HEAVIER RUCKSACK

PREFACE

THIS book claims to fulfil no higher function than that of the *hors-d'œuvre*. It is merely an *apéritif* to Austria, the new-born pleasure-land which the world has just discovered. The banquet awaits you there.

Past neglect of Austria had nothing to do with the quality of its attractions. The mighty Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, though hospitable, had no particular reason to advertise its treasury of architecture and scenery. To-day its heir, this little mountain republic, like the heirs of many a family of ancient lineage and great possessions, is compelled to turn its treasures to practical account. Thus has the world at large first learned of the ancient glories and modern gaiety of Vienna, of the dream towns, castles, and monasteries of forgotten centuries, and of the sunny lakes and incomparable mountains of Europe's latest playground. Thus, also, some such book as this has become necessary.

As it is the first travel-book on Austria to be published in the English language, I have thought it well, even at the risk of imparting a 'guide-booky' flavour here and there, to cover more ground than would be necessary in the case of better-known holiday lands. It is difficult to know where to recommend travellers to turn in search of further information. Baedeker, of course, is essential, and pending the publication of an English edition, I recommend everyone to buy his new *Oesterreich* in German. For those who read German there are masses of books which have helped me and will do the same for them. There is nothing better than the 'Oesterreichische Kunstbücher' series (Österr. Verlagsges. Hölzel, Vienna) of

little illustrated handbooks, each written by a distinguished art-critic. Baldass' (German) guide to Vienna deals with almost every stone of interest. That my own treatment of Vienna is inadequate I am well aware. The limits set me precluded the possibility of doing justice in one and the same volume to what is for me the most delightful capital (and its charming, if sometimes irresponsible inhabitants) and to some of the most magnificent scenery in Europe.

The pre-war books of travellers through the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy cover so much other ground and say so little of the new Austria that it is no use to recommend them. The only English book on post-war Austria which I have come across, Mr. Macartney's admirable study *The Social Revolution in Austria*, will interest all those with political minds, as will Dr. Herford's *The Case of German South Tyrol Against Italy* (George Allen & Unwin). Mr. Wickham Steed's pre-war classic, *The Hapsburg Monarchy*, the brilliance of which is admitted even by those Austrians who criticize it severely, furnishes many clues as to the character of this people.

To those good friends, English and Austrian, who have so generously given me their valuable time and advice, I extend my heartiest thanks.

G. E. R. G.

VIENNA,
May 1928

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

ANOTHER edition of this book having been called for within a bare six weeks of publication of the first, it has not been possible to hunt out such errors and omissions as must surely need correction.

But a note for the motorist seems desirable. The most frequented roads of Austria are slowly—in Austrian *tempo*—being brought into first-class (Continental) condition. No one need now fear to bring even a popular light car out here, though the speed attainable on first-class British motor-roads should nowhere be attempted, and remote mountain roads subject to frequent avalanches, such as that through the Gesäuse, demand very careful driving if attempted at all by the lighter cars.

Wayfarers engaging in the battle which I have recommended with the "Imp of the Time Tables" will now find that the motor-bus services have developed so widely that a victory over him is so simple as to be robbed of nearly all its glory.

G. E. R. G.

VIENNA,
October 1928

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	The Gates of Austria	1
II	Vienna—the First Morning	11
III	The Stephanskirche	21
IV	Through the Heart of Vienna	31
V	The Ringstrasse and the Prater	44
VI	A Church and Three Palaces	54
VII	The 'Kunsthistorisches': Pictures and Armour	65
VIII	Other Collections, the Musicians, and the 'Heurigen'	74
IX	The Vienna Forest	88
X	The Danube, Burgenland, and Semmering	99
XI	Over the Mountains to Graz	115
XII	Graz: Collections and Excursions	123
XIII	Friesach, Gurk, and Klagenfurt	136
XIV	Velden and the Wörther See	147
XV	From Velden to the Glaciers; Salzburg and Tyrol	157
XVI	Innsbruck	168
XVII	The Valley of the Inn	180
XVIII	Salzburg	188
XIX	The Salzkammergut Lakes	197
XX	More Lakes, the Gesäuse, and the End	206
	Index	215

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

MAP OF AUSTRIA . . . . . *Front Endpapers*
(*From a drawing by W. J. Harrington*)

THE GATES OF AUSTRIA: FELDKIRCH . . . *Frontispiece*
(*Photo: J. Bader, Bregenz*)

FACING PAGE

IN VORARLBERG. ZÜRS IN WINTER 6
(*Photo: C. Risch Lau, Bregenz*)

* THE KARLSKIRCHE, VIENNA 44

PARLIAMENT AND THE RINGSTRASSE, VIENNA . . . 44
(*Photo: Österreichische Lichtbildstelle, Vienna*)

* THE BELVEDERE PALACES 56

* VIENNA FROM THE UPPER BELVEDERE 56

'FRAU AUSTRIA' 88
(*Photo: F. Wunderlich, Linz*)

MELK. INSIDE THE BAROQUE MONASTERY CHURCH . 104
(*Photo: B. Reiffenstein, Vienna*)

* MELK MONASTERY 106

A CORNER OF DÜRNSTEIN 106
(*Photo: F. Sedlmayr, Krems*)

THE RIEGERSBURG 132
(*Photo: F. Knollmüller, Graz*)

* GURK—PULPIT, DONNER'S PIETÀ, AND HIGH ALTAR . 140

ON THE WÖRTHER SEE: MARIA WÖRTH 148
(*Photo: F. Schilcher, Klagenfurt*)

VELDEN-AM-WÖRTHSEE 148
(*Photo: Kurkommission, Velden*)

FACING PAGE

HEILIGENBLUT, WITH THE GLOCKNER PEAKS 158
(*Photo: H. Schildknecht, Graz*)

THE PASTERZEN GLACIER AND THE GROSS GLOCKNER . 160
(*Photo: H. Schildknecht, Graz*)

THE FIRST OF THE KRIMML FALLS 164
(*Photo: C. Jurischek, Salzburg*)

ROCOCO—WILTEN PARISH CHURCH, INNSBRUCK . . . 174
(*Österreichische Lichtbildstelle, Vienna*)

INNSBRUCK: GOLDNE DACHL 180
(*Photo: W. Stempfle, Innsbruck*)

ÖTZ: A PAINTED GOTHIC INN 180
(*Photo: A. Stockhammer, Hall-in-Tyrol*)

KUFSTEIN 182
(*Photo: K. Dornach, Innsbruck*)

STAMMS MONASTERY 182
(*Photo: K. Dornach, Innsbruck*)

MÜNZERTOR, HALL-IN-TYROL 184
(*Photo: A. Stockhammer, Hall-in-Tyrol*)

SALVATORGASSE, HALL-IN-TYROL 184
(*Photo: A. Stockhammer, Hall-in-Tyrol*)

* SALZBURG 196

* ADMONT: THE MONASTERY LIBRARY 196

THE GRUNDLSEE 206
(*Photo: J. Kahn, Salzkammergut*)

HALLSTATT, ON THE HALLSTÄTTER SEE 208
(*Photo: Erich Bährendt, Bad Ischl*)

VORDERE GOSAUSEE AND DACHSTEIN GLACIER . . 208
(*Photo: Erich Bährendt, Bad Ischl*)

* *Photos: Postkarten-Industrie A.-G., Vienna*

A WAYFARER IN AUSTRIA

CHAPTER I

THE GATES OF AUSTRIA

All Metternich's Fault—Passau—An Austrian Sample—Beginning with Vienna—Vorarlberg—Woes of Liechtenstein—Bregenz—Through the Alps to Innsbruck—Kufstein—A Gate in the East

IT is very largely Metternich's fault. Epigrams cast upon the waters of a superficial world may return after many days having suffered so great a sea-change as to be unrecognizable to their perpetrator. When that cynical statesman jestingly remarked that Asia began at the Landstrasse in Vienna, he uttered a profound psychological truth, intended solely for home consumption, but the *bon mot* travelled far afield. To its influence I would attribute the dawn of the legend of 'distant Austria'. A trip to Vienna? But surely that city lies on the borders of Asia. Why not suggest Lhassa? No, Vienna is too far. We must content ourselves with the Riviera or with Italy again.

In point of fact, Naples is some two hundred, Rome one hundred miles farther from London than is Vienna. Venice is but fifty miles, the Riviera but one hundred miles nearer, but the jesting words of the old reactionary of the Ballhaus Platz have created a 'complex' more powerful than milestones.

Memories of the polyglot monarchy of Austria-Hungary help to maintain the illusion of distance. Did not some of its former subjects wear turbans and pray in mosques to Allah? Did not its Magyar subjects talk an Asiatic language resembling no other known tongue? Did not others talk the language of the Serbs, which prints itself in looking-glass characters? How, then, can its capital be accessible or its inhabitants comprehensible? A German diplomat once told

me that he had quite lost count of the number of English friends who, on hearing that he was going to Vienna, asked him if he had learnt the language, and refused to believe that in acquiring his mother tongue he had simultaneously learnt 'Austrian'.

It all seems very difficult, but let us be of good cheer. It is only a faint, soft perfume of the East which has crept up to the gates of Vienna. In the midst of a city of Western light, and laughter of a quality long since banished from most of our modern world, we can enjoy the thrill of being on the fringe of the Orient without having to face any of its discomforts. We can, in fact, lunch at Victoria—if we have breakfasted early enough, even in Piccadilly or the Strand—and dine the following night on the Ringstrasse in Vienna without a change of carriage from Ostend or Calais. There awaits us, when we awake, a land fortunately still almost uncharted by the tourist agencies, though their outposts are there to comfort the timid traveller. It is a land which is so rich a storehouse of art, so varied an Eden of mountain, lake, and torrent, sun-drenched in summer and white-robed in winter, so venerable a monument of the architecture and sculpture of bygone ages, that it must long ago have been expropriated and internationalized did not its population welcome the stranger within its gates with a charm and hospitality entirely their own. Shall we, then, shake off the Metternich complex, take our courage in one hand and a book of tickets—or the steering-wheel—in the other, and pound upon the gates of Austria?

The worst of entering Austria by the gate of Passau is that only once can you have the sensation that unknown Vienna, with all that imagination and reading have taught you to expect of it, is waiting—mysterious, alluring, all unexplored—at the journey's end. The best of this route is that the charm of Vienna's welcome, the quite unjustifiable sense of home-coming which it creates, only increases with each experience. Even on the first visit there is something about this gateway which makes you feel that you are coming back and are expected. Is it, perhaps, the smiling, nonchalant guards who seem to be sent out by Vienna to act rather as advance than as railway guards, with the prime duty of letting you into the great secret that Austria is the last laughing country? After the long journey over the plains of Flanders, along the romantic Rhine and through the Bavarian Highlands, with their

toy villages and impossibly dark pine forests, whose trees lack only a round wooden base to convince you that they have come straight out of a particularly gorgeous nursery gift box, you realize at Passau that here is beginning a great adventure of a kind which more Western lands cannot provide. These new railwaymen may suggest, perhaps, that you are passing out of range of Bavarian order and good discipline. They certainly suggest that in their country human weaknesses are understood, if not definitely encouraged.

The best sample put forth by Vienna at Passau is undoubtedly the genial rascal from the station restaurant, who for many years past has paraded the length of the train—and may he long continue to do so—with a tray carrying a formidable array of tall glasses filled with crystal-clear, ice-cold beer. If you respond to his cry of '*Bier, gefällig?*' by asking the price of a glass, he tells you, with a merry twinkle in his eye, 'Forty Groschen, gracious sir, is the price of the beer, and if you like to give me a tip of ten Groschen, I shall be extremely grateful.' I neither know nor care whether he carries an Austrian or a Bavarian passport; all that matters is that he is a bit of Austria, the first to welcome us at her gates. No needless shyness, no false modesty; above all, no stiffness. He makes you free of the country, in token whereof he casts off reserve and lays bare to you the inmost desire of his heart, for a reasonable, well-earned tip. If you dislike beer, offer a glass to a fellow-traveller for the pleasure of hearing the shameless fellow. He will do your heart good.

There are many other good reasons for entering Austria by Passau. First of all, if you do so, you are unlikely to loiter on the way to Vienna. There is no valid reason why you should not get out at Linz (or even at Passau) and go on to Vienna by Danube steamer, if you choose a day when a suitable boat is running; but somehow I do not think you will. It would be economical and practical to book from London to Linz only, to spend a night there, to glide down the river to Melk and sleep a night beneath the proud walls of the great Benedictine monastery on the cliffs, to sail on again to Dürnstein and dream for a night of our own Richard of the Lion Heart and the golden-voiced Blondel who found him here, and so on to Vienna on the third or fourth day. The majority of Englishmen who know Austria do not, I know, begin with Vienna. Some of them never see it at all. Yet to enjoy the charm, as well as, what is equally important, to appreciate to the full

the many failings of the country, it is essential to start with the capital.

In using the gate of Passau, too, we are following in the wake of the heroes of the Song of the Nibelungs, and that is a consideration not lightly to be dismissed. It was on their journey from the Rhine to Hungary that Krimhild and Rüdegger came to Passau. 'Where a cloister still standeth and the Inn floweth into the Danube, a bishop dwelt in the town of Passau.' Both the cloister and the bishop—or his successor—are still there in the present year of grace. Unless, therefore, we take to the water at Linz, or even at Passau itself, it is our happy lot to lean back in our corner, all frontier and customs trials over at last, and leave the rest to Austria.

If you are lolling at ease in the *train de luxe*, you will certainly wait to dine in Vienna some time after seven; if on the ordinary train, you will do well to make your acquaintance with the Viennese menu in the dining-car rather than wait till ten in the evening to taste of Vienna's best in her own house. In either case you will meet with whipped cream —*Schlagobers*—on your afternoon coffee, something so essentially Viennese that Strauss himself has had to make a ballet out of it. With a glimpse of baroque and a dash of *Schlagobers*, you are most fittingly prepared to greet, for the first time or for the fiftieth, Vienna herself.

For scenery, of course, there is only one gate to choose—that of Feldkirch and the Vorarlberg. In defence of my preference for Passau, there is only that one thing to be said, that it takes you straight to Vienna herself—and furthermore, that I prefer it, which is in itself a good Viennese reason. With the Feldkirch gate you can, of course, take Paris and Switzerland *en route*. If you are not in a hurry—and I advise you to forget the word at the very gates of Austria—you should certainly pause at Buchs, the Swiss frontier station, to pay a visit to the last remaining Teutonic principality, Liechtenstein.

The railway has ignored Vaduz, the capital. The silence and the dreams of its population of one and a half thousand are disturbed only by the tinkle of falling water and the jingle of goat-bells. Three hundred feet above the main street, on a spur of one of the surrounding mountains, rises the castle of Prince Johann. Built in the fifteenth century, it suffered the usual varied fortunes and misfortunes of castles until the present ruler carefully restored it. The interior of Schloss Vaduz, as wisely treated as the exterior, is well worth a visit.

The 'House' of Parliament—it is a room in the Government House—though modern, should be visited by every earnest student of Liechtenstein politics. The Diet is democratic in that it is elective, feudal in that it is summoned, prorogued, suspended, or dismissed at the will of Prince Johann. When I was there the good custodian, learning that I had just come from reporting a session of the League of Nations for *The Times*, treated me to a dissertation on the decay of political manners in the State.

'Behind that bar', he told me, 'the general public is allowed to stand. Before the war everyone realized that politics were the business of the Prince and kept away. Nowadays as many as fifteen or twenty nincompoops stand there to listen to the debates. As though the Prince did not know what was best for us!'

At the gate of Feldkirch we shall have to decide whether we are going to Bregenz, the capital of Vorarlberg, Austria's most westerly province, or whether we shall make straight for the Mecca of the English tourist, Innsbruck. Bregenz lies tucked away beneath the shoulder of the Pfänder Mountain, on the shores of Lake Constance, in a delightful sheltered bay. It has just completed one of the cable railways which are stretching up tentacles from so many Austrian valleys to mountain-tops. Alpine purists may sometimes be heard complaining that these cable railways take a mean advantage of mountains, which challenge man to defeat them in fair combat, not by mechanical means. The Pfänder does not in any case present sufficient difficulties for the possessor of the tenderest mountaineering conscience to feel qualms about enlisting the aid of steel ropes and water-power to reach the snows in comfort.

Bregenz is much neglected by visitors to Austria, which is a pity. The Old Town, particularly, is charming. But it certainly lies well off the beaten track—it was not until 1883 that the completion of the six-and-a-half-mile long Arlberg tunnel enabled it to be linked up by rail with Innsbruck.

Whoever may cavil at mountain-climbing by electricity, no one will object to the electrifying of existing railways. At Feldkirch you meet with the first Austrian electric engine—a neat, flat-topped affair, with a couple of wire frames rather like box-kites taking the place of a funnel. Such aesthetic disadvantages as may attach to the intricate overhead wires, which stretch from the frontier to Innsbruck and along

many other internal sections of line, are more than compensated for by the absence of smoke and dirt. There is no fear of the snows being soiled by dusty coal or defective fireboxes. And one sits in clean carriages and reaches one's destination in a comparatively presentable condition.

And now, if we decide to climb up over the Arlberg to Vienna, we are going to see Austria's very best. The journey to Innsbruck is perhaps the most beautiful of all the wonderful railway journeys which Austria has in store for us. Here, in her most extravagant mood, she lays before us samples of all her attractions, with the sole exception of lake scenery; if we go straight on to Salzburg and Vienna we shall get that, too, at Zell-am-See. Feldkirch itself and Bludenz are two old Vorarlberg townships whose narrow streets retain much of the atmosphere of the days of their prime, when the Arlberg highway stood only second to that of the Brenner in importance. It is just here, if we encounter a train going in the opposite direction, that we shall catch a glimpse of the Austrians taking part in a mass exodus from their country in search of mountain scenery and winter sport. Do not ask me why. They are just Austrians being 'Austrian', as we shall find them being amazingly and inexplicably at every turn.

Cataracts and mountain streams; waterfalls, snow-peaks, and glaciers; gaunt ravines and laughing valleys which in spring are powdered pink and white with masses of blossom; ruined castles on knolls almost surrounded by boiling torrents, well-preserved castles on spurs of the Alps; yellow cloister walls and baroque domes beyond number call for attention, now on the right, now on the left. Close to Langen, up among the peaks above us, is the Spullersee, which provides the power that hauls us up over the mountains from Switzerland and pushes us down again to Innsbruck. They have dammed the lake and trapped the falling water, but the unspoiled beauty of the Spullersee none the less attracts visitors to its shores. The very line we are traversing is another example of how the Austrians have succeeded in harmonizing modern development with natural beauty. Its daring viaducts are graceful as well as practical, the cuttings have somehow learnt rapidly to take on the air of ravines, the tunnels that of caves in the mountains, while villages such as St. Anton (paradise of skiers), which at nearly 4,000 feet is almost the highest point we touch, definitely add to the charm of the mountains.

Wherever the train stops are little low-roofed mountain

IN VORARLBERG
ZÜRS IN WINTER

hotels, looking demure under their white hoods in winter, peeping gay and insouciant through masses of geraniums in their window-boxes in summer. In nearly every one you can rely on a clean and simply furnished bedroom with a view worth a king's ransom and a delicious cuisine at ridiculously low prices. Now begin the Tyrolese houses—the Swiss type prevails in Western, the very slightly different Tyrolese in Eastern Vorarlberg. The typical well-to-do peasant's house has two stories and an attic. The bottom story only is of stone; around the second runs a balcony on three sides of the house; along the attic story, close beneath the eaves, is a little balcony on the front only. The entrance is, in Tyrol and in the Alps generally, beneath this balcony, on the short side of the house and sheltered by the long, projecting eaves. In Styria you will find the same type of house, but the entrance is on one of the long sides. The eaves, not being required to protect the doorway, are generally flush with the end walls. The 'chalet', which at first seems to have been built solely to please the eye, is, like all enduring architectural constructions, utilitarian in origin. It remains much the same to-day as when the earliest mountain-folk of various races began to exchange nature's shelter of the caves for a house made with hands.

At the wayside stations one gets the first glimpse of the Tyrolese costumes—not, of course, the elaborate affairs which in some places on Sundays, in most villages and even towns on special fête-days, lend fresh colour and grace to the street picture, but workaday mountain garments. Those of the men are attractive—wide chamois-leather shorts, leaving the knees free for climbing, embroidered braces (in many parts with a broad leather belt worked in threads made from peacock feathers), rough homespun stockings, in which some shade of green seldom fails, a shag coat in a cheerful pattern of black and red or black and green, and a felt hat of various shapes. Stuck jauntily in the back of the hat is usually a blackcock's feather or that *'Gemsbart'* (the tuft of black hair which grows on the chamois' back in the winter) which looks so supremely right on a mountaineer and so supremely ridiculous on a plump, pursy, bespectacled citizen who has never seen a chamois outside a zoo.

Nothing, of course, amuses your true Tyrolese more than the sight of one of these gentlemen with a gigantic 'shaving-brush' (for which he has paid a pretty stiff price) waving at the back of an emerald hat, reclining in an arm-chair on a

café terrace, oblivious to the fact that the magnificence of his Gemsbart is supposed to indicate his prowess as a hunter of the nimble chamois. '*Sonntagsjäger*'—'Sunday sportsman'—is the politest of a number of titles privately conferred upon him by the men who earn their tufts and wear them as a birthright.

It is difficult to arouse much enthusiasm for the commonest type of Tyrolese ceremonial attire for women: sombre black from head to (quite literally) foot. The tight bodice, narrow, wrist-length sleeves, and a skirt reaching to below the ankles suggest in these days the acme of discomfort. The garment is topped by a little black straw hat, perched on the top of tightly coiled hair. Both the brim and crown seem to have suffered the clipping process which the village priest will not allow the dutiful peasant girl to apply to her hair. The hat is covered with black velvet, and the strings of a black velvet bow attached to the tightly coiled ropes of hair descend almost to the ground. One is glad to remember, when looking at a Tyrolese maiden of fifteen thus cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, that her costume is at least historically interesting.

Scarcely less beautiful than the Arlberg is the Brenner gateway into Austria from Italy. Once again, you climb a massive wall of rock, cross a saddle of the Alps, and drop down the other side, past glaciers and the eternal snows, ravines, and torrents, into Innsbruck. At this gateway you touch one of the many tragedies through which modern Austria had to pass at her birth—that of South Tyrol. Though, as we shall presently see, there is not yet an Austrian nation, this frontier of the Brenner cuts through the heart of a tiny nation which is one of the proudest (with one of the proudest histories) of any in Europe—Tyrol. Exactly where the ethnic boundary of the Tyrolese nation runs may be disputed, but it is unquestionably far south of the Brenner. The Tyrolese claim up to the Gorge of Salurn. Place-names on pre-war Austrian maps furnish a pretty fair guide, since it occurred to few Austrians to attempt to falsify history and to manufacture racial claims by 'Germanizing' the names of places inhabited by Italian subjects of the old monarchy. The time to use the gate of the Brenner is not yet. When we have seen Austrian Tyrol, have learnt something of its history, of the indomitable spirit of its people, and have gazed in the hall of the Diet of Innsbruck on the pictures of the Lost Province of South Tyrol draped in crape, as were the Alsace and Lorraine statues on the Place

de la Concorde for nearly fifty years, we may with profit cross the crest of the Brenner. We shall then be able to realize that it will require much more than the addition of the letter *o* to the name of places like Brenner and Meran to denationalize the South Tyrolese.

One other gate to Austria will be commonly used by English travellers—that of Kufstein. Salzburg, of course, is also a gate, and probably the most popular of all, but the sacrilege of dismissing this most wonderful of inland cities as a mere portal need not be expected from me. Kufstein of the fortress, where the Inn leaves Tyrol to whirl through a big corner of Bavaria before returning to Austria to enter the Danube at the gate of Passau, is itself well worth a halt of a night or so. Were Austria less rich in castles and fortresses, in old-world cities, in vivid baroque interiors, and in historical museums, we might well spend a week in this old frontier city. As it is, a night or two beneath the massive walls of the fortress-castle Geroldeck must suffice.

Across the Inn, high up in the mountains, is the bathing-place of the Kufstein folk, the Thiersee. In the village of the same name a Passion play is produced by the peasants on Sundays throughout the summer months. The idea first came to the peasants from Bavaria in 1802. For these simple folk who are at work in the mountain pastures all the week, this Sunday acting is a religious exercise, and they receive no payment.

The other, more eastern, gates of Austria interest us less. If later on, however, we wander down the Danube to Budapest or to other 'Balkan' capitals, we must not fail to land at Pressburg, so entirely Austrian in character, though its late masters were Hungarians and called it Pozsony, and its present owners are Czechs and Slovaks who have disguised it as Bratislava. Here, where an apothecary's sign proclaims in three languages that his business was 'established in 1312' (the surroundings do not belie him); where romanesque, gothic, renaissance, and baroque monuments crowd one another in the old town; where the Ghetto stands to-day much as in the Middle Ages, with its native population hardly diluted by a single Gentile resident; where the church preserves for you the authentic imprint in wood of the 'flaming hand' of a soul in purgatory—here is a town worth at least a day's exploration.

For the moment, however, the question is only that of the gate of entry. It matters little which we select, provided that

we pass through it towards the one city within whose walls every wayfarer in Austria must rest awhile if he demands something more than the air and the sports of her mountains. We shall not hope to solve even there the enigma of Austria—we shall not even need to ask ourselves whether that enigmatic smile of hers is that of Wilde's Sphinx—the Sphinx without a Secret. But it is from Vienna and Vienna alone that we can hope to start forth with such slight understanding of Austria as will suffice for even the modest needs of a wayfarer. The table is spread at some little place we wot of (or of which our friends have told us), the *Wiener Schnitzel* is sizzling in its bath of boiling fat, the champignons are contemplating the golden batter in which they are about to be *gebacken*, a gloomy whitish compound awaits but the touch of the chef's magic hand to rise to golden glory as *Salzburger Nockerl*, which will melt in your mouth. Slip the book into your suit-case, gather up your odds and ends, and get a Schilling (in English currency, sevenpence) ready for your first of an unending series of little tips. Vienna is here.

CHAPTER II

VIENNA—THE FIRST MORNING

Vienna's Welcome—The Perilous Kärntnerstrasse—Among the Hapsburgs—A Café Table—'Patriots for Me'—Theatres—Restaurants and Menus

IF Austria greets you at her gate smiling and dressed in her very best, Vienna welcomes you at the West Station as one of the family. It is Vienna in shirt-sleeves, that Westbahnhof odour—the apologetically oniony smell of *gulasch*, the cheap and appetising stew with which Hungary has blessed her old partner. Together with the odour of coffee and the more complex smell of combined perfume, petrol, and coffee which characterizes the Kärntnerstrasse, the faint but persistent gases distilled by simmering *gulasch* can claim to be typical of Vienna. It is not that the inhabitants eat nothing else, popular though it is, but the *Hausmeister*, the terrible Vienna equivalent of the Paris *concierge*, and his *confrère*, the office messenger, live, move, and have their being around a pot of *gulasch*. Veal, *paprika*—which, by the way, is a sweet pepper and by no means so hot as it looks—onions, and too often, alas, a suggestion of garlic, are the ingredients. At any hour of the day you will see the gentleman who is maintained in a rabbit-hutch off one of the passages as the first line of defence against visitors to any office boiling up his mess-tin of *gulasch* and carrying its odour around in his clothes as he passes along the passages. In every basement, where the *Hausmeister* has his lair, his wife does the same. The odour of *gulasch*, fresh, is appetizing, but, alas, it never knows when it has outstayed its welcome. You will not, I think, approve of the odour of *gulasch* firmly established for its own sake at any time, but personally I welcome it at the Westbahnhof for its one virtue—it means Vienna.

Beyond the lights of the city and the blessed sense of being in Vienna, we cannot expect much of the first evening. That

feeling, especially if absorbed over the first Viennese meal, is all and more than we should ask of it. Nor need we trouble our heads greatly about plans for the morrow. The Innere Stadt, the horseshoe area formed by the eight boulevards of the Ringstrasse and the section of the Danube Canal which they enclose, is going, in any case, to absorb most of our time, and somewhere within it we shall surely start or renew our acquaintanceship with Vienna the City of Dreams. Vienna the City of Realities lies largely outside its confines. The Innere Stadt is the heart of Vienna, the Cathedral (the Stefansdom) the heart of its heart; and I cannot conceive a first morning in Vienna which does not take one beneath '*alte Steffl*', as its children have lovingly christened the spire. Nor can I conceive of anyone who, in paying his respects to Steffl, fails to loiter before the windows of the Kärntnerstrasse, surely the most perilous in Europe. It is typical of Vienna to concentrate on the shop-window. Here in the Kärntnerstrasse the art of window-dressing achieves perfection. The wares are seldom superior to those of London and Paris, but you will have carried them well away from the glamour of these showcases and the cleverest saleswomen of the world before you realize it.

Far be it from me to warn you against them. Fall into their clutches as often as your purse will allow you, and as often as they re-dress the windows, which sometimes seems to be every other day. To be led on from curiosity to folly and from folly to extravagance by a master or mistress of the art of salesmanship as practised here is always delightful—never more so than at that moment when you realize that you have finally been robbed of all sober judgement by an ever-ready tongue and an irresistible manner. But not this morning. Leave those fascinating confections, those bits of Oriental bric-à-brac, those marvels of Viennese leather-work (steel yourself especially, Mesdames, against the enticing handbags of the city), the lace, the peasant embroidery from surrounding countries, and the glass and painted silks of the Vienna ateliers for a later day, when sightseeing begins to pall.

On such a day, bargaining—for, you can and are expected to strike a bargain, despite assurances of 'fixed prices', in nearly every establishment—will prove a well-earned recreation. This morning, I suggest that you turn your back for an hour on this gay street (whose pavements cry aloud for dancing

feet and, on special occasions, feel them) and descend into a tomb. Beneath the unassuming Kapuzinerkirche on the Neuer Markt is the vault of the Hapsburgs. Whether we admire, detest, or are indifferent to this once mighty clan, we shall never see Austria in perspective without devoting much thought to the House which, in a peculiar sense, *was* the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

Not all the Hapsburgs sleep in the care of the Capuchin monks who show you round the family vault. None of the Babenbergs, who in 976 became the founders of 'Oesterreich', 'the Eastern Realm'—Austria—are here. We shall find their resting-places in many Austrian monasteries.

The Capuchin vault contains the bones of twelve emperors, fifteen empresses (with the hearts of two more), and many other rulers—altogether, of 137 members of the House of Hapsburg. Only one coffin holds common clay—that of Caroline, Countess of Fuchs. She was the beloved governess of Maria Theresa, who, with a characteristic gesture at once autocratic and democratic, thrust precedent aside and buried her here in 1754. In Austria there has always been a strongly developed 'cult of the dead'; here it is practised imperially.

It was on one of those sunshiny winter days in Vienna which seem to belong to life and youth that the Hapsburg vault received its last occupant. While his polyglot subjects still held the frontiers of the territories of his House against many foes, while the death-throes of the polyglot Empire had begun, the body of Francis Joseph, the monarch to whose credit stands the longest reign which the modern world has known, was carried to rest with the full ceremonial pomp prescribed by tradition.

It is because I feel that this vault with its buried rulers, who date back to the Thirty Years War, and the grave deliberation of its interment ceremony of more spacious days will give us quicker than will anything else in Vienna something of the atmosphere of the mighty past, that I suggested turning our backs on the sunshine and laughter of the Kärntnerstrasse. Its artistic interest, however, is little less than the historical. Here may be observed the way in which the several schools of different ages set to work on a constant subject—a Hapsburg sarcophagus. The Maria Theresa Crypt is the best. The figures of Maria Theresa and her beloved consort, Francis of Lorraine (on the lid of the sarcophagus), look into one another's eyes as the trumpet of the baroque cherub awakens them to

eternal life. The sarcophagus is the work of one of the best baroque sculptors, Balthasar Ferdinand Moll, whom we shall meet again.

The interest of the Neuer Markt itself centres on the Donner fountain, representing the gods of the four rivers Enns, March, Ybbs, and Traun, with the gracefully inclined figure of Providentia in the centre. These are faithful bronze copies of Raphael Donner's leaden originals, which are in the Baroque Museum in the Lower Belvedere.

And now, I think, we might do worse than indulge in Vienna's favourite pastime of sitting at a café table and watching other Viennese on their way to or sitting at other café tables. Of all the ingenious devices invented by this ingenious race for consuming time, the café habit is certainly the most insidious. The life of Vienna revolves around coffee-cups—for these amazing cafés, unlike those of the Paris boulevards, actually live mainly by the sale of coffee. 'Kaffeehaus' is the correct Viennese name for them; they fulfil much the same functions as did our old English coffee-houses. Here business deals are concluded—go to a man's office to talk business and it is ten to one that he will, if he really intends a deal, remark, 'Let's go to a café where we can discuss it all peacefully'. Here the newspapers of the world may be found, each duly tethered to a bamboo frame. Here pictures are conceived, books are planned and sometimes written, political plots concocted, and news telegrams drafted for all parts of the world.

We shall often refer to the people around us as 'Austrians', but we had better recognize, as we sit among them in this first café, that no such people yet exists. Before the break-up of the monarchy, there were the 'Nationalities'—the Germans, Czechs, Slovaks, Magyars, Croats, Italians, and many others. Above and amongst them all were Austro-Hungarians, or, as they would be more accurately termed, Hapsburgians. The monarchy was primarily a great family concern—a fairly benevolent autocracy exercised by a dynasty which, in its own interests, did not hesitate to play off the Czechs or Magyars to-day, the Italians to-morrow, against the Germans from whom they themselves sprung. 'Someone', writes Hermann Bahr,[1] that most brilliant of Austrian satirists, 'was recommended to the Emperor Francis and praised as a patriot. He replied, "I have indeed heard them say that he is a patriot

[1] *Wien*, by Hermann Bahr.

for Austria. But is he a patriot for Me?'' ' Need one be surprised that under this dynasty there grew up no patriots for Austria, but only patriots for Hapsburg?

That does not mean that there is no patriotic feeling in Austria. But it is always a local patriotism. 'I am a Tyrolese—I am a Styrian—I am a Carinthian', all these you will hear. With no less local patriotism, though of a different kind, you will hear, 'I am a Viennese'. 'We Viennese' is often the prelude to a self-depreciatory remark, for Vienna lives so much in deliberately created illusions that at heart she has no illusions left. Yet she is as proud both of her dream-life and of her cynical discounting of dreams as is the provincial of his more actual existence. The one claim which is never preferred with any sort of meaning is 'I am an Austrian'.

Beyond local patriotism there is most strongly developed a non-national, racial patriotism derived from the feeling of unity with the other Germans in the Reich. If we recall that the majority of these mighty rulers whose tomb we have just visited called themselves (up till 1804) emperors, not of Austria but of the 'Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation', we shall understand that the fact that one German State (Prussia) fought another German State (Austria) for the succession to the heritage of this Holy Roman Empire in 1866, and secured the prize, has not interposed any very serious barrier between the Germans of this State and those united in the German Reich. The much debated *Anschluss*, or union with Germany, is really little more than a proposal for 'As you were'.

Do not expect to find anything made simple in Austria, More than once have I come across kindly English Conservatives here who, having made sure of the sound Conservative and Nationalist feeling of some Austrian acquaintance, have proceeded to condole with him on the loss of his great ruling House, and have been simply nonplussed when he, conscious only of the unity of the German race, replied, 'Oh, we do not regret the Hapsburgs in the least'. But it is just as easy to fall into the trap of assuring some titled Austrian that you realize the veto imposed by the once Allied and Associated Powers on the union with Germany to be outrageous. 'Yes, under the circumstances, it is,' he may reply, 'but, of course, we have no real wish to merge our culture in that of a Germany dominated by Prussia. It is only economic necessity which forces us to seek this uncongenial road.' Such a one is, of course,

a 'Patriot for Me', and (the necessary exception) really would call himself an 'Austrian', meaning a 'Hapsburgian'.

The 'Patriots for Me' are, of course, the hardest hit to-day. Many of them date from the days of the Thirty Years War and the Counter-Reformation. The names—French, Italian, Spanish, Scottish, and Irish of the leaders assembled around the banner of Hapsburg in those days reveal the foundation of Hapsburg patriotism. They were the younger sons of the Catholic nobility of Europe. Rewarded by Hapsburg with lands confiscated from the foes of Hapsburg, they formed the nucleus of the Austro-Hungarian aristocracy. You will come on their un-German names all over Austria to-day, though with the disappearance of Hapsburg they, too, largely disappear from public life.

What interest had they in this little mountain State of racial Germans with all Hapsburg's glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure? What part could they play in a Republic, with a capital which had fallen into the hands of the Social-Democrats—they whose tradition it was to serve Hapsburg and no other? Their estates, too, were scattered throughout the polyglot monarchy, and to retain them many, after 1918, adopted another nationality—Czech, Yugoslav, Roumanian, or Italian. Politics, the Army, diplomacy know them no more. There remain sport and the interests of the estate.

The refusal of the victorious Powers to allow to Austria the 'right of self-determination' which they had emblazoned on their own banners was the supreme blow to her. There followed the years of starvation, of despair, of nonchalant sliding down the abyss, of inflation, speculation, and chaos, until those same Powers, under the style and title of the League of Nations, made a great effort to retrieve that situation which, as the Allied and Associated Powers, they had largely created. For their quiet endurance in those days the Austrians have received far too little credit, and for their belated attempts to make good their own work the Allies have claimed too much.

Those days Austria has survived. The break-up of the monarchy has brought political freedom but economic chaos. Each Succession State now is duplicating the machinery or plans of its neighbours behind a great customs wall. There is a cultural loss, too. They called Vienna idle and indifferent to the nationalities—a city of courtiers and lackeys. But from

Vienna went forth a stream of Western culture through the medium of a common language—German—among the backward Balkan peoples. From this stream the latter have cut themselves adrift. This cultural loss even the Hungarians and Czechs, though they would not yet admit it, are beginning to feel; how much more so the still more 'Eastern' folk. We all know the remark of Crispi, the Italian Premier, who so pleased Francis Joseph by saying at Florence in 1890: 'If Austria did not exist, she would have to be invented'. In the movement (unlikely, I think, to succeed) to create an economic Danube Confederation, have we not a carefully disguised attempt to re-invent Crispi's Austria?

Could Hapsburg have survived had the Allies willed it? It is open to doubt. Sarajevo not only launched the war—it killed the only Hapsburg who had definite ideas of decentralization and of a federation of Hapsburg States which should be largely independent, united only by the bond of loyalty to the House. Even had Francis Ferdinand lived, what hope was there that he could have put his plans into execution? Always there was the obstacle of Hungary. To all suggestions of decentralization and the granting of liberty to the 'nationalities', the lords of that land hardened their hearts. They would not let the people go.

Francis Joseph, the Emperor Who Reigned Too Long, was for many years before his death incapable of playing that part in the State which the political system allotted to him. The monarchy became an autocracy without an autocrat. The actual world was kept far from the fading eyesight of the old man by the 'Court Camarilla', whose power became supreme as a result. By common consent realities were banished from Court. (To-day, in modern Vienna, you will find traces of the tendency to pursue an ostrich policy—to ignore unpleasant facts, even blandly to deny their existence.) So the forces making for disintegration grew ever stronger, while in the *salons* of the Hofburg, in the gardens of Schönbrunn, in the villa at Ischl, Majesty was assured that all was well.

Whether we feel that Hapsburg could and should have been saved, or that, rigid, incapable of change, it had outlived its period of useful service in a changing world, we must now concentrate on the supreme problem of the Vienna café——how to secure the attention of the one waiter of all those around who is permitted to take our money, though we must tip two, or even three. That serious business of lunch requires,

too, our whole attention. Shall we sit down to such a dainty banquet as Vienna can always produce, or shall we just feed?

It will depend, I take it, on our plans for the rest of the day. If the evening is to be devoted to the Opera or the theatre, let us treat luncheon with due respect. Unless we have the ill luck to have struck that short summer holiday season when it is closed, the Opera surely will claim our first night. Nowadays we can rely on knowing some at least of the leading artists in any piece, thanks to the Covent Garden season. Yet extracted plums, even the largest, are not the pudding itself; for Viennese opera, for the ensemble work of the company, the orchestra, the staging, you must still come to Vienna.

Even if we are going to Reinhardt's 'Theater in der Josefstadt' to see classical or modern pieces of the more intelligent type, or to watch the traditionally heavy acting at the Burgtheater—even if we seek nothing more thought-provoking than one of the gay operettas through which alone millions knew Austria before the war, we shall have to cut dinner short.

Our luncheon, then, must be our serious meal. Shall we give the chef of one of the three big Ringstrasse hotels a chance to prove his mettle? If funds permit, we could hardly do better. Or shall we seek the good graces of Madame Sacher and combine lunch with one of the sights of the city? It is of her that they say she will give you the best lunch in the world if she approves of your appearance. She will probably look you over as you enter her hotel, and you will surely permit yourself a respectful glance at one who is said to have been since Vienna was. Let not her venerable appearance or her famous cheroot and *apéritif* in the restful hour deceive you. No hand could be quicker to fly to the erring kitchenmaid's or young waiter's ear when the situation calls for prompt action. Shall we select a victim from the trout tank at Schöner's in the Street of the Seven Stars, or shall we reserve this privilege for an evening when we can devour our prey beneath the trees and coloured lamps of the garden? Shall we lunch opposite the Cathedral, in the Churhauskeller, which once formed part of the episcopal premises, and drink Hungarian Leánka, 'Maiden Grapes', from a brown stone jug? There is an infinite variety of good restaurants serving really cheap lunches which every wayfarer can find for himself without much difficulty.

Viennese restaurateurs should worship a Golden Calf. *Kalbsbraten, Schlussbraten, Nierenbraten, Kalbsbrust,* and, of

course, the ineffable *Wiener Schnitzel*, with its unclothed version, *Natur Schnitzel*, are all furnished by that universal provider, the calf. The chickens, too, pass at a very early age into the service of Viennese mankind. The well-grown and fattened *poularde* is a comparative luxury, but half a diminutive chicken is offered (either roast as 'Brathuhn' or prepared like a Wiener Schnitzel as 'Backhuhn') on every menu. At that, it is only just enough for one person.

In winter the workers of Vienna dine at midday on soup, veal, or *gulasch*; in summer on soup—this never fails—and '*Kukuruz*', which they call sweet corn in the United States. Served steaming hot, buttered and salted, it makes a delicious dish—to be eaten quite privately. Ladies and the clean-shaven, however, might as well join the Viennese around them in nibbling at the green cob *à la mode des souris*. With its generous distribution of butter it certainly presents special problems to the bearded or heavily moustached.

At a restaurant of the middle class one should always try to face soup for lunch, even in summer, if only because it is usually unprocurable at dinner. It is merely an excuse for the Austrian specialities which swim in it—wafer-strips of pancake, tiny liver dumplings, little baked nondescripts which the Viennese adore. Their names—*Knödel*, *Nockerl*, and so forth—puzzle the German from Germany as much as anyone else.

All the year round the restaurant aquaria accommodate a motley assembly of brook and lake trout, char, carp, pike, and that abundant but disappointing Central European substitute for lobster, the crayfish. 'Flour foods'—*Mehlspeisen*—is a most unpromising name for the delicious pastries and other sweets which for the Austrian are by far the most important part of the meal.

While on the subject of restaurants, we might as well consider how and where we shall dine. In summer the first free evening will, of course, be claimed by the Schloss Hotel at Cobenzl. Beneath the big sunshades on the terrace, where the moths dance around the little lamps to the strains of Strauss or Lehar, we can dine with the whole panorama of Vienna spread before us. Far away beyond the lights tracing the winding of the Danube, the garish lights of the 'People's Prater' show where *das Volk* is amusing itself at the foot of the slowly revolving Big Wheel.

Across the valley on another, lower hill is Cobenzl's rival, the Hubertushof, not far from Schönbrunn, where a little

dancing-platform hung with fairy-lights does its best to tempt you to your feet and to neglect your *Scampi* in their golden-brown coats. We might dine, too, in one of the parks in the city, such as the Stadtgarten or Volksgarten, where there is music in the evenings, though the Viennese prefer to dine elsewhere and then plant themselves in one of these gardens near the band before a tall glass or tubby mug of ice-cold Austrian beer. There are three garden-restaurants in the Prater.

With a host of good restaurants at their disposal and a delightful cuisine at home, it is strange that so many of the Viennese never feel called upon to eat a square meal. On the other hand they rarely stop eating. There is breakfast—coffee and rolls—at eight or nine, a 'fork breakfast' at ten or eleven, and for the lady of the house, at least, sandwiches on many a counter to sustain her while shopping. Other shops seduce with trays of chocolate and confectionery, and for those who still find the burden of life too heavy there is always a 'Jause'. '*Sollen wir eine kleine Jause nehmen?*'—'Shall we have a little snack?' is an invitation which is seasonable at any hour of the day to people who know little of solid joints and put lamb and goat, mutton and horseflesh all on the same despised level. Any morning at about half-past ten you can see men with glasses of beer going around the city banks. They are followed by dealers in the far-famed Vienna sausages ('*Heisse Würstl*'), which, kept in pairs in a kettle of hot water, are the emergency ration which you can be sure of finding at every railway buffet. But the right time to eat '*a' Paar*' (if you want one only, you must specify '*Einspanner*'—a 'one-horse cab') is in the small hours of the morning as you leave the ballroom, or from the man who trundles his '*Würstl Kanone*' up and down the Kärntnerstrasse all night.

CHAPTER III

THE STEPHANSKIRCHE

The Heart of Vienna—Mental Housebreaking and Rebuilding—Refreshment and Reflection—Viennese Architecture—Is Baroque Art?—Hermann Bahr and the Dream of Baroque

IF you reject the idea of beginning a holiday in a tomb, even though it be filled with artistic monuments and historic memories, there are several other ways of starting on Vienna. Put it off as you will—and the longer you are in Vienna the easier, alas, it becomes to put off anything—you will some day have to climb the tower of the Stephanskirche for the sake of the view. From all four windows of the observation platform you look out over baroque domes, usually of green copper. Here at the heart of the city is an excellent point from which to set out on our wanderings.

The Stephanskirche was not always the heart of Vienna. The original church, built on the site of this one in 1147 and burnt to the ground in 1258, stood outside the city walls.

The earliest part of the present building, the west façade, dates from 1259. What an amazing harmony—at least I feel that it is—of styles it looks at first glance! To sort them out calls for a little mental housebreaking; a chair on the summer *terrasse* of the Café de l'Europe just opposite furnishes the ideal means of doing this in Viennese comfort. Now, as we look at the west entrance, we can get to work. Chip off the two triangular bits of the mosaic roof on the extreme right and left, and split off the gothic façade of the two chapels immediately beneath them. Knock away the central piece of roof between (and sadly dwarfing) the two romanesque towers, block up the central gothic window which was broken through the wall in 1422, restore to the exterior pointed arch of the main entrance the romanesque roundness of the interior, remove the gothic balustrade below the roof, and you have before you the original romanesque west front of the church

built under Ottokar the Bohemian in 1259 and the following years.

Now let us replace in order of date the gothic additions which we have treated so inconsiderately. First put back the central roof covering the nave, which was a-building from 1359 to 1446; the choir was finished a century earlier. The two corner chapels which you split off below the two outlying sections of roof were built just after the choir. The beautiful gothic gables along the north and south fronts are all modern, save the most westerly on the south side, from which the remainder were almost faultlessly copied. 'Alte Steffl' was completed in 1433, though the spire had recently to be renewed.

A sad spectacle, until you have learned to love it for itself alone, is the stunted northern tower with its green copper tea-caddy lid. Wars and shortage of funds delayed its completion until gothic architecture itself had died, and the Church, in 1506, 'put the lid on it' that we see to-day. This is a tragic end to a noble beginning. The grapes were so sour in the year when the foundations were laid that the people poured the wine into the gutters of Vienna. Ferdinand III, unwilling to allow 'this waste of God's good gifts,' commanded his people to bring the wine to St. Stephen's, where it was used to slake the lime and compound the mortar. On first acquaintance with the astringent Austrian wine, one is inclined to urge the resumption of work on the north tower with the same ingredients; with perseverance, however, you will discover unexpected virtues in it. Those who cannot do so should stick to Hungarian wine, which is little dearer.

On the south side (outside the Cathedral) is a life-size crucifix with a rough wooden praying-bench before it, worn by the knees of those in Vienna who cannot afford even the time to enter the church to pray. Often you will see a bunch of faded flowers lying before the crucifix, the offering, probably, of some market-woman; often you will see a uniformed messenger drop to his knees for a moment before it. Imagine the spectacle of a bank messenger kneeling before the door of St. Paul's to pray! This, however, is Vienna, which takes its religion with the simple directness of a child. On the outer wall of the central apse there is a second 'people's altar'—a half-length figure of the Christ, called by these same devout and simple folk, without irreverent intent, 'the Christ with the

Toothache', from the curiously drawn expression of the face. As often as I pass it in the evenings, I see a pale-faced, ragged hunchback, rosary in hand, nearly writhing on his knees in the vehemence of his petition.

Many who have stumbled by the wayside seek a moment's peace and healing in the grey shadow of St. Stephen's. More than once I have seen beneath its arches a powder-puff hurriedly applied to make good the ravages of a few hasty tears in the painted face of one who has sought pardon for a moment for sins past and soon to be repeated. That, too, is Vienna—the city that we may, indeed, criticize and upbraid if we will—she offers us scope enough—but which we cannot fail to love, if only for her faults. How often does not the resident, Viennese or foreigner, call down the wrath of heaven upon the city for one of its ancient failings or stupidities. and how rapidly does he repent of his anger and realize that when Vienna becomes punctual, reliable, and efficient we shall probably have learned to prefer the architecture of Chicago! For myself, apart from those occasional and inevitable lapses into fury to which I shall always be liable, I prefer Vienna as she is—or as she likes to be thought. 'The Viennese', writes Hermann Bahr, 'is a man discontented with himself, always grumbling, but who always expects praise, who feels miserable and is happy about it, ever complaining, ever threatening, but meekly accepting everything, unless anyone tries to help him. Then, indeed, he defends himself.'

I am particularly fond of the beautiful romanesque portal on the west front. The figures of the Apostles are, perhaps, a trifle smug, but what a joy are those typical romanesque beasties below them which represent the perils of this world! They are only excelled in quaintness by those which form the bases and capitals of the cloister columns in Millstatt Monastery.

The interior of the Cathedral is so rich in individual treasures that to attempt to go round them here is impossible. Coming out of the sunshine you will find it gloomy; it is one of the very few churches in Vienna—indeed, in the whole of Austria—where the light and colour of baroque have not replaced the devotional austerity of gothic. Baroque, of course, has been at work here—the pillar altars, for example—but the church as a whole remains gothic, blossoming on a romanesque original. Make the most of it, for when we come out we shall have to think seriously about baroque and decide on the frame

of mind in which we are going to approach that supremely important period of Austrian art.

The pulpit, which dates from 1510, is a beautiful piece of work. The sculptor's name is not definitely established, but his features are; beneath the steps leading up to the pulpit he has presented himself to the world, looking gravely out of a window in the lattice-work. He is believed to be Anton Pilgram. The base of the organ in the north aisle is an elaborate piece of late gothic, where the same face that we saw in the pulpit stairway again looks out of a window at us.

Behind the locked grille of the choir is something that you must unquestionably pay the fee to see—the tomb of the Emperor Frederick III, father of the Emperor Maximilian, whose still more beautiful tomb is in the Hofkirche in Innsbruck. This tomb of Frederick's, however, is itself one of the most attractive examples of gothic sculpture which the world possesses—probably the finest in Austria.

All over Austria you will find that wherever anything beautiful or historically important stands, there someone has thought of the mental and physical exertion which sightseeing involves and has afforded an opportunity for rest, reflection, and refreshment. Since we are passing through Vienna as wayfarers, there is no reason why we should not avail ourselves of it. It is only the life of the wayfarer who has definitely set up his tent in this seductive city which needs to become one long struggle against the café habit and other subtle attempts of fantasy to oust reality—in a word, against 'Viennization'. I make, therefore, no apology for suggesting that the garden of the Deutsches Haus behind St. Stephen's is an admirable place to think over what we are going to do next. The trees are shady and the Pilsener icy cold.

In our peep at the Cathedral we have ignored something which is of subsidiary importance here, but of supreme importance everywhere else—the baroque. It is not only that, with the exception of St. Maria-am-Gestade, we have finished with gothic in Vienna, and shall hardly meet renaissance or rococo. That is the architectural side. The historical is equally important, for if renaissance was the Reformation in matters spiritual, baroque was the Counter-Reformation in Austria. But above all baroque is—even more than the Hapsburgs—the key to the Viennese character. Whether Vienna became baroque because she was Vienna, or whether she is Vienna—as Hermann Bahr seems to hold—because she was captured

by baroque, may be argued, and is argued, in countless Vienna cafés and *salons* for countless unprofitable hours.

It is strange that we have come to use the term at all generally only so very lately in England, for Austrian baroque enthusiasts will tell you that we have one of the finest baroque churches in the world in St. Paul's Cathedral. Challenged for their reasons, they will urge you to compare St. Peter's in Rome and the Karlskirche in Vienna—two monuments of the baroque—with Wren's building. The dome, the use of classical elements—above all the conception of the 'exterior room,' they will tell you, mark out St. Paul's as baroque. Wren had the conception of the 'outer room'—that is to say, St. Paul's was put where it is and nowhere else because it belongs in just that place. Westminster Abbey would look as fine in any open space as it does by the Thames—the gothic architects built independently of their surroundings. But the baroque builders conceived that they had a room to work in and beautify. At the point of that room—of the natural surroundings, that is to say—where it would be seen to the greatest advantage they placed their edifice—St. Paul's at the top of Ludgate Hill, the Belvedere at the top of the hill where we see it so clearly from the Stephansturm, the Karlskirche at the spot where all roads seem to lead the eye directly to it (though modern buildings have partially spoiled this design of the architect). The baroque claim to St. Paul's is ingenious and stimulating, but is not, of course, to be taken too literally. Baroque is the art of the Counter-Reformation and St. Paul's a great Protestant monument. Furthermore, there was a gothic St. Paul's at the top of Ludgate Hill long before the conception of the 'exterior room' arose.

What is baroque? Its 'dictionary meaning' is 'grotesque'. To Ruskin, of course, it was anathema. Either leave your Ruskin at home or avoid Austria, unless you are undertaking a study of incompatible temperaments. Yet gothic, the art of the barbarian Goths, had exactly the same implication, though for Ruskin it had already become the highest level of architecture for all time. Does anyone to-day abhor, for example, Borromini (whom Austrians venerate) as Ruskin did? I doubt it. My dictionary still describes rococo as a debased style of architecture and decoration. Debased?—this truthful expression of the thought of a period, this impatient, frivolous, unrestricted gaiety, with its defiance of symmetry and rules, as they had so far been understood, yet naturally

as much bound by its own rules as gothic, renaissance, or baroque by theirs! We will not contest the judgment of architectural purists, but as wayfarers let us demand the right to enjoy to the full all art that has a message for us concerning its period and its creators. When we have seen them, I do not think we shall deny that message either to the dainty rococo of Schönbrunn or to that of the parish church at Wilten. Certainly we cannot deny it to Austrian baroque.

Here they divide it into three periods. If you adopt the term 'manièrisme de Michaelangelo' for Italian sixteenth-century art (during the transition period from renaissance to baroque), then I think that you should date the general period of the baroque influence in Europe as beginning about 1580 and ending in 1720. In Italy—and that is important to us, because all Austrian baroque comes from the other side of the Italian Alps—one may date it, perhaps, from about 1610 to about 1720–1730. In Austria baroque, like all other styles, whether, like gothic, they came from the north and west or, like baroque itself from the south, arrived late—say, in 1660. Those were troublous days, however, and it was not until 1680, when the Turkish peril had vanished for ever, that the great baroque epoch began. It merged into the rococo somewhere between 1730 and 1760.

You will find very little true (exterior) rococo in Austrian architecture. Particularly in interior decoration, the simplest test is the absence of symmetry and the effervescent gaiety and lightness of the ornament. Compared with other parts of Austria, Vienna has little interior rococo, but what there is is delightful. Buildings really pass from the 'high' baroque (Austrians divide the period into early, high, and late baroque) of the Karlskirche (1716) to the return to Græco-Roman classicism which is typified in the Gloriette at Schönbrunn (1778). Empire architecture is non-existent, though you will find very good Austrian Empire furniture and porcelain stoves. After the *'classistische'*—also called after the Emperor Joseph II the *'josefinische'*—period, you really pass directly to the *'biedermeyer'* time. That was exactly what its name implies—the time of 'bieder Meyer': shall we say, of 'modest John Smith'?—when the Napoleonic wars had so impoverished Europe that the gorgeous style of the Empire had become impossible. With the close of this period architecture, decoration, and furnishing in Austria, as in other countries, joined the lost arts.

To return to baroque, 'the offspring of Michaelangelo'. The Counter-Reformation movement may be dated from the Council of Trent of 1560; with its progress came the new style, baroque. When it first appears in Austria it is restrained, almost timorous. Protestantism had a firm hold on the country, or so it seemed, and for thirty years had been spreading, despite all efforts made to check it. Thus the earliest baroque buildings were the barracks of a cautiously advancing army—the colleges of the Jesuits, with their attached churches. The flamboyance of the high baroque is entirely missing from these buildings, as we shall see in Innsbruck and elsewhere. Still, even so, it strikes, softly but firmly, that note of assured triumph which in the high baroque period swells to a resonant chorus of victory, and in the late baroque period becomes calmer and more restrained. The contribution of Austria to this southern style was typical. Not for her has it ever been to originate, but to acclimatize, assimilate, and invest with something of her native fantasy.

Baroque is the art of the façade. In profane buildings it is not without significance that the baroque houses have gorgeous façades, doorways, and stairways, but uninteresting courtyards; renaissance, on the other hand, quiet, reflective, and self-absorbed, devotes itself to the inner courtyard, invisible to the outer world of the streets. Baroque makes a break with the past. 'The austerity of gothic, the contemplative spirit of the renaissance, have passed away', it seems to cry. 'Look up to the altar—we bring the saints and angels to you in a form that you can understand—in human form. Look up to the cupola—we paint the heavens themselves opening before you. Let there be no more dimness and doubt—let there be light. Give us windows, that the saints and angels may be clearly seen in all their glory of gold and colour, in all their lively pose, free from gothic formalism.'

Yet in realizing the intangible it thrust reality behind it. Certainly baroque is sensuous—like the pomp of High Mass itself, its gorgeous robes, its incense, its chants. When we think, however, of the religious fervour which accompanied the Counter-Reformation (between 1530 and 1560 some fifty or sixty new religious orders were founded), we shall not, I think, deny either sincerity or devoutness to its art, baroque. The wonderful church in the monastery at Melk, for example, looks to an Englishman almost theatrical. It is, in fact, theatrical—and yet devout. The spirit of the age had

changed, and baroque faithfully expresses that change, furnishes that quality of the theatre, makes that concession to weak humanity which the times demanded and which we call sensuousness. That, for me, is the supreme appeal of baroque—its recognition that man is but human, and must have his heaven put before him in terms of humanity. The golden saints, the stucco clouds, the marble cherubs—with all their pomp and pride, how very human the whole conception is, and how quickly the *'liebliche Barock'* of Vienna finds its way into our hearts.

Before we go to look at a few examples, though, let us hear counsel for the prosecution. This, for Hermann Bahr, is the effect of baroque on the Viennese character—the character of a people with a strong element of the Celt, who can only develop when he is not himself, but reflecting his neighbour—the character of a people taught by the Hapsburgs to surrender individuality and reality, to become 'Patriots for Me' in the mould of Hapsburg.

'Life', writes Bahr of this lesson of baroque, 'is postponed until after death. It begins there; here all is unreal: the serious business is on the other side. Here we only dream. Life itself is a dream. This whole baroque is a play on a word; the word "world" is reversed in meaning. . . . Baroque has one more message: it cries to the penitent who has turned his back on the world, "You recognize that life in this world is but a dream. Now turn again, back to life, for it has no perils for you now that you know it to be a dream. Dream on, dream on—but never forget that you are but dreaming".'

This is, of course, fantastic in form, but there is truth beyond it. Vienna, City of Dreams—Vienna with its infusion of Celtic blood, its Hapsburgs, its baroque—did learn to walk through life as a sleep-walker. Easygoing *'Gemütlichkeit'*, easy tolerance, the café table, the promise too easily given without weighing the consequences, the survival of old phrases and customs which have long disappeared among more 'real' people, the discounting of the value of time, the passionate love of the theatre and of music, the readiness to spend unlimited and unremunerated time on producing one beautiful thing—in a word, the charm and the failings of Vienna—are not these all explained by Bahr's thesis? Think of the charming phrases of greeting which survive in this capital, all of them unreal to-day. *'Grüss Gott'*—the familiar 'God greet you'; *'Küss' die Hand'*, for 'Thank you' and 'Good day';

'meine Verehrung—meine Hochachtung', between acquaintances ('my veneration, my profound respect'), and a host of other elaborate formulas, could only have survived in this world of turbines and aeroplanes amongst a people to whom this life itself is unreal.

Perhaps the most typical expression of the gospel of baroque is provided by the Austrian official, efficient to a certain point, who arrives punctually at his office, does the allotted task, and goes. He will not step outside the limits given him. To say to him that a thing 'must be done somehow' conveys no real impression to his brain. If your request falls within his prescribed routine, it is his duty to satisfy you, and, without undue haste, but efficiently, he will do so. If it is outside his official rut, politely, but with an air of finality he will disclaim interest and responsibility. 'Perhaps some other department'. Which one? He does not know. He is not paid to know—only to do his own job.

Lazy, incompetent, inefficient will be some of your milder expressions. Yet from his standpoint you are quite wrong. He has learnt the lesson of baroque. The daily round, his life's task, are for him but a dream—his real life lies outside, in what an Englishman would call a dream-life. Most often—it was so long before Schubert, and still is—he lives only in music. Typical of Vienna are the groups of friends who devote every spare moment and every spare Groschen to work at chamber music, of a quality which, on the concert stage, could earn them a far better living than do their official duties. To make music their life task, however, would be to make it real, and therefore for them a dream; only when they have the sham façade of daily duties can they really live that other dream-life of music. Does this sound fantastic? That is not my fault, it is Vienna. Just keep count for a week of the number of men and women whom you see talking aloud to themselves in the streets of this capital, oblivious to all around them, and you will realize the force of this dream of baroque.

A characteristic example of early baroque architecture is the little church of the Carmelites in the Taborstrasse, with its façade combining the 'upward, ever upward' aspiration of gothic and the beginnings of the baroque conceptions of symmetry. The typical high baroque church is, of course, the Karlskirche. The Palais Starhemberg (now Ministry of Education) in the Minoritenplatz is a good early baroque secular building; the Palais Trautson, also called 'Ungarische

Garde', in the Museumstrasse, a very fine example of the high baroque of Fischer von Erlach, the architect of the Karlskirche, applied to a secular building. It shows his love of classical columns for once subordinated to his general conception of the baroque.

CHAPTER IV

THROUGH THE HEART OF VIENNA

Roman Vienna—The Mediæval City—St. Maria-am-Gestade—The Plague Column—From the Michaelerkirche to the Burgtheater—A Rococo Bon-bon Box—The Unspeakable 'Scottish' Monks—Memories of '48—A Well-equipped Torture Chamber—Baroque Palais and Churches

IT is worth while to walk to the heart of Vindobona, Roman Vienna, though there is nothing venerable about its appearance to-day. The south-west corner of the Hoher Markt was the centre of the Roman settlement. The hill on which the Romans built their camp is still traceable. The Danube Canal, the Kramergasse, Rotgasse, and Stephansplatz, the Graben and the Tiefer Graben mark the boundaries of Vindobona, and also of the mediæval city which began to develop here after Charlemagne's victory over the Avars. St. Peter's is, by virtue of its foundation only, the oldest church in Vienna—traditionally it was founded by Charlemagne himself. The oldest church building is St. Rupprecht's, which claims the same founder. It is also close to the Hoher Markt.

The name of the Judenplatz commemorates the Ghetto, which was situated here until the expulsion of the Jews in 1421. To-day the second district of Vienna, the Leopoldstadt, is almost entirely inhabited by Jews. Admiral Tegetthoff, the Austrian naval hero, stands on his marble pedestal in the Praterstern in the midst of this district with telescope in hand, looking vainly, declare the anti-Semites of Vienna, for a Christian face.

Around the Hoher Markt the citizens began to order themselves according to occupations. The skippers and fishermen settled down by the Danube Canal, as the Fischerstieg, 'Fisherman's Steps', records to-day. Near the market assembled the craftsmen: the workers in cloth, the goldsmiths, the

bowyers, the nail-makers, the dyers settled in the Tuchlauben, the Goldschmiedgasse, the Bognergasse, the Naglergasse, and the Färbergasse. Outside the east walls the foreign traders in wool grouped themselves along the Wollzeile; the 'Scottish' monks built their monastery where the Schottenkloster still stands. The city expanded, and a new market—the Neuer Markt—had to be established. Still later the city bastions were finally built along the exact line of the Ringstrasse, and were maintained with the glacis, which is now an almost continuous girdle of green, until their destruction in 1857. Thus—most conveniently for us—you get almost the whole of old Vienna inside the Innere Stadt.

St. Stephen's forms the boundary of smart Vienna. Though the Rotenturmstrasse is a continuation of the Kärntnerstrasse, the irresistible shop-windows give place to others of a meaner character. Fashion, both in the matter of shops and of the promenaders who take part in that beloved Vienna institution, the *Bummel*, points the way down the Graben—once, as its name implies, the moat of mediæval Vienna, and thence again at right angles up the Kohlmarkt. Here the world whose business it is to see and be seen takes its pleasure from eleven to one every fine morning, bummeling on foot or in motor-cars. Punctually at one the smart world surrenders the sacred pavements of the Kärntnerstrasse, Graben, and Kohlmarkt to the workaday world of equally smartly, if less expensively, dressed girls from the neighbouring shops and ateliers, but returns from three to five to deliver a mass assault on the famous pastries and chocolates of Dehmel, Gerstner, and Zwieback, with which it has already had a skirmish in the morning.

The Rotenturmstrasse is not particularly Viennese—in fact, people there seem almost to be in a hurry. Turning to the left and entering the Hoher Markt, you must glance at the Josefssäule, a dignified, finely executed piece of late baroque, but lacking the naïve fervour and impulsiveness of the high baroque Plague Column in the Graben. Through the Judengasse we can reach very quickly the tiny Rupprechtskirche (Vienna's oldest church), a severely simple rectangular building with a square tower.

Returning to the Hoher Markt and going down the Salvatorgasse, we are in such unpromising surroundings that the early renaissance portal of the Old Rathaus Chapel comes upon us as a particularly welcome Vienna surprise packet. In a moment

we see the seven-sided tower of St. Maria-am-Gestade, which is the object of our pilgrimage down this dull lane of warehouse backs. It is gothic of the best vintage, crowned by a stone cupola suggesting the closing cup of a flower. This is the fishermen's church, for the arm of the Danube called the Canal formerly ran at the foot of the steps which flank the church in two directions and give it its popular name of Maria Stiege. There is a graceful stone canopy outside the main entrance. Beneath it, and within the locked iron gates, I saw on my last visit a living witness to Viennese tolerance. In a tiny hole in the steps a slender acacia (*Robinia*) had casually established itself, as this tree so often does in Austria, and had attained a height of four feet. It is likely to remain undisturbed, since for the Viennese it has three claims to consideration. It is pleasing to the eye, it harms nobody, and by the act of adding to its stature month by month it establishes a precedent. To these might be added that to remove it would entail work which no regulation allots to any particular person; this probably furnishes the best guarantee of all for its continued existence.

I remember once dropping in to the cool of the church on a hot, dusty afternoon in June, 'the month of roses'. One had but to close one's eyes to imagine oneself in a cottage garden in the Wiener Wald. The noise of the neighbouring streets was inaudible. The air was heavy with the scent of roses piled high before the Marien Altar, yet refreshed by the score of tall trees decorating the interior. The body of the church is dim, setting off finely the well-lit choir with its fourteenth-century windows.

Through the quaintly named 'Stoss-im-Himmel' alley we gain the Wipplingerstrasse, and can look in at the Old Rathaus, which stands on the site of the building presented to the city by Duke Friederich the Handsome in 1316. The baroque façade dates from 1706. We may walk through to the courtyard to see the fine Perseus and Andromeda fountain. This lead relief is the last work of Rafael Donner. In a second courtyard you will see, most surprisingly, a number of restaurant tables. These cool courtyard restaurants and beer-gardens are a pleasing feature of Vienna sightseeing. The baroque *palais* [1] opposite the Old Rathaus, now occupied by the Ministry of

[1] The Vienna '*Palais*' is less often a 'Palace' than the equivalent of the French '*Hôtel*'. I retain the Austrian word to avoid misconception.

Lands and Forests, is by Fischer von Erlach, and is always known by its old title of the Böhmische Hofkanzlei.

From the Hoher Markt we may pass along the narrow Tuchlauben—the cloth is there, but the '*Lauben*', or arcades, have long vanished—to the bottom of the Graben. We may perhaps walk up the fashionable Kohlmarkt for the sake of the 'Spezialitäten Traffik'—the only 'traffic', or tobacco shop, in Vienna which is allowed to cater for the English smoker. Here you can get English tobacco at a very reasonable, and English cigarettes at a most unreasonable price. Dehmel's coffee or chocolate may also, perhaps, tempt us up the Kohlmarkt. In any event we must return to the Graben to apply to ourselves the acid test of baroque—the Peterskirche and the Pestsäule—the 'Plague Column'. If we like these two typical and (for baroque lovers) irresistible examples of the style, then we are going to be very happy in Austria. If we do not like them, then we had better test ourselves with the more classical Karlskirche. If we like none of them, we are still going to be happy in Austria—not because it is full of baroque, but because it is full of Austrians, among whom it is quite impossible for any Englishman to feel strange for long. Like ourselves, they have known what it is to rule a great Empire, not by force but by compromise: they have the breadth of outlook which this must inevitably bring. Frederick V's proud Latin-German interpretation of the vowels *a e i o u*: *Austria Est Imperare Orbi Universo—Alles Erdreich Ist Oesterreich Untertan*, was, of course, never near the truth. Austria never ruled the world, but she is to-day a Great Power retired from business, with whom one who is still in the trade will find much to talk over.

The Graben offers little of architectural interest. Never be led astray in Vienna, however, by modern shop-windows. Look upwards (despite the counter-attraction of what the Viennese '*Bummler*' will assure you are the best-shaped ankles in Europe) and you will often be surprised to see upper stories of some delightful baroque *palais* crowning shop-windows of the present century. We have not even the signpost of grey, decaying stonework. Nearly all Vienna is built of a porous brick, which is merely faced with stone or plaster, and often painted. A century-old house may look venerable if the time for refacing it is almost due, and the earliest baroque *palais* or church appear new in a dazzling white dress put on a month before. We have only the architectural style

to guide us; wherever you see windows flush with the wall, the house is among the older ones and worth consideration. Never be shy about entering a courtyard in Vienna; if you are, you will miss much beautiful ironwork, and even an occasional renaissance arcaded court.

The Graben façade of the Peterskirche, the first of my acid tests, is conceived in the typical baroque spirit of utilizing the 'outer room'; it 'fits' exactly into the narrow opening on to the Graben itself. Its circular form, except for the porch and the choir, its green copper dome, its bright-lit interior with its general impression of old-gold colouring, its theatrical oratoria, are all the realization of baroque ideals. Rottmayr's frescoes in the dome open the heavens to the beholder and carry the gaze upward; Altomonte's fine altar picture draws our attention to the seat of grace on earth. These are two typical baroque painters. The altar itself, the golden saints—especially the realistic group opposite the pulpit, where St. John of Nepomuk (who is being projected over his bridge) seems really about to fall on our heads as we stand below—all these are very fair samples.

Now for the Plague Column in the Graben. It commemorates the deliverance of the city from the plague which broke out in 1679 in the Leopoldstadt. When the epidemic was at its height, the Emperor (Leopold I) fled to Mariazell. On October 18th he took a vow to execute 'a holy work of art' on the cessation of the plague. Immediately, we are told, the number of cases started to decrease. *Vienna ventosa aut venenosa* was an old saw in the city; with the coming of the high winds for which prayers are still said in the Stephansdom, the plague departed.

On this beautiful and complicated piece of statuary many hands were employed, including those of Fischer von Erlach, who altered and completed the original design of Rauchmiller, after the latter's death. The threefold pillar is dedicated to the Trinity (one side to each Person). Together with the statues and the masses of billowing clouds (a favourite subject with the baroque sculptor and stucco-worker), it is of white Salzburg marble. The reliefs on the pediments are most delicately executed and merit a careful study. In the front, above the balustrade, a beautiful figure of Faith looks upwards, a cross in the left hand, while the right hand points to the loathsome harpy (the Plague) who is falling headfirst from her over the rocks; the group presents 'the ready baroque Counter-Reformation gesture of victory over the heretic'.[1]

[1] *Die Pestsäule am Graben*, by Tietze-Courat (Oesterreichische Kunstbücher).

On the cornice above this group kneels Leopold himself on a cushion. I always want to smile at the smug satisfaction of this little prince with his elegant moustachios. He has removed his crown to pray, but Heaven itself recognizes his quality, and has sent an angel to bear it before him. Above the cornice over this group the three-sided socket ends and the column proper, a slender mass of clouds, seems to float up over these earthly pictures, diminishing always until the apex, crowned by the Trinity, is reached. Everywhere the typical baroque cherubs flit in and out of the clouds—the careful design of the monument is finally overwhelmed by a burst of realization of the decorative possibilities of this new, unrestrained mode of expression from the South. With the column, as Tietze truly says, 'the hour of Austrian baroque had come'.

Well, there it is, for us to make of it what we will. It is, I repeat, our acid test. Having applied it, we may walk to the top of the Graben, with a glance at the Stock of the Stock-im-Eisen Platz—the trunk of a fir-tree thickly studded with nails, one of which had to be driven into it by each newly arrived smith's apprentice from at least as early as 1533, and find ourselves back at St. Stephen's.

My feeling that the slender needle spire of the Michaelerkirche is the most attractive in Vienna is perhaps influenced by the accident that we are neighbours. Anyhow, the church is important, and makes a good starting-point for another stroll through the Innere Stadt. To the thirteenth-century romanesque basilica was added in 1327 a gothic choir; my needle spire, however, dates only from the sixteenth century, when it replaced the stone turret, which collapsed. You get the most charming view of the church by standing in the Stallburggasse, where you see it above the passage called the Michaeler Durchhaus. This is one of the most pleasing views in Vienna, excelled only by that of the Leopoldinischer Trakt of the Hofburg as seen from the famous view-point in the Heldenplatz, inside the Hofburg. Standing nearly opposite the middle of the crescent-shaped 'Neue Burg' you also get a fine view of the turrets and domes of all the 'Imperial' Ring buildings from the Museums to the Rathaus; on a clear day you can see Cobenzl and the Danube hills immediately behind the Votivkirche.

From the Stallburggasse we walk through the 'Durchhaus', past the naïve fifteenth-century relief of the Agony on the wall, and enter the church. The high altar represents the end,

as the Plague Column shows the beginning, of the high baroque in Vienna. Out of alabaster clouds, stucco cherubs and angels stream down from heaven into the church—a true baroque conception. Do not miss the reliefs behind the high altar. From here we take the Schaufflergasse to the Ballhausplatz, or, as political journalists and writers of secret-service fiction preferred to call it, the Ballplatz. The Minoritenkirche, in the adjoining square, easily recognizable by its stumpy tower, is one of the few Vienna churches where the baroque is non-existent. The interior is disappointing. The exterior of the somewhat grim, un-Viennese building is more interesting, especially the richly decorated west entrance, where we see traces of the hand of a stranger to this city, the French gothic. The *palais* of the Minoritenplatz surrounding the church are all good baroque, particularly number 5, the Palais Starhemberg.

The Löwelstrasse is the second Park Lane of Vienna, the first being the Prinz Eugen Strasse. In one of its *palais* (number 6) lived Montenuovo, descended from that Archduchess Marie Louise who first married Napoleon and bore him the tragic Duke of Reichstadt. The Montenuovo who was Master of Court Ceremonies to the Emperor Francis Joseph was the *eminence grise*, called by the few who knew of his power, 'the Emperor's Emperor'. He it was who was the invisible head of the notorious Court Camarilla which really ruled the Monarchy when the Emperor's powers were failing.

Passing behind the Burgtheater and down the Oppolzergasse, we must turn to the left into the Schreyvogelgasse for the sake of number 10, perched upon the old bastion (the Molkerbastei), on the Ring front of which is one of the many Beethoven houses of Vienna. Number 10 Schreyvogelgasse is not very old—1803—but it breathes the spirit of the most playful rococo; a 'bon-bon box' is Tietze's happy phrase for it. At any moment a little lady in crinoline and poke-bonnet may emerge from it. I look for her every time I go past, but have seen nothing more romantic than a tailor's cutter singing lustily of the joys awaiting him were he allowed to remain seated in the train bound for Budapest. Molkersteig number 2—the house 'At the Sign of the Eye of God' (*'zum Auge Gottes'*)—is the only other one to detain us here. A flight of steps leads from the bastion into the Schottengasse, where the weary may seek refreshment in the Melker Stiftskeller on the left-hand side. Many monasteries have their Vienna repre-

sentation, so to speak, in these 'Stiftskeller', or 'Monastery Cellars', and in them you will usually get the best table wine.

And now we come to a group of buildings and leafy courtyards that must detain us both for their natural charm and for the association conveyed in their name—the Schottenstift and Schottenkirche. It was in 1150 that Heinrich Jasomirgott, impressed by what he had heard of the piety of the Scottish and Irish Benedictines, decided to summon them to settle in Austria. The word *Scoti* usually meant Irishmen, but the Viennese tradition is that some at least of the original monks were Scots.

Within a century it was found that the monks had not conferred that blessing on the land which was expected of them. Says Schimmer in *Alt und Neu Wien*: 'They stuck obstinately to their own language and quarrelled constantly with the inhabitants'; they gained a name for parsimony. In 1424 they were found to be raising money by the sale of chalices. One old history records of these inglorious representatives of the United Kingdom that they traded in furs of all kinds, inaugurated public dances, and most scandalously started 'games of ball'. We may regret that the last offence so horrified the population; had they taken to it more kindly we might—who knows?—find Austria better endowed with golf-courses than she is to-day. The offence of golf, football, or whatever the unspecified ball game was, seems to have been the last straw. Duke Albrecht V issued a ukase that the monastery was 'no longer to be restricted to Hibernian monks'.

The reply of the Abbot Thomas to the Duke has a Hibernian flavour. He briefly announced that if monks of another nationality entered the building he and his monks would strangle them. In 1418 Abbot Thomas was persuaded to retire to Regensburg. His monks, however, proved as good as his word, had a series of fights with the newcomers, and were finally removed by force. They were replaced by German Benedictines, who by 1432 were declared to have established a model monastery. In the centre of this courtyard is a statue of Heinrich, the founder—a fat little man with a fat little crown; his bulk is, in summer, fortunately hidden by geraniums. In the farthest corner of the second court you get a peep into the monastery garden. Tall acacias spread their generous shade over a wide bit of lawn where blackbirds and thrushes voice

their gratitude at finding this quiet retreat, which might be the corner of an old manor-house garden in Somerset.

Among the *palais* to notice in the Freyung is number 4, the Palais Kinsky. It is the work of Lukas von Hildebrandt, who emphasized the fantastic, flamboyant side of baroque in contrast to Fischer von Erlach, who lays weight on classic dignity. Where the Renngasse joins the Freyung stands the Austria Fountain, which might well be called the 'Smugglers' Monument', for the figure is filled with what is left of many thousands of good cigars smuggled in thus by the artist from Bavaria. When the casting arrived and was set up, however, he was ill and was thus deprived of his booty.

A very fair picture of eighteenth-century Vienna is furnished by Am Hof, despite a number of modern houses surrounding the early baroque church of the Nine Choirs of Angels. An aggressive baroque seems to me to war with the original gothic, instead of softly accommodating itself to and blending with the earlier style, as elsewhere. There are many good baroque houses here.

If we return down the Freyung, we can turn through the Strauchgasse into the Wallnerstrasse to see its *palais*, including the fine Esterhazy Palais, with the Esterhazy Keller, where you can taste fiery Hungarian wine. Alternatively, we can walk up the Herrengasse to our starting-point, the Michaelerplatz. The Bankgasse, which leads out of the Herrengasse, has some magnificent *palais*. In the Herrengasse the most interesting of the many important buildings is the Landhaus, the historic meeting-place of the Austrian Estates. While we are on this spot, let me recall for a moment the events of the 1848 Revolution, in the midst of which Francis Joseph came to the throne.

It was on March 13, 1848 (the first of the 'Three March Days'), that the discontent of Vienna with the long-continued repressive system of Metternich came to a head. Quite spontaneously on this March morning, a troop of students, workmen, and others marched from the old University to this Landhaus in the Herrengasse. Their attitude became so menacing that the Estates resolved to go in a body to the Emperor to present an address calling for reforms; the crowd readily let them pass. Then, however, the military decided to 'clear the streets'. A detachment of grenadiers marched across the Minoritenplatz, and, on meeting with resistance outside the Landhaus, fired a salvo over the heads of the

crowd, arousing that cry which I heard again so recently as July 15, 1927, outside the Parliament, '*Man schiesst auf uns*'—'They're shooting us down'. As did the crowd on this latter occasion, the March revolutionaries broke up anything breakable for weapons and missiles which they hurled at the troops.

Now detachments of engineers marched down from the Freyung end of the Herrengasse, enclosing the crowd, and opened fire in earnest. The sight of dead and wounded lying on the cobblestones inflamed the rioters beyond restraint. That evening, when the Bürgermeister of Vienna declared before the Emperor that only the disappearance of Metternich could calm the people, that great Prince immediately volunteered his resignation. He took refuge from the hatred of an entire nation in Great Britain, whose democratic institutions he had ever despised.

The situation was so far restored that on March 15th the Emperor could ride in triumphal procession through Vienna, but the institution of a military dictatorship under Prince Windischgraetz rekindled the smouldering embers. In May the situation was so bad that the Court removed to Innsbruck; the revolutionaries erected barricades in all the main traffic arteries of the city. Yet the barricade in the Graben bore the portrait of the Emperor, and many others the Imperial colours. Vienna remained Vienna.

It was not until the outbreak of revolt in Hungary in October that the real clash came. Count Latour, the Minister of War, finding that the crowd opposed by force the dispatch of troops from the Vienna garrison to quell the revolt, allowed these to open fire on the mob in the Tabor on October 5th. Now the storm burst: Count Latour was murdered in the Ministry of War by the furious mob that same day and his body hung on a lamp-post, the armoury in the Renngasse was stormed, and the fighting spread even to the interior of the Stephansdom, where a sergeant was killed on the steps of the altar itself. The reign of the revolutionaries was short-lived. The Imperial troops encircled the rebellious city, which, after hard fighting, capitulated on October 29th. A breach of the capitulation next day caused Windischgraetz to bombard Vienna; the tower of the Ausgustinerkirche was burnt down with many houses, and part of the Hofburg itself caught fire. The drumhead courts-martial which were now set up continued their bloody work until March of the following year. It was in these days that the Emperor Ferdinand, a victim of bad advisers,

abdicated, to make way for a handsome boy of eighteen, by name Francis Joseph. No wonder that the youth who came to the throne under these circumstances never ceased to distrust his people.

We may go into this Landhaus, which, though in its present form it dates only from the early nineteenth century, includes some much earlier buildings. The former hall of the Estates was built in 1562—it is used nowadays as the library. The old gothic entrance is of still earlier date. It is from one of the Estates—that of the Lords or '*Herren*'—that the street derives its name. To-day we are all *Herren* in Austria, by much the same right that we are all Esquires in England.

Close by is the Lower Austrian Museum. It has a pleasant example of a peasant's cottage interior, filled with painted furniture, and a 'Torture Chamber' which, if your tastes lie in the direction of ancient horrors, will appeal to you immensely. Let us not, however, give thanks that we are not as other men—you will see no instrument of cruelty in this dreadful little chamber which we have not employed most effectively in our own country. You will find here, amongst stocks, scolds' gags, and gallows poles which in their day have borne their crop of heads, several large cartwheels with a sharp piece of metal on the rims. Old woodcuts and prints show you how these innocent-looking cartwheels were used on their victims before the broken bodies were left to the crows. The block, as we knew it in England, was never employed in Austria. The executioner, like other Viennese, was an artist, and, as you will see, managed very well with a mighty swoop at the neck of the kneeling delinquent.

It is in the series of narrow streets running off to the east of the Rotenturmstrasse and the Kärntnerstrasse that you will find the best bits of old Vienna. Here you can spend hours examining the façades of old *palais*, entering inquisitively every old courtyard and visiting churches. Do not forget to walk through the narrow alleyways and courts (*Durchhäuser*) which run parallel to the Kärntnerstrasse and link up these narrow streets with one another.

We may start from the Rotenturmstrasse up the Lugeck, and begin our walk at the little Sonnenfelsgasse, which is a perfect picture of a sixteenth and seventeenth century street of burghers' houses. Between numbers 15 and 17 we must turn aside for the oldest and most delightful street of the lot—the Street of the Beautiful Lantern—Schönlaterngasse.

'Its very ancient houses', says Baldass, 'date almost without exception from the period of the second Turkish siege of Vienna (1683).' Gothic alcoves jut out into the street as soon as we turn into it. Number 7, 'the Basilisk House', is far older. In the well, long, long ago, lived one of these deadly beasts, to gaze upon which was death, poisoning the neighbourhood with its pestiferous fumes. A gallant apprentice, armed with the only weapon with which these monsters could be fought, a mirror, descended into the well and held it up to the basilisk, which fell dead at the sight of its own fearful countenance. The proof of the story is that in a niche in the façade you can see a weatherbeaten sandstone reproduction of the beast itself, which has stood in this very niche since at least 1212! In the sharp angle by this house is the wide and peaceful courtyard belonging to the Cistercian monastery of Heiligenkreuz, in the Vienna Forest. The chapel, dedicated to St. Bernhard, is worth visiting, as is the adjoining wine-garden. The Church of the Jesuits, on the picturesque Universitätsplatz, has a typical early baroque façade and interior decorations by Andrea del Pozzo, a Jesuit Father whose work we shall encounter all over Austria. The imitation cupola painted in fresco on the ceiling exemplifies a favourite employment of perspective by the baroque artists.

On our left as we look at the church is the Aula of the Old University, to-day the Akademie der Wissenschaften (Academy of Science). It is a dignified ambassador of France in the heart of baroque Vienna, built in the style of a Paris *hôtel*, as you will immediately recognize. The Festsaal, a nobly proportioned hall on the first floor, has a spirited baroque ceiling fresco by Guglielmi, 'The Triumph of Knowledge', a good secular counterpart to the work of Del Pozzo in the church.

Round by the College of Jesuits, who had charge of the Old University, we reach the Bäckerstrasse, little less perfect a picture of mediæval Vienna than the Sonnenfelsgasse. Number 7's courtyard above all must be visited for the sake of its excellent renaissance arcades.

Through a *Durchhaus* we gain access to the Wollzeile; number 5 was the early nineteenth-century inn 'At the Sign of the Tasty Worm', and is a good example of the severe *josefinische* style. The Schulerstrasse looks promising, but has few interesting houses; the Singerstrasse is better. The interior of the Deutschordenskirche—number 7—is very interesting, but it is seldom open. The Palais Breuner has a

unique carved wooden decoration above the door and a fine courtyard and staircase. In the narrow Domgasse there is a house (number 6) with rococo ornamentation that should be permanently draped with crape, for on its site stood the first café (coffee-house) of Vienna, set up by a Pole in 1683 with the mysterious beans which he had captured from the besieging Turks. Vienna has indeed to thank him and succeeding café proprietors for opportunities for much good talk, but I do not like to estimate for how many even of my own wasted hours his venture is responsible.

The Franciskanerplatz, off the Weihburggasse, is another delightful old baroque square. Here we enter a strange region where lurid night bars and cabarets—in which you can spend as much money with as little return in the way of real amusement as anywhere in Europe—rub shoulders with ancient churches and fine baroque *palais*. We must leave the night resorts, which exist for the foreigner and have little to do with real Viennese gaiety, until later—they are mostly open until 4 a.m., so we have plenty of time—and concentrate on the other attractions of these streets between here and the Opera. The Winter Palace of Prince Eugene of Savoy (now the Finance Ministry), in the next street, the Himmelpfortgasse, is a magnificent example of the high baroque applied to the house of a man of unlimited wealth. You must crane your neck in the now narrow street to take in all the details. The hall, a stairway, and the courtyard can all be seen without difficulty. The Johannesgasse contains a dainty piece of Vienna late baroque in the Savoyisches Damenstift. The Annakirche, in the Annagasse, is an example of that light-hearted gaiety with which the sculptors, wood-carvers, gilders, and fresco-painters of the baroque could express their very real religious devotion.

And now, I think, a chair at a café table by the Opera, where we who have done so much walking may watch the promenaders at our ease.

CHAPTER V

THE RINGSTRASSE AND THE PRATER

An Imperial Street—An Important Viennese Word—City of Dreams and City of Realities—The July Tragedy—Parks of the Children, the Students, and the Housewives—The Prater

AS a change from the narrow streets and old houses of Vienna, let us step out into the broad belt of green which surrounds them—the Ring. Seldom has a monarch had such a site suddenly placed at his disposal for the Imperial buildings of an Imperial capital as was afforded to Francis Joseph by the abolition of the glacis and bastions of the city. Francis Joseph had the Hapsburg passion for building in an unusual degree. He was able to secure not only magnificent buildings but a general grandiose harmony which makes this street unique in the world. The buildings were begun in 1870 and finished in a decade. Along the broad boulevards rise the stately monuments of a mighty Empire, not cast in one mould, but so built and placed that despite the individuality of each the whole strikes one definite note—Imperial pomp.

Yet the fine appearance of this street to-day is largely due to the Socialist and Republican municipality of Vienna. They it is who plant the flowers beneath the great trees and re-sow with grass-seed those pathetic strips of earth which, even when bare in winter, are officially regarded as grass and therefore sacred. The soil of Vienna is hostile to grass, but the people love it. Therefore it may be trodden by neither dog nor man. The Socialists, too, fill the flower-baskets on the electric standards with gay geraniums; they have been wise enough to do nothing to diminish the Imperial note, much as they detest the memories of the old Empire, ruled, as one of their great leaders, Viktor Adler, once declared, 'by Absolutism modified by *Schlamperei*'.

What a long time it has taken us to reach this Viennese word (they do not understand it in the Reich). We shall be lucky if we have not come in contact with the thing itself

THE KARLSKIRCHE

PARLIAMENT AND THE RINGSTRASSE

earlier. It means promises made and forgotten the next moment, official pens left in the air as the hour for closing the office strikes, jobs scamped or pigeonholed undone, letters left unanswered, and much more. There is little of Prussian methodical thoroughness in the Rhineland, as I learnt during the years when I served *The Times* there throughout the occupation of the Ruhr and the tragi-comedy of the 'Separatist Republic'. Yet *Schlamperei* was something quite new to me when I reached this city. Except at moments which occur about three times a year, however, I feel now that without it I could not love Vienna quite so much. At those exceptional moments I feel that I can never love Vienna again. Like bargaining in the shops, public begging, the exceptional number of outstretched palms in theatres and places of amusement, it is a legacy from the Orient—Metternich's 'Asia'—and from feudalism.

East of Vienna these things are still more prominent. I remember once writing to ask the eight leading theatres in Vienna for their co-operation to enable me to review their new productions for *The Times*. One theatre only replied. The manager regretted that, as he had closed down for the winter, he could be of no assistance. A month later, in Budapest, a Hungarian assured me of the superior energy of his own capital. 'You have met, I expect,' he said, 'with Viennese *Schlamperei* by now?' I told him, as an example, my experience with the theatres. He looked puzzled. 'But we do not answer letters in Budapest either', he said. 'You should have called—and called several times. We do not like these modern business methods.'

We can start our walk at the Votivkirche—that delicate, lace-like piece of modern gothic. Its proportions may not be as perfect as the real gothic builders would have made them. Yet against a clear blue sky, outlined with the snows of winter, or with a Vienna summer sunset hanging a rose and orange curtain behind it, it becomes for the moment the most desirable thing in the whole city. The University is a massive complex built around a central 'Court of Honour'. Then on the left comes the Burgtheater, the former Court Theatre, the first of the '1870' buildings. As in the case of the Neue Burg and the two Museums, practical considerations have been sacrificed to magnificence. The profusion of marble beautifully employed in all these buildings is astounding: Francis Joseph used it as other men use granite.

Opposite the Burgtheater is the Rathaus. There is a cunning system of illumination employed on special occasions, when the whole of Vienna seems to gather here to see the mayoral office turned into a fairy palace. On these nights, too, the great fountain on the Schwarzenbergplatz is illuminated.

At the door of the Rathaus ends the City of Dreams; here begins the City of Stern Reality. I have heard the Bürgermeister, Dr. Seitz, speak inside this building in terms of real affection of the wonderful buildings of the 'good old days', as he himself phrased it. That is one side—the Socialists are not guilty of the folly of those successors to Hapsburg territory who tear down national monuments and think they can erase history in the process. But I have heard that same Bürgermeister speaking from the doorway of one of the new model municipal houses for working-men, built from the taxes imposed on the owners of house property. The square was a sea of earnest faces, the surrounding houses almost hidden under their draperies of Socialist red, as the Bürgermeister's determined words were cheered to the echo: 'We will make of this Vienna of ours, once the city of the fiacre and of song, a city of work, in which each and everyone may learn the joy of labour fairly remunerated'. It was a declaration of war on the Vienna of the Hapsburgs, on the feudalism which made Vienna what it still is, on the City of Dreams.

How does the old order take the change? For the most part it ignores it. The highest decoration of all, the Order of the Golden Fleece, is never to be seen at the receptions on the Ballhausplatz; those who wear it do not recognize the existence of a Republic, live in an exclusive Faubourg St-Germain of their own, and are rarely seen in public. Here and there one meets with an exception. It was a Socialist civic official who told me of his astonishment at being informed, when he inquired of the manager of a Vienna cinema why the performance did not begin, that 'We are waiting for the Archduke'. 'Does that flunkeyism still go on under the Republic?' he asked angrily. His mistake was explained to him. The Hapsburg for whom the audience was waiting would not take his seat in the stalls. He had hired himself out with his motor-bicycle to bring films from one cinema hall to the other, and something must have delayed him on the road. 'For such an Archduke as ——', replied the Socialist official, 'I would wait as long as necessary.'

The Rathaus Museum will give us the best imaginable

picture of Vienna's development. Here are old maps and reliefs, and pictures of old Vienna arranged by city districts. Paintings of the baroque churches which stand to-day, showing their original surroundings, which have since changed, present the real 'outer room' in which the architect placed his church. Here is the last Sedan-chair used in Vienna (Vienna and Bath are the only two cities in the world where one would not be surprised to meet a Sedan-chair any day). There are delightful street-pictures, mostly of the Vienna Pickwick period—and how extremely Pickwickian it all looks!—and some records of baroque crimes such as the destruction of renaissance courtyards. There are the banners of the old guilds, whose rights the Hapsburgs gradually extinguished in the process of moulding a Viennese general type to suit their own purposes. There are rooms devoted to Vienna's dramatists and musicians.

The gardens before the Rathaus contain exotic trees, many of which blossom in summer as wonderfully as in Japan and their other homelands. The classic building of Parliament which comes next is considered to be the finest of the Ringstrasse buildings. Like the others, whatever style is followed, it is born under the aegis of that soft baroque which will ever influence Vienna architects. No Viennese can show you this building without pointing out that the sculptor who put the statue of Pallas Athene where it stands did so in order to ensure that there should be wisdom at least *outside* the House.

Now comes a tragic gap (no doubt it will soon be filled) made by the ruins of the Palace of Justice. It was burnt down on July 15, 1927, by a crazy mob, infuriated by the acquittal of three Nationalists in the Burgenland who had fired on a Socialist demonstration, killing a child and an ex-soldier. What began as a harmless demonstration somehow got out of control; the 'darker elements', as the Austrians call them, from the underworld of a great city exploited the not altogether unnatural indignation of several thousand workingmen and women, and a conflict with the police began. The Palace of Justice, held responsible for the acquittal, was set alight. From 10 a.m. until midday the pop of police pistols and the crash of missiles hurled by the crowd, in the afternoon the deadly crack of the carbines issued to the police in the emergency, re-echoed around the Palace of Justice. Eighty-five dead and many hundred wounded paid the penalty for a general and almost inexplicable outburst of madness. This

was the Vienna that carried through a peaceful revolution in 1918, when other capitals were hacking their way to the new order through the resistance of the old. Yet even on this, the worst day of violence since 1848, Vienna remained herself. In the midst of the bloodshed I watched an ice-cream seller steadily tinkling his bell and making hay while the rifles cracked, selling his wares by the corner of the Burgtheater to police and perspiring rioters indifferently as the tide of battle brought one or the other to his stand.

Behind part of the ruined Justizpalast stands the attractive Palais Trautson (later Ungarische Garde) of Fischer von Erlach, which must on no account be missed. Now we must walk for some time along the railings of the Volksgarten, where on summer nights the band plays those very idle songs of Vienna that the Socialists would sweep away with all the other dear illusions of this city of dreamers. Unless, of course, we decide to enter the garden—and why not? It is the paradise of children and the Parliament of their mothers and nurses. It contains a corner sacred to the playwright Grillparzer, with charming reliefs depicting scenes from his plays, and another sacred to the murdered Empress Elisabeth. It contains also a 'Milk Pavilion', where a Bulgarian delicacy, 'Yoghurt', may be enjoyed in summer. It is a sort of soured milk, but, eaten with sugar, has an inexplicable resemblance to raspberries and cream. At your table you will soon be visited by sparrows, who will demand your largesse with all the audacity of a Kärntnerstrasse beggar. Blackbirds and other birds of finer calibre are naturally above this sort of vulgarity, but if you keep quiet you will soon find one of them offering you, in a spirit of frank equality, the pleasure of his company at rolls and milk. Never will you see a Viennese rebuff him. As far as that goes, he seldom rebuffs the human cadger either, fraudulent though he knows him generally to be. In the winter, official tables placed on poles in all the parks are spread with grain or crusts and sheltered by a little roof from the snow. Only the heavy rooks who frequent this garden and those in front of the Hofburg are unable to join in these feasts and stalk haughtily through the snow like the old Imperial Guards, ostentatiously turning up their beaks at the bounty of a Socialist Vienna.

It is strange that a folk so fond of animals as are the Viennese should allow officialdom to lead dogs a dog's-life. In Vienna —seldom elsewhere in Austria—every dog must wear a muzzle

in public. He may not enter a tram, however empty it be. As a great concession, he may now ride on the front platform of the Underground, but only at certain hours. A wonderful proclamation at the entrance gives the limit in height of a transportable dog, conjuring up for me pictures of a zealous official running the centimetre measure over him—officialdom would not stop at this, if necessary—and of well-trained St. Bernards and Alsatians hobbling past the watchful ticket-collector on their knees. A large diagram shows the exact type of muzzle which alone is *de rigueur* for the Underground—'completely closed, with a wire cage reaching well over the upper part of the nose'. No Viennese may take his dog into shops or cafés—even in the Prater he must lead him through certain avenues. In some few parks the base dog may not show his face at all, even on a lead, and in the mountains, what strike an Englishman as brutal notices threaten him with instant death if found not on the lead. Imagine it—a real live dog, in a wood visited by so many thousands weekly that anything like game preservation is impossible, kept solemnly on the lead!

As we are going to spend some time in the galleries of the two Museums—one of which, the Kunsthistoriches Museum, contains the National Gallery, we need not linger by these two imposing twin buildings on the Ring. Then on the left we have the outer Burgtor, now the entrance to the Heldenplatz, which is the green space before the Neue Burg. This 'classical' entrance is the last of the gates of fortified Vienna. Behind it sweeps the majestic curve of the Neue Burg, Francis Joseph's addition to the palace of his ancestors and predecessors. Farther along the Ring is the Burggarten, formerly known as the Kaisergarten, a gem which passed from the Imperial Crown into the public treasury of greenery with the Revolution. Under its great trees you will see the students from the University walking arm-in-arm, or having eight Groschen worth of uncomfortable chair in order to study or dream in peace. What to do with the two Groschen change, except to employ it as you are intended, as a tip for the chair-woman, I have never discovered. I once asked a waiter what, exactly, one could get for the one Groschen copper coin, worth less than a twelfth of a penny, which he gave me in change, and received the discouraging reply: 'Curses—from any beggar in Vienna'.

Outside the gates, Goethe in arm-chair faces Schiller, who

is set back in the Schillerplatz. There stands the Akademie der Bildenden Künste (Academy of Fine Arts), built in the style of the Italian renaissance, which we shall also visit. And so, past many café terraces, we reach the Opera, at the centre of the Ring. It has lost three feet of its height through having been built in the old moat, the level of which was subsequently raised to that of the street.

There is little more to detain us on the Ring. Crossing the top of the Kärntnerstrasse, we may continue along past the big hotels for ten minutes or so, until we reach the Stadtpark, with its popular café-restaurant and ball-room. The little river Wien, which has for miles been flowing beneath the streets, suddenly reappears here for a last glimpse of daylight before it is swallowed up in the Danube Canal. The Volksgarten belongs to the children; the Kaiser, or Burg, Garten to students and dreamers; the Stadtpark to the comfortable citizen and citizeness, for whom generous seating accommodation is provided around the pretty creeper-covered bandstand. Here formidable contingents of well-rounded *Hausfrauen* listen to the excellent orchestra for three hours on end at the cost of a cup of coffee, while their children play at the foot of the fantastic little gilded statue of Johann Strauss, caught in the very act of leading the orchestra off into one of those whirling melodies to which Viennese feet, however much they may learn to scrape, kick, and shuffle newer measures, will ever be faithful.

Ask the Viennese-in-the-street which is the best day to visit the Prater and he will tell you 'Sunday'. So it is, if you are in search of the ear-splitting din of brass bands, steam organs, and roundabouts, and if you wish to be crowded with your kind into every form of noisy entertainment. If your tastes are otherwise, choose any other day. You will then be able to appreciate the various charms of this, the most comprehensive park in Europe, though you will miss the spectacle of the working population of Vienna enjoying itself in its own way.

You may motor through most of the Prater, but not down the Hauptallee, whose chestnuts are a blaze of colour in May. There, by the way, dogs must be kept on the lead: it is nearly a century since the 'Prater Deer', on account of which this Imperial regulation was made, disappeared; but it is easier to get rid of a dynasty in Vienna than of a regulation. The Hauptallee is the last refuge of the *fiaker*, the two-horsed

vehicle which is the symbol for many Viennese of 'the good old days', when every archduke, prince, and count had, in addition to his own private carriage, one particular hired *Leibfiaker* which always served him on informal occasions. The old drivers, some of whom still proclaim their allegiance to the past by flaunting Francis-Joseph whiskers in the face of the Republic, drive their prettiest patrons down the Hauptallee during the month following Whitsuntide. At Easter, the nine-year-old children receive their First Communion, and may even then be driven through the Prater, but at the *Firmung*, or Confirmation (around Whitsuntide), they claim the drive as an immemorial right. The little boy is in solemn black, his face shiny from much-resented soaping, the little girl in white, the centre of the universe for one day and delightfully aware of it. To see the Prater at its smartest you must choose a race-meeting or polo day and make for the Freudenau, near the golf-course.

The whole area was a strictly preserved Imperial game-park until 1776. A comprehensive proclamation of Rudolf II set forth in 1592 that 'In Our Park, the Prater, no one shall walk, drive, ride, shoot, hunt, or fish'. It was Joseph II, of course, who scandalized the Court by throwing it open to the common people and even allowing within it 'the hitting of balls and playing of skittles', trusting his subjects to commit no act therein likely to cause All-Highest displeasure. To the remonstrance of his courtiers that this exposed him, and incidentally themselves, to the peril of coming into contact with the lower orders, Joseph replied: 'To be as exclusive as you wish I should be obliged to retire to the Hapsburg vault of the Capuchins and never leave it'. Ten years later the same wise monarch gave his people the Augarten, which we may also visit one day.

The greatest days of the Prater were those of the Vienna Congress in 1814 and 1815. Hither came the crowned heads of Europe and their suites to recover from the strain of ballroom and rout, while the Viennese, whose love of a lord even exceeded our own, poured out in their thousands to watch them.

The first monarchs arrived on September 22, 1814, and before long Vienna had her hundred thousand guests, who left her only the following July. 'Now that the massacre of men has ceased,' wrote a contemporary chronicler, 'everything that flies, crawls, jumps, swims, or runs is to be conscripted

and made to bite the dust in the name of universal peace. Rents soared. Castlereagh paid for his house in the Graben 5,000 Gulden a month, and the Iron Duke still more. From the Congress dates Vienna's devotion to English male fashions, which is remarkable to-day. Lady Castlereagh, however, was known as 'the worst-dressed woman in Vienna', and our feminine fashions were despised. Those of Paris were naturally in disrepute, so that there was nothing for it but to discover that 'Vienna chic', the survival of which you will not need me to emphasize.

Opera, theatre, and (above all) dancing filled the nights of the princes and diplomats; quarrelling over territories, their days. It must have been in honour of the soldiers that that remarkable concert of one hundred drilled and disciplined pianists, all hitting the same note at the same instant, was given in the Redoutensaal of the Hofburg. Beethoven himself conducted two concerts of his works, and even composed a special cantata, 'Vienna's Glorious Moment', the concluding lines of which thundered out bombastically, 'All that the world possesses of greatness and nobility has met within my walls. The bosom beats, the tongue stammers—Europe am I, no more a city'. 'Le Congrès danse, mais il ne marche pas', commented the witty De Ligne, who died here of a chill said to have been contracted while waiting at a snowy rendezvous for a fair Viennese (who characteristically forgot to keep her appointment).

Metternich, of course, was a past-master at the boudoir diplomacy which played so large a part at the Congress, and it was at a great ball in his palace on the 'Ballplatz' on March 5, 1815, that a pale and breathless messenger whispered in the host's ears the tidings that a little man had left the Island of Elba quite suddenly. 'The news', writes Count de la Garde, the official chronicler, 'struck the assembled company like lightning from a cloudless sky. The thousands of wax lights suddenly lost their glitter. The dancing stopped. In vain did the orchestra continue playing the waltz. Each looked at the other—the same question rose to every lip. The answer in four words turned the hearer to stone like the head of the Medusa: 'He is in France' '. The tramp of marching feet in France was at last re-echoed by the 'marching' of the Congress in Vienna, which concluded its labours on June 16th, two days before Waterloo.

The Prater was the scene of terrific fighting in October

1848, when the loyal troops of Prince Windischgraetz and the Croats under the Ban Jellačić delivered a concentrated assault on the city. The defences of the rebellious citizens at the Praterstern were stormed and the whole quarter set ablaze. This was the end of the resistance. Since then the Prater has ceased to make history.

CHAPTER VI

A CHURCH AND THREE PALACES

The Finest Baroque Church—Some Winter Amusements—Sylvester —The Belvedere and the Gardens—The Hofburg and its Tragic Shadows —Canova's Work in the Augustinerkirche—Schönbrunn and the Rococo Folk—Fascinating Coaches—Schönbrunn Zoo

JUST off the Ringstrasse, as we have already noted, are the two proudest productions of high baroque, sacred and profane—the Karlskirche and the Belvedere Palace. You can see at a glance that the Karlskirche sets the crown on the work of Fischer von Erlach. The great patinated copper cupola is baroque of the baroque, as are the two towers left and right above the arches. I mean by that that they embody in the highest degree the dreamy, fantastic elements of the style. Perhaps another great baroque architect could, had he studied like Fischer in Naples and Rome, have approached these majestic proportions, this richness of decoration. Who but Fischer could ever have conceived and successfully executed the final glorious impertinence of taking two scrolled 'Trajan' columns, crowning them with little baroque cupolas, and so incorporating these naturally foreign elements in his church that it would be inconceivable without them?

Opposite the church is the Künstlerhaus, where you will find exhibitions of modern Austrian painters—the supermoderns are also not far away, in the Secession. In the merry *Fasching* (carnival) season, which in Vienna seems to start as soon as winter comes, and to change merely with the coming of spring and summer to an outdoor *venue*, the Künstlerhaus is the scene of Vienna's 'Quat'z Arts' ball, the rollicking 'Gschnasfest', and its little less merry fellow, the 'Künstlerfest'. The season of winter with its skating—there is a great open-air rink which is naturally or artificially frozen steadily from November to March—its mountain sports in the surrounding country, its dances, opera, and theatre, make that

time of year as suitable as any other for visiting Vienna. At Christmas itself the city is dull. Everyone goes to the Semmering or some other mountain resort where somehow or other they manage to ski and toboggan all day and dance all night. But on *Sylvester Abend* (New Year's Eve) Vienna surpasses herself. The solid citizen dines at home on roast carp, drinks punch, and sees the thing through in a café; the other sort dines and wines at one of the big hotels until the lights go out at midnight and the chimney-sweep comes in with a real live sucking-pig under his arm. Grasp his hand and stroke the squealing pig tied up with baby-ribbon, and you are safe for the coming year; I have my doubts about the pig, for he is also a popular New Year's dish. After midnight you may go on to one of the night resorts and pay treble prices for the privilege of being able to touch another squealing pig. What money you have left goes next day in answer to the ceaseless ringing at the bell of those useful persons who in England call for their annual remembrance on Boxing Day.

Behind the gardens on the spacious Schwarzenbergplatz extends the broad and, as I always feel, truncated Schwarzenberg Palais. The work both of Von Hildebrandt and of Fischer von Erlach, it is one of the great monuments of the baroque, and it is only a fault of taste not to care for it more than I do.

From the Rennweg, just beyond the Schwarzenberg Palais, you enter the Belvedere Gardens. Stand for a moment before the centre of the Lower Belvedere and look at the Upper Palace. In the two Palaces and their garden you have the crowning work of Lukas von Hildebrandt. As you look up the hill past bosquets and formal hedges to the middle terrace, and then on to the top one, on which the Upper Belvedere stands, you realize how the architect has simply taken the dome of the heavens for his canvas and has placed on it the perfectly balanced picture before you. Within the framework of tall green hedges, every detail is artfully arranged to concentrate your attention on the apotheosis of the composition, the Upper Belvedere—in particular, on its centre window. It takes the place of the high altar in sacred baroque. The spirit is the same—upwards and forwards,

The bosquets before you—we will wander through them presently and people them with powdered wigs and patches—set off with their olive-green the lighter grass of the middle

terrace. Here a fountain, whose waters roll gently down a stairway, holds the eye to the centre of the picture.

It was in 1714 that the two Belvederes and the gardens were constructed as the summer residences of Prince Eugene of Savoy. The Ottoman hordes had at last been swept far away beyond Hungary, the French had been defeated in the West. Vienna breathed again. Here the ripened baroque sounds the note of *Sursum corda* for the feudal aristocracy—for the last time in history. Yet it is baroque as solid as any in the city. From the terrace of the Upper Belvedere, to which we will walk through the gardens, we get a no less delightful view of the long, low buildings of the Lower Palace, as well as a fine view of Vienna and the surrounding country towards the Danube.

There is no limit to the time which we can usefully spend in the former Imperial Palace, the Hofburg. We may best start, perhaps, in the Inner Courtyard, which is immediately on the other side of the gates on the Michaelerplatz. The fact that the Hofburg had to be both palace and fortress—it has withstood a number of sieges by foreign foes and by native malcontents—accounts for the absence of that unity of design characteristic of the baroque buildings which were *palais* and no more.

Standing in front of the Michaelerkirche, we get the best general impression of the imposing façade of the Michaeler Trakt of the Hofburg. It is quite modern (1890), and stands on the site of the old National Theatre, which was burnt down just before this wing was built to the plans which Fischer von Erlach had drawn up more than a century earlier. We take the roadway beneath the central cupola and emerge in the charming old-world courtyard 'In der Burg', which is at its best when covered with the snows of mid-winter. In this courtyard, where formerly the guard was mounted every day with full Hapsburg pomp, we have an excellent opportunity of comparing the early baroque of the Leopoldinischer Trakt, the wing nearest and roughly parallel to the Ringstrasse, with high baroque embodied in the far more ornate Reichskanzlei Trakt opposite to it. On our left as we come from the Michaelerplatz is the oldest part of the Burg, the Schweizerhof, dating from the thirteenth century. Crossing it, we reach a small courtyard, where the choir of the Burg Chapel grows out of the main building; if you have the chance, attend a service to hear the famous choir of the Sängerknaben.

THE BELVEDERE PALACES

VIENNA FROM THE UPPER BELVEDERE

Let us consider the 'side-shows' of the Hofburg first. On no account must we miss the occasional early Sunday morning performance of the world-famous Spanish riding-school, which happily is still kept up by the Republic. The work of the horses is true to traditions dating back as far as their own very ancient lineage. You can at all times see them in their stables, and the fine building of the winter riding-school.

The 'Sacred Treasury ' and the 'Worldly Treasury' of the Hapsburgs can be visited with the same ticket of admission. The former contains, amid the most wonderful array of gorgeous clerical vestments which I have ever seen, the complete christening outfit of Francis Joseph. Quite unreasonably, of course, christening clothes for Francis Joseph come as something of a shock.

The 'Worldly Treasury' has been considerably depleted since the Revolution, but enough remains to make this the most romantic collection of Crown Jewels which is anywhere exhibited. After the Revolution, Count Berchtold brought from this treasury to the ex-Emperor Karl, who was in exile in Switzerland, jewels of enormous value, claimed by the ex-Emperor as his private property. They included the wonderful diamond crown of the Empress Elisabeth and various Orders containing many hundreds of precious stones. The insignia worn by Napoleon as King of Lombardy and Venetia were secured by Italy, who also claimed unsuccessfully the historic 'Crown of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation'. The Czechoslovak State demanded, but failed to secure, the Crown of the Austrian Empire, the Belgians the Toison Order. The Hungarians are still pursuing their claim to a share in the spoils of the treasury. The scramble to sack a great city by treaty which followed the war was in many ways unique in history.

What was carried off bears no comparison with what remains. First, there is the cradle of Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt, a miracle of French Empire work, all in gilded silver, the 'basket' being covered with the bees which Napoleon adopted in place of the Bourbon fleur-de-lis. Two of the original fifth-century bees from the tomb of Childerich I, which furnished Napoleon with his inspiration, may be seen, by the way, in the Carnavalet in Paris. At the head of the cradle a 'Winged Victory' extends a laurel wreath over the infant's bed; at the foot, 'l'Aiglon' in silver once looked full

into the face of the Eagle's son himself—the little eagle whose gilded cage, Schönbrunn, we shall visit soon. Next door is the Imperial Austrian Crown, surrounded by many noble orders. The most important is the Order of the Golden Fleece, that exclusive Order of Catholic nobles, '*gentilshomes de nom et d'armes et sans reproche*'. Only one non-Catholic was ever admitted to the Order; his name you will never guess. He was none other than the Prince-Regent of England, afterwards George IV. Among other treasures are coronation robes, the eleventh-century 'Reichskreuz' with the particle of the True Cross which it was made to contain, the Sacred Lance, the reliquary of 1424 containing a splinter from the Sacred Cradle, and the monstrance containing a tooth of John the Baptist, hanging from a piece of cotton. Most wonderful of all for its historic associations are, of course, the Crown of the Holy Roman Empire (the earliest part dating probably from 993) and the sword and other relics of Charlemagne.

Again and again these treasures have had to be carried out of reach of foreign invaders. They fled from Aix-la-Chapelle in a manure-cart to Prague and thence to Vienna before the armies of the French Revolution, and have had to be carried out of Vienna to places of safety more than once.

In another part of the Burg we can see the complete collection of the Imperial plate (*Hoftafel*), and from it gain some idea of the pomp that filled the rooms which we are about to visit when the magnificent Hapsburgs entertained. The porcelain is extraordinarily beautiful.

To the National (formerly Court) Library we gain access from the Josefsplatz, an exterior square of the Burg. It exemplifies the dignity and the magnificence of baroque in the fullest measure, with little of its fantasy. Architecture, frescoes, and the bindings of the books combine to make this one of the most 'distinguished' rooms which the world can show.

It is only where monarchies have just fallen—that is to say, in the countries which were on the losing side in the Great War—that one can, with imagination, gather an idea of the pomp which surrounds a modern reigning monarch. The palaces of the older Republics are already reliquaries, but thousands of people are alive to-day who in this very building kissed the hand of the sovereign born to pass his life in these intolerably gorgeous surroundings. How comprehensible Francis Joseph's passion for his forests and mountains becomes when one has spent a day in the Hofburg! Not that it is not beauti-

ful. Many of us would gladly spend a month here, absorbing the details of these endless halls. But a lifetime!

In conducted tours of the Burg, one starts amidst the baroque of the ceremonial apartments and of the Emperor's own suite. The Hofburg seems to belong to Francis Joseph as much as does Schönbrunn to Maria Theresa. In the first of his rooms stands by the window in its original position the simple desk at which he stood for hours receiving his subjects in audience. All pomp that this ruler could exclude from his own rooms he kept out. The simple iron bed in which he slept stands to-day as when he used it—you could buy its double anywhere in Vienna for a few pounds. From the Emperor's suite we pass to that of the Empress Elisabeth. Here the spirit of rococo dances so gaily up and down the walls and around the ceilings that it almost succeeds in dispelling the air of Grecian tragedy that claims the Hofburg for its own; as it is, one realizes that rococo will never be more than an intruder here.

Of all the innumerable treasures of the Hofburg, the tapestries hold first place. Though 1918 stripped a few walls bare, the general collection remains but little impaired. The 'Vertumnus and Pomona' Flemish tapestries, the greatest treasure of all, are allotted to one of the 'visitors' rooms', if one may apply so irreverent a term to the palatial suite used by visiting monarchs.

In the Augustinerkirche adjoining the Hofburg we can see where the hearts of the Hapsburgs lie buried in silver vessels behind a grating in an altar. Of all the many interesting things in this very old church, one must be mentioned which makes a visit inevitable—the beautiful tomb which Canova executed in 1801 for the body of the Archduchess Marie Christine, the favourite daughter of Maria Theresa. The whole world seems to be moving in sorrowful procession with these symbolic figures to the opening of the marble tomb in which the ashes are to be deposited. But Marie Christine is actually buried in the Capuchin vault.

We may take a taxi-cab or the Underground to a royal residence of happier memories than the gloomy Hofburg. The Palace (and park) of Schönbrunn can be seen in half a day, but with neither dignity nor comfort. It deserves at least a day, and those who do not find in this most light-hearted of palaces something which draws them back again to pass an idle summer afternoon are few. Schönbrunn is so generally

spoken of as a triumph of Fischer von Erlach's art that it is startling to find there scarcely a trace of the monumental dignity, the proud perfection of the baroque of (say) the Karlskirche. The influence of French palace architecture is most immediately apparent, but the momentary feeling that we are looking at a miniature Versailles disappears before ever we pass through the handsome baroque wrought-iron gates.

The Palace as we see it embodies first the general baroque conception, which stands out so clearly also at the Belvedere, of putting a building into the right place in the general picture. Fischer von Erlach, indeed, wished to go much farther in the exploitation of the site. His original conception was to have the Schloss on the hill where the Gloriette now stands, with cascades and terraces leading down to the dip where Schönbrunn lies, but for this grandiose scheme the available funds were insufficient. Standing presently on the Gloriette, we shall be able to picture to ourselves how truly imperial a baroque palace on this site would have become in the hands of a man with Fischer's defiant courage. Out of the noble and imposing 'residence' grew this graceful, smiling country palace, with its dark buff-coloured walls and green shutters, which so obviously belongs to those unreal but graceful people, the 'rococo folk', for ever. Despite architectural differences, Schönbrunn is temperamentally far nearer to the Petit Trianon than to monumental Versailles—perhaps because each holds eternally the spirit of mother and daughter—Maria Theresa and Marie Antoinette. In the sixteenth century the Emperor Maximilian II had a hunting-lodge here—it was his son Matthias who discovered by chance the 'beautiful spring'—the *'schöne Brunnen'*—which gave this present Palace its name and water supply. It was Maria Theresa who took Schönbrunn to her heart and made it her own. Under her aegis the influence of Versailles modified the Italian and Austrian baroque conceptions of Fischer through the hand of the Court architect, Pacassi, in Palace and garden, while the interior decoration was captured body and soul by the spirit of rococo in its most playful mood.

Over the obelisks at the entrance gates are perched two golden eagles—not of Austria but of France, placed there by Napoleon when, in the hour of Austria's deepest humiliation, he sojourned in the Palace. For a century the Hapsburgs drove in and out of their most cherished residence past the glittering

witnesses of the power of their conqueror. Would any other Royal House—would any other people—have hesitated a moment to destroy such an uncomfortable reminder? In Alsace-Lorraine and in Austria's former Slav provinces the new order has sought to erase every trace of the old; in South Tyrol to-day the Fascisti are still busily at work removing all removable signs of the native Tyrolese art and language. Napoleon's eagles are evidence, to-day, less of his triumph than of that amazing tolerance which, with all its disadvantages, has at least made Vienna the most truly international of cities.

Maria Theresa, of course, is everywhere; Marie Antoinette, too. Joseph II, who gave his people cakes and ale that they might not trouble their heads with politics, which were the affair of their betters, completed Maria Theresa's work in the Palace. The little Duke of Reichstadt, 'Napoleon II', must certainly haunt Schönbrunn. Guilty only of bearing his father's name, of having the blood of the terrible Corsican in his veins, 'l'Aiglon' fretted his life away in these gorgeous rooms, the virtual prisoner of Metternich. In the apartment where he died, Napoleon had billeted himself as conqueror in 1805 and again in 1809. In another part of the Palace Francis Joseph was born: they show you the room where he first opened his eyes and the bed in which he closed them—simple, as everything personal of his was. Next door are the apartments of his ill-fated Consort, made ready for occupation by the late Emperor Karl and the ex-Empress Zita, when disaster complete and overwhelming swamped their country in 1918; here it was that Karl surrendered what his foes and unwilling subjects left of his realm to the new-born Austrian Republic.

Very recent history, that, but as dramatic as any which Schönbrunn has seen. 'Now, as ever,' ran the last Imperial proclamation signed at Schönbrunn, 'filled with unalterable affection for all my peoples, I will not let my person be a hindrance to their free development. The people through their representatives have taken over the Government. I renounce all part in conducting the business of the State.' So ended the Hapsburg Monarchy.

Something of the past of Schönbrunn is recorded in a number of large paintings hung in various rooms. There is, of course, a mirror gallery where you can turn your back on the windows and so obtain the most extensive view of the prospect. But, for me, the whole spirit of rococo is enshrined in the oval

'Chinese Cabinet'—the first of several rooms shown which are devoted to *chinoiserie*. The intricately beautiful parquet floor, the dancing light from the many little mirrors, the *vieux lacque* panels in their setting of rocaille, the vases which seem to blossom at the tips of rococo branches amidst a bewildering prospect of gold, bronze, and enamel, present (above all, when the light from the glittering candelabra destroys the last link between this tiny room and reality) the triumph of capricious fantasy over a material world, the existence of which it denies. This little oval, slightly domed room, is the holy of holies of rococo, but the Blue Chinese Salon (where Karl signed his abdication in November 1918), the *Vieux Lacque* Room, the Porcelain Room, and the intoxicating Million Room are all filled with the same impudent spirit of gay mockery.

The chapel, with pleasing frescoes and a little Pietà attributed to Rafael Donner, and many other parts of the Palace, are unfortunately not generally shown. One unusual and delightful public exhibit is often overlooked, but is well worth a visit—the collection of Hapsburg state coaches, housed in the so-called 'Wagenburg', set a little back from the main courtyard where Napoleon held his ceremonial parades. Inside it you will be rewarded with more romance than I ever imagined could be got out of an old coach-house. Near the entrance is the coronation coach of the Hapsburgs, a piece of heavy baroque, every inch of which is gilded. It was used up to the very end of the Empire. To round off the story are the black hearse of the crowned, and the red hearse of the uncrowned members of the House. The children's carriages are the most interesting and pathetic. Here is a tiny 'vis-à-vis' built for the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolf about 1865. Close by is a baby phaeton built in 1836 for the infant who was to be the Emperor Francis Joseph; it has seats for a baby coachman and a baby 'tiger' behind. There are a child's carriage built in Paris in the year of Waterloo for another unhappy child, the Duke of Reichstadt, and a pompous coach constructed in Milan in 1810 for one of his mighty father's innumerable triumphs—his coronation as King of Lombardy. Decorated with green silk hangings, now, of course, hanging in shreds like a tattered banner, is the baby carriage of a more successful yet little happier man. The child whose heart must have leapt sky-high at first sight of this costly toy, became the Emperor Joseph II. He suggested for his epitaph:

'Here lies a monarch whose intentions were of the purest kind, but who had the misfortune to see all his undertakings ruined'. He gave his people the Prater, the Augarten, and the institution of the 'Heurigen', and successfully turned their minds aside from thoughts of politics and progress, administering an anodyne that made for temporary contentment, but ultimately did much to cost his House and his people their Empire. The end of his policy of cakes and ale is not yet.

Behind the Palace the hill ascends past formal flower-beds (which nearly all the year round are a blaze of disciplined colour), past an artificial lake and the Neptune fountain, to the pavilion and terrace of the Gloriette. It forms a graceful landmark for many miles around. From the top of this purely ornamental structure you see Fischer von Erlach's conception with his own eyes—the perfection of baroque symmetry and balance. Descending, we have still to see the plant-houses, with their wonderful collection of tropical trees and plants, growing in the atmosphere of a jungle swamp, the gigantic water-lily, *Victoria regia*, and—a typical Vienna surprise-packet—the Menagerie.

What, one is inclined to ask, can this be doing in the grounds of the Palace? It is no Republican intrusion, however. The institution dates back almost to that of the original hunting-lodge. Legend declares that it was the scene of the tragedy commemorated in the poem of 'The Lion's Bride', telling us how the keeper's pretty daughter, who from the tenderest age had been accustomed to fondle the lion in his cage, went to say farewell to him on her wedding morn 'all clothed in white, with myrtle on her brow'. The lion, however, refused to let her leave the cage; the anxious bridegroom hastened from the church to discover the cause of the delay, and finally brought his gun to shoot his rival. Thereupon, with one blow of his paw the lion stretched the girl dead before the eyes of the wedding guests and lay down across her body to pay the penalty of his jealousy.

To-day the Menagerie includes a fine successor to this legendary feline lover. The monkey population is enormous. A notice on the cages urges the visitors not to provoke awkward comparisons between silly apes on either side of the bars by teasing the inmates or by overfeeding them. The latter appeal falls on entirely deaf ears, and the monkey or other beast who fails to accustom himself to the national habit of taking 'eine Kleine Jause'—say, a little 'snack'—at all hours

of the day, pays the penalty of failing to naturalize himself, and passes to a world where meals, if any, are presumably fewer and more regular in their incidence.

The rest of the day at Schönbrunn may be passed pleasantly in taking a 'kleine Jause' oneself, or among the mathematically ordered hedges of the formal garden.

CHAPTER VII

THE 'KUNSTHISTORISCHES': PICTURES AND ARMOUR

Time-table Difficulties—The Spoils of Peace—The Venetians—Titian—Parmigianino's 'Cupid'—The Velazquez—The Dürer Masterpiece—Brueghel, Lover of the Common Man—Rubens and His School—Rembrandt and the Plutocrats—Beautiful Armour—Other National Treasures

DO not expect to find Vienna (who never believes in making things too simple) brazenly displaying all her art treasures in a couple of collections where anyone can see them at any hour of the day. You will have to consult the official table which hangs in all the Museums, giving days and hours of admission to every public collection in Vienna, and even then there may be a hidden catch.

We shall start, of course, in the picture galleries of the Kunsthistorisches Museum—always spoken of in Vienna as the 'Kunsthistorisches' only. Marble halls emphasize the fact that it was a very recent Revolution which deprived it and the building opposite of the title of 'Court' Museums. This great Hapsburg collection was thrown open to the public by the 'People's Emperor', Joseph II, at the end of the eighteenth century. It originated in the 'Art and Wonder Chamber' of Ferdinand I, somewhere about 1540. In Schloss Amras, near Innsbruck, we can still see the sort of quaint curiosities which princes once delighted to mingle with paintings and other objects of real merit. Throughout Austria the rivalry of great lords, bishops, and monasteries helped the development of the arts; it was only natural that the Court of the Hapsburgs should lead the way. Out of the desire to outshine political rivals, which was the basis of most collections, there often grew a real understanding for the arts.

Many of the Hapsburgs collected anything and everything that came to hand, without specialization. There are examples

of this in the Antiquities Section on the ground-floor of the Kunsthistorisches. The collection has laboured under other disadvantages. As has already been noted, it did not become 'national' until 1918; the ownership of the loveliest thing in the world would not have enabled you to lend or give it to the 'Hof Museum'. For that, it was essential that you should be a person whose position in the complicated social hierarchy allowed you to make a gift to the Emperor and to receive a decoration in exchange. All kinds of art treasures were thus driven into exile by Hapsburg etiquette.

Unlike Napoleon, the Hapsburgs generally respected the property of others. The various territories over which they ruled at different periods they hoped to retain for ever, and Napoleonic plunderings would have been bad policy. Any of Vienna's art treasures to which by hook or by crook a claim could be substantiated were carried off as part of the booty of the Treaty of St. Germain in 1919. It is typical of Vienna that she attached more weight to her art treasures than to her territory, and fought more stubbornly—and more successfully—to retain her beautiful things than to retain the Austrians of South Tyrol. There are several gaps in the Italian pictures, but on the whole she was despoiled of comparatively little. Munich, which suffered similarly, fills up the gaps with photographs of the lost treasures bearing the legend, 'Taken by the French under the Treaty of Versailles', and so forth. Vienna, trained by the Hapsburgs to cut her losses, deletes the names of her lost treasures from the catalogue and rearranges the gallery to hide the ravages of peace treaties.

Yet how much there is which Vienna alone can offer us! The best collection of the best Rubens—if we include those in the Liechtenstein; the greatest Dürer, the 'Allerheiligenbild,' and four more of his masterpieces; by far the finest and most complete collection of Pieter Brueghel the Elder, comprising more than half of his known works; the finest Velazquez outside Spain. Those are superlative. We have not mentioned the exquisite Jan van Eycks and other early Netherland painters, nor the Italian (especially Venetian renaissance) painters, the Bellinis, Giorgiones, Titians, and Tintorettos, Parmigianino's 'Cupid,' the Correggios and Andrea del Sartos.

The arrangement of the rooms is bewildering—that of the paintings admirable, considering the difficulties created by the architects.

Passing Canova's group, 'Theseus Conquering the Centaur',

half-way up the stairs, we find the great Venetians in Saal I. The very first picture on our left as we open the door is good —a delicate 'St. Justina and the Unicorn' of Moretto da Brescia. Titian dominates this room. The Viennese claim that their Titian collection is unsurpassed, though equalled by that of Madrid. It is certainly very rich. It shows the progress from Titian the pure colourist to Titian the restrained and harmonious master.

Giorgione's 'Three Philosophers', a wonderful colour symphony with an arresting subject, is in the second bay of Saal I. It is evening. The so-called philosophers—in reality they are obviously astronomers or surveyors—have walked out of the city to the wooded hills, armed with charts and compasses. One of them—he is only a boy, a student—is seated, listening to something which the others do not hear. The song of the birds?—or Pan? There are more splendid Titians in the third bay, one of them the dusky 'Gipsy Madonna'. In Saal II are many of Paris Bordone's voluptuous ladies. I name one picture there only—Tintoretto's cool 'Susanna in the Bath', with the aged Peeping Tom in the orange robe. In Kabinett III is one of the half-dozen supreme treasures of the Kunsthistorisches, Raphael's 'Madonna in the Fields'. It is an early work—look at the awkward single poppy on the right. The Madonna is just a blonde Italian girl of twenty or so, whose red dress and blue cloak stand out against the neutral background. On the right Perugino, Raphael's pupil, has given us his idea of a similar subject, but he cannot approach the matchless flesh-tints of Raphael. Andrea del Sarto will halt us for a while in the next bay, and in the third we come within range at last of someone who has been watching us in our progress along the corridor—Parmigianino's 'Cupid Cutting a Bow', the golden-haired boy with mischief and sunshine playing around his features and the little blue-and-green-shot wings. Knife in hand, he pauses in the task of cutting the wood for his bow, his lips still pursed with the effort, and with his big, mocking eyes looks to see if we are suitable subjects for his activities. No wonder that his task is never done in this city of easy romance! We must not miss the three fine Correggios: a 'Madonna', 'Jupiter and Io', and 'Ganymede'.

Säle III and IV, with Kabinett VI, house the seventeenth-century Italians. Caravaggio was bitterly assailed for admitting and showing in his big Madonna (No. 496) that the feet of saints who went bare-footed were not as pink and

white as the early Renaissance asserted, but Rubens admired this picture so much that he put it in Antwerp Cathedral. In Saal V are several interesting paintings of old Vienna (Schönbrunn, the Neuer Markt, the old University, the Schottenkirche, and others) by Canaletto. Kabinett VII has several fine portraits by Velazquez of unpleasant-looking people, including two of Philip IV of Spain. But his chief works are in the first bay of the eighth cabinet, next door, several with the characteristic blue background and inimitable Velazquez carpets. The Spanish and the Austrian Hapsburgs used to send one another Velazquez portraits of the children, as related families nowadays exchange snapshots of 'Baby'. In the third bay we are at home—what an abrupt change from the most artificial of Courts, that of Madrid, to Gainsborough's refreshing 'Sussex Landscapes', and one portrait each by Hogarth, Raeburn, and Reynolds.

Lucas Cranach the Elder's 'Emperor Charles V Stag Hunting' (No. 1468) is ingenious and amusing—the stags are being driven by the score for His Majesty's pleasure. We must look at the religious paintings of Michael Pacher and of his school, for we shall hope to see his own altar in the church at St. Wolfgang. Hans Holbein the Younger's 'Portrait of Jane Seymour' (the third wife of our Henry VIII), excellent painting though it is, arouses sympathy with her husband for once. She looks a thoroughly tiresome person. The detail on the dress and the jewellery is exquisite. John Chambers, personal physician to Henry VIII, is the subject of another fine Holbein portrait. His grave, careworn face suggests that the post was little less perilous than that held for a time by Jane Seymour.

In the last bay we have the Kunsthistorische's eight Albrecht Dürers, of which the 'Adoration of the Trinity' is not only by far the finest but also one of the most precious things in Vienna. It is a masterpiece of symmetry and a feast of colour. We are in the heavens, though we can see below us an endless landscape, with Dürer himself standing on a cliff by the sea. In the centre of the top of the picture is the Trinity—Christ crucified, with God the Father spreading His cloak behind the Cross; above, the Holy Ghost as a Dove. On each side of this central point of the vision hang in the clouds the adoring hosts. The whole composition floats in the skies. Only the Trinity is fixed—and the earth below, with which we are obviously not concerned.

Straight ahead is the jovial, genial 'Peasant' Brueghel,

whose fifteen large paintings are also one of the most treasured possessions of the gallery. All the world was for him a stage in which the great drama of life was portrayed by many actors, in the detail of whose rôles he contrived to be intensely interested without ever losing the thread of the drama. This peasant's son broke with the romantic tradition and refused to confine himself to idealized portraiture, idealized biblical and historical personages, and dared to paint the common man in all his commonness. He solved the mediæval conflict between 'Revelation and Experience'. He puts his Golgotha in Flanders and his centurions are Flemish peasants. The 'Peasant Marriage' is familiar to everyone, of course. The bashful, beefy bride (I apologize, but to look at Brueghel is to talk Brueghel) and the rough good cheer, together with the rollicking abandon of the next picture, 'Peasant Dance', show him at his very best as the portrayer of primitive jollity.

The following two cabinets bring us to the fifteenth and sixteenth century Netherland painters. The third bay has four Hans Memlings, forming together the centre, two side-panels, and back of an altar. There is another altar picture in the middle of the bay, in which we have the full drama and pathos of Roger van der Weyden breaking through the gothic formalism of the slender lines of the figure on the Cross. Here is Jan van Eyck employing his discovery of translucent colours, which earned him the title of 'the father of oil painting', as well as he can ever have done, in the beautiful 'Cardinal of Santa Croce'.

The paintings in Kabinett XII by Joos van Cleve, Jan Mabuse, and Barend van Orley, in addition to their individual charm, are interesting as showing the effect of Flemish masters, born into the gothic tradition, studying under the Italian renaissance (Barend was influenced particularly by his friend Raphael). Their figures are still Flemish, but in their later pictures they employ backgrounds which they first met with south of the Alps.

Rubens himself fills Saal XIII with some of the very best things that he ever did—which means with some of the very finest pictures in the world. The Ildefonso Altar painting is the best of all, painted entirely by the master himself. Every one of the other pictures in the Rubens Room, of course, deserves mention, as well as the huge canvases of the Rubens school occupying Saal XIV, but I must leave the magic of a name to remedy my omissions. In the Rubens Cabinet—

No. 14—are Rubens's own sketches for the pictures of his school in the second room, and two of his last paintings—No. 859, a self-portrait in which he has not spared his own gouty fingers, and (829) the portrait of his second wife, Helene Fourment. She is most inadequately clad with a fur coat flung across her shoulders, and we are trespassing in looking at it. Rubens left instructions that these two pictures were never to be sold, but were to remain in his family for ever: yet here they are.

After the room full of 'school' paintings we have a room of Van Dycks. These portraits should be looked at individually only; sit down and look at one wall and you are dazzled by the display of lovely white Van Dyck hands, which remind one all too vividly that they belong to the 'hand models' and not to the sitters. In two late Dutch cabinets we have Frans Hals painting people as they were and Rembrandt painting them as he saw them. Rembrandt has a bay to himself. It is instructive to pass on to a typical Helst (No. 1296A) and remember that when Rembrandt was in desperate need of the work which no one would give him, and his pictures and property were sold over his head, this competent 'photographer' was overwhelmed with orders to paint expensive portraits of the 'art-loving' aristocracy and plutocracy of his day. Everyone in a position to be a patron of any of the arts should come to this corner of the Kunsthistorisches and ponder awhile. The spot must be haunted by unrecognized genius as it is, and the world might benefit from the conjunction.

On the ground-floor of the Kunsthistorisches is the finest collection of armour in the world: Madrid alone can compete with it. It is a revelation to many to learn that some of the most beautiful examples of the engraver's work are to be found on the gala armour of Kings and Emperors—that gothic and renaissance art can be studied here as well as in buildings or on canvas.

The collection was started by the Emperor Frederick III, who died in 1493. Maximilian I added largely to it, but the most enthusiastic collector was the Archduke Ferdinand of Tyrol, who lodged the collection in Schloss Amras, near Innsbruck. Napoleon carried off a great deal as booty in 1805 and 1809, most of which was restored by the Treaty of Paris in 1814. Ferdinand of Tyrol, of whose romantic marriage with the burgher's daughter Philippine Welser we shall hear

more in Innsbruck, had the true collector's passion which knows no shame in attaining its ends. He instructed his ambassadors at all foreign Courts to ask for the gift of a piece of armour, a copy of the arms of the family, and a portrait; and the response is largely the glory of this collection.

The most beautiful pieces are the renaissance suits of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. So good are they that they ensure Vienna's predominance, despite the fact that she has very little of earlier date than 1400. In Saal XXV the Milan suit of Friedrich der Siegreiche and the Nuremberg suit of Sigismund of Tyrol are the finest.

The slender, elegant lines of gothic vanish after this room, giving place to the new roominess that also characterized the clothing of the renaissance. The compensation for the loss of grace of line is the beautiful work of the engraver which now developed. There were two systems; in the one, the earlier, so-called Deep Engraving, the surface was coated with wax, on which the design—often a sacred subject, or a series of pictures of the antique telling a story of courage in battle, sometimes merely arabesques and other ornamentations —was sketched with a sharp steel pencil by the artist and eaten away by the acid. The Relief Engraving, where the ornamentation or picture was drawn on a prepared surface and painted over with fluid wax, so that the acid ate away the background, came later, was finer, and was more generally used. Later still the background was even blackened, reddened, or gilded by the fire process.

Very quaint are the tiny suits of armour of all periods worn by boys of seven years and upwards, to accustom them to the weight of metal. The horse-equipment in Vienna is particularly fine. There is a little armour of the period of its decline, the late seventeenth century, which shows the lines of baroque, but the increasing efficacy of fire-arms then cut all development short. Our own twentieth-century revival of armour is not thought worthy of representation. What a pity that no one realized how much the sight of a G.S.O. 1 (Operations) in a gilded 'tin hat', beautifully wrought with scenes from the *Iliad*, would have cheered the men in the front line, or how that of an Intelligence Officer whose helmet displayed scenes from, say, the *Canterbury Tales* would have inspired proper respect in prisoners awaiting examination.

You will find much to interest you in the rooms devoted to antiquities. In the Egyptian Section is one chamber of the

tomb of Prince Kaninisut (2700 B.C.), which was brought from Gizeh and exactly reconstructed here. There are some lovely Gizeh and Roman things in Saal XI—a 'Dying Amazon' (No. 82) of wonderful grace, two Parthenon Fragments (Nos. 87 and 88), which we (or Greece) ought to have with the Elgin marbles, and much else which is beyond the ordinary.

Saal XIV, the room of the gems, gold, and silver, recalls a sentence in *Dorian Gray*—' . . . the various stones that he had collected, such as the olive-green chrysoberyl that turns red by lamplight, the cynophane with its wire-like line of silver, the pistachio-coloured peridot, rose-pink and wine-yellow topazes, carbuncles of fiery scarlet . . .' Perhaps Wilde wrote it here. The cameos are wonderful: in Case X is the huge 'Gemma Augustea', a Roman onyx cameo as big as the palms of two hands, perfectly carved.

There is a series of rooms filled with what I venture to call, disrespectfully, Hapsburg bric-à-brac. In the first of them is (naturally in a case by itself) the priceless salt-cellar made by that thieving, murderous, and divine artist, Benvenuto Cellini, for Francis I of France, and given by Charles IX to the indefatigable collector, Ferdinand of Tyrol. It is one of the very few authentic examples of Cellini's work extant. When you have finished admiring the artistry you will notice that there are even two small receptacles in it for salt and pepper.

I will not take you through the corresponding building of the Naturhistorisches Museum. It has well-filled prehistoric sections, with rooms full of Lawson Wood monsters, and an important ethnographic and a zoological section.

Perhaps the most interesting thing there is the so-called 'Venus the First', which was found by Dr. Josef Bayer, the Director of the Prehistoric Section, at Willendorf, on the Danube, in 1908. On account partly of the inestimable value of the figure and of the necessity for devising special means of protecting it, for which there is no room in the collection as it stands at present, the 'Venus' is not yet on exhibition. Dr. Bayer, however, was good enough to show the lady to me in his office. She is at least 20,000 years old. The Venus is only eleven centimetres long, carved in oolitic limestone, and seems at one time to have been coloured red. To modern ideas it is repellently ugly. The face was not carved at all, but there are six coils of hair above which are perfectly pre-

served, as is, in fact, the entire figure, with the exception of the feet, which are missing. It was presumably a goddess of fertility of the Aurignacian peoples. Quite close to the spot where it was found Dr. Bayer discovered 'Venus the Second', in 1926—a slender lady with a modern figure, contrasting strongly with the swollen 'Venus I'. 'Venus II' is carved in mammoth-tusk ivory, is about ten inches long, and thus the tallest statuette of the Ice Age.

CHAPTER VIII

OTHER COLLECTIONS, THE MUSICIANS, AND THE 'HEURIGEN'

The Liechtenstein Summer Palace and Galleries—Rubens's Decius Cycle—Frans Hals and Van Dyck—Treasures of the Czernin—The Estensische—The Belvedere Galleries—The Albertina—Folk - lore —Romance of the Archives—A 'De-gummed' General—Schubert and Beethoven—'Heurigen.'

WE should have to visit the Summer Palace of the Liechtensteins, even if it did not house a single picture in its famous galleries. It was designed by Domenico Martinelli in 1697, and has, with the garden, an Italian flavour unusual in Vienna. It is as good a building as any in which to take notice of the baroque 'unity of purpose'. Take away a window here and there from a renaissance or gothic house, and the remainder stands, complete in itself. Remove a baroque window and you destroy the architectural scheme. That was one of the lessons of baroque, which, we must always remember, is the Counter-Reformation: complete subordination of the individual. The Marble Hall at the top of the fine staircase is among the best profane baroque interiors in Austria. Its ceiling fresco is by the Jesuit Father Andrea del Pozzo. He has prolonged the real architecture by a second, still more majestic open hall painted above our heads, through which we see the pageant of Olympus in the skies. It is the secular counterpart, of course, of the inevitable religious baroque fresco of the vision of the heavens opening.

Passing across the Marble Hall to Room I, we find a wealth of enamels and statuary. What to select for mention? Certainly that symphony in blue, green, and gold, the six wonderful Limoges enamel panels of the Trojan War (five in the glass cupboard, one framed on the walls), the varied examples of the work of the Della Robbias, and Donatello's expressive bust of St. Laurence.

Now for the pictures in Room II. Let us turn immediately to the Leonardo da Vinci—the portrait of Ginevra dei Benci. There are still those who doubt its authenticity, but none who will dispute its charm. The delicacy with which that ivory skin, that firm, self-confident, but not unattractive mouth, and the detail of the hair are depicted is the work of a master-hand—apparently Leonardo's. Next to it is a glowing Madonna of Sandro Botticelli, its colouring as fresh as though it had been painted yesterday.

Next door, in the third room, we are already in the midst of the Italian baroque painters. Guido Reni's great masterpiece, which dominates the room, employs to perfection the baroque convention of letting the only light in the picture emanate from the Infant Jesus.

Room IV is given up to Rubens's great cycle of six pictures which tell the story of Decius Mus. As in the case of nearly all his big paintings, other hands than Rubens's have helped, but the vigour and fire of the cycle proclaim that much of the work is the master's own. We do not know how long he took to complete this series, which would have been a lifetime's work for some men, but his huge altar picture in Room VI, the Assumption, is known to have been finished in twelve days with his own hand, with no sort or kind of preparation. When one is to give one's name to a total of over 1,200 paintings, there is no time to waste. The fire and vigour of this room leave one breathless—let us recover in the next before the restful masterpiece of Frans Hals, the portrait of Van Heythusen, Burgomaster of Haarlem. The artist cannot have done anything much better than this presentation of a free, successful citizen of Holland. The Van Dyck portraits in this room are all examples of that master's very best work.

There is nothing in the next room, good as it is throughout, to compare with Rubens's soft-toned painting of his two sons, No. 114. This small canvas was certainly not completed in twelve days. A loving heart as well as a skilled hand was at work here.

In the hall at the top of the stairs, numbered as Room I, we have some good Dutch and Flemish painters of the second rank. The Venetians are in Room II. Nearly half of it is occupied by Antonio Canale's endless delicate variations on that inexhaustible theme, Venice. Canale must have been an early riser, and as fond of his *Mittagschläfchen* as are the Viennese. Not for him the glare of noonday on the Piazzetta;

his gentle brush was mostly at work, I think, between six and ten in the mornings and from four to six in the evenings. There are two fine English portraits—a Gainsborough and a Romney—four delightful little *genre* paintings of Jean Baptiste Chardin, and (to recall us to baroque) a theatrical Nicholas Poussin.

In Room III we are amongst comparative moderns—nineteenth-century painters, mostly Germans—and how good many of them are! Defregger, for instance, the son of a Tyrolese peasant—what a charming German type he has immortalized in his 'Portrait of a Blonde Maiden'.

In Room VI we rejoin the Netherlanders—big canvases on the walls and a fascinating collection of tiny masterpieces on both sides of a screen. The next three rooms are mainly landscapes and still life—Wouverman, Van Ruisdael, and Quellinus are best represented. Need I say more of Room X than that over the gilded chest on the wall on our left as we come in hang two pictures by Hans Memling, three by Hugo van der Goes, two by Lucas van Leyden, and one by Patenier? Room XI belongs to the Brueghels. 'Five Blind Men led by a Drunken Man' is the best of the four paintings —the expression of the sightless faces is wonderful. It is a copy by the younger Brueghel of his father's original in the Naples Museum. The involved and grisly 'Triumph of Death' could have sprung only from the richer, if less healthy, fantasy of 'Hell Brueghel'.

The Czernin, behind the Rathaus, is one of the most intimate of Viennese galleries—just two small rooms and two ante-rooms, a veritable jewel-case. Like the Liechtenstein, it is opened regularly only in summer on specified days; in winter it can be visited by appointment only. There are a number of pictures which make it well worth while to go to this trouble in winter. Above all, of course, the matchless Vermeer, which is numbered 117. The subject is commonplace enough—the artist at work on his model. Vermeer in black doublet and hose, wearing a round black cap, is disclosed by the raised curtain forming the nearest wall of the studio being drawn aside and draped across a chair (the arrangement of this drapery itself is very beautiful), with his back towards us, at work on a picture. His model, who is wearing something shapeless in light blue with an airy headdress of the same colour, is posing against the wall in the light of an invisible window. Invisible, did I say? The artist has not painted it

on his canvas, but as the cold north light falls on the girl and across the tiled floor, we can see that rather highly placed window as clearly as though the actual framework were depicted photographically before us.

One more picture I feel must be singled out for mention. It is again a little one—Potter's picture of the cows leaving the stall (No. 187). It is daybreak. There are no mists on the canvas, but you know that they were there a minute before you came in. From the peasant's shed the animals are moving almost in silhouette into the dawn—into another day. The wife sits beside the tumble-down building, one breast bared to the life that is in the new-born morning. The child in her lap feels with her and the cows the biting cleanness of the dawn. The great adventure has miraculously begun again for man and beast. Is there a breath of wind—only a breath—passing across the picture from left to right? I think there is.

The Czernin is the most comfortable gallery I know in which to look at pictures. There are chairs just where you want them, there are never too many people, there are no 'rubber-necks' rushing from room to room, because there is nowhere to rush to, and there is a family servant who is as proud of the collection as though it were his own and expects you to share his feelings.

The Estensische Collection in the Neue Hofburg has no pictures, but contains some extraordinarily beautiful works of the plastic arts, of the Italian renaissance particularly. I hope, therefore, that no one who does not know it will be deterred from going by my recording a personal feeling that the only thing needed to complete the collection is an owner of it in broad checks with a fat cigar to show us round and assure us of how 'dirt cheap' he acquired his treasures. Why it gives me this impression I am not quite sure—certainly it has nothing to do with the beautiful things in it. A selection from the world-famous Vienna tapestries, to the number of nearly 900, which were formerly in the Palace of Schönbrunn, is always on view here.

The gallery of the Akademie der Bildenden Künste can be seen very comfortably in a couple of hours. Titian's 'Tarquin and Lucrece' is alone worth coming here for. There is a delightful trypticon of 'Paradise', 'The Last Judgment', and 'Hell', in which Hieronymus Bosch excels himself in the ingenuities of the devil-forms and the variety of tortures with which he tries to terrify and succeeds nowadays in

amusing us. But I do not know why he makes the Last Judgment look so much more painful than Hell.

The Lower Belvedere contains Austrian baroque paintings of the eighteenth, the Upper Belvedere selected paintings of the nineteenth century. It is essential for us to visit the Lower Belvedere in order to make the acquaintance of painters and sculptors whose work we shall meet all over Austria. To Rafael Donner, whose extraordinarily graceful and gracious figures from the Neuer Markt fountain occupy the centre of the central hall—in itself a fine example of a baroque interior —we need no introduction. Some of the painters we have already met in the churches of Vienna; others we shall meet with in the country-side and in the fine collection of Austrian baroque paintings at Graz. Let us take particular notice, then, of Maulpertsch, the great colourist, whose altar pictures grace so many churches, of Meytens and Johann Martin Schmidt, from Krems (everywhere spoken of as 'Kremser Schmidt'), who is filled with the inverted humanity of baroque. We cannot see much, of course, of the finished work of the baroque fresco-painters, but Martin Altomonte has painted the ceiling picture in the Yellow Room, which was formerly the bedroom of Prince Eugene. Among the sculptors, Balthasar Moll and F. X. Messerschmidt are the most important.

There is another beautiful Marble Hall at the head of the staircase in the Upper Belvedere from which you can enjoy an even better view of Vienna than from the terrace. Austrians predominate in the galleries, chief amongst them Waldmüller. His most precious gift is his ability to put the heart and mind of a child on canvas: children of every age and race who have gazed on the faces of Waldmüller's children, grave or gay, will never be able to look on Austrian boys and girls as 'foreigners'. His portrait of his mother (406) and the 'Monastery Supper', where the monks are feeding the poor who are gathered in the cloisters, are particularly pleasing.

The greatest collection of etchings, engravings, and colour prints in the world is modestly housed in the Albertina, on the Ramp behind the Neue Hofburg, close to the Augustinerkirche. It is easily reached from the Ring by way of the Operngasse and Revolutionsplatz (Vienna does not wave her Revolution in your face), which is tucked away behind the Opera. Nothing, by the way, could look less revolutionary than this little square, where Mozart adopts a too rococo pose in a fantastically 'pretty' statue. The Albertina Collection was

founded by Duke Albert of Sachsen-Teschen in 1795. Since the Revolution, the papyrus and engraving collections and the sketches from the National Library have been united with the Albertina collections, which now include over 30,000 sketches and one million engravings, etchings, and woodcuts. All Dürer's etchings are here and many original sketches. Only a few at a time can be displayed, of course, in the exhibition rooms, but there is no difficulty about getting out portfolios to examine at leisure in the Albertina library.

The Harrach'sche has too many second-rate pictures to be put on a level with the sparkling little Czernin. Yet it is only the wealth of Vienna's collections which leads me to say that it may be omitted by those who are very short of time or find a multitude of pictures wearying.

Austrians may be forgiven for avoiding the Folk-lore Museum in the Laudongasse, which tells at every turn of the vanished boundaries of the great Empire whose heart and brain were Vienna. But I cannot think why so few foreign visitors are seen there. You do not need to be interested in the science of Folk-lore to appreciate this varied collection of peasant costumes from the Alps to the Carpathians—German, Slav, and Roumanian; to enjoy the unique experience of walking into the kitchens and parlours of Tyrolese, Czechs, Slovaks, Roumanians, Croats, Bosnians, and Herzegovinians. For the ground-floor is a series of genuine peasant interiors, everything in them being original, down to the bedclothes and children's toys. There are amazingly fine-drawn threadwork and Roumanian embroidery, jolly Tyrolese ceramics, many of which, while religious in motive, seem somehow Rabelaisian in their execution, carnival masks which folk-lore students will often recognize to have derived from pre-Christian religions, and I know not how many more examples of religion blended with superstition. Scientific and highly civilized Vienna was in an exceptionally favourable position to study and record primitive customs while she ruled the backward peasant races of the Balkans, which had never heard of the Industrial Revolution and whose general mode of living had remained almost unchanged for two or three centuries.

The Austro-Hungarian State Archives have been thrown open since the war, and anyone may enter this building on the Minoritenplatz to consult them for purposes of study. There is also a small public exhibition of the more interesting docu-

ments. Nothing could sound duller, yet for those who read German and French handwriting it is one of the most fascinating places in Vienna. To walk between the show-cases of the exhibition is to stroll through the pages of our history-books again. 'Pragmatic Sanction, 1713'—here it is, in the middle of the fireproof safe, displayed under glass in the original. 'Treaty of Rastatt, 1714' is exhibit No. 176. 'Treaty of Campo Formio, 1797' (No. 222) is the document itself, with the signature 'Bonaparte'—note the new French spelling of the Corsican name—in the right-hand corner of the treaty.

These are the archives of the House of Hapsburg, of the Court, and of the State. Among the historical documents are others of private interest. The oldest of all is No. 1, a tattered parchment of 816, signed by Louis the Pious, son of Charlemagne, confirming the privileges of Salzburg. Nowhere can we trace better the pacific growth of the Austrian domains. King Matthias Corvinus of Hungary is supposed to have characterized it with the famous lines:—

> Bella gerant alii; tu, felix Austria, nube.
> Nam quae Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.

Here we can see the process at work, and also how frequently Mars deprived the Hapsburgs of the gifts of Venus.

No. 120 is a grim letter in Hungarian wherein Mustapha Pasha pays a generous tribute to the courage of Niklas Zriny, the defender of Sziget, his fallen foe, and—encloses his head for the Emperor Maximilian II. We cannot be proud of 153—it is the report of one Gordon, the Scottish officer who planned the murder of Wallenstein on February 25, 1634. The Scottish and Irish assassins were rewarded from Wallenstein's vast estates, and their names are henceforth to be found among the 'Patriots for Me', the Hapsburg aristocracy.

I must be allowed to quote in the original from No. 199, the first letter to her mother, Maria Theresa, from the child bride, Marie Antoinette—she was not yet 15—after her arrival in France. It is in a sprawling, childish hand and badly blotted, though not, to judge by its tone, with tears. She has by no means mastered her adopted tongue, nor can she spell the name of the most influential woman in France.

'Mon cher Mary' (*mari*), she writes, 'est changé de beaucoup et toute a son avantage. Il marque beaucoup d'amitié pour moi et même il commence a marquer de la confiance.' I like the child's frank comment on her father-in-law and his

entourage which follows: 'Le Roi a mille bontés pour moi et je l'aime tendrement mais c'est a faire pitié la foiblesse qu'il a pour Md. du Barey qui est la plus sotte et plus impertinant creature qui soit imaginable'. Genders, accents, and spelling are a little mixed, but the judgment rings true. Then comes an amusing incident for her mother:—

'L'autre jour j'etais seul avec mon Mary lorseque M. de la Vaugoujou approche d'un pas precipite a la porte pour ecouter un Valet de Chambre qui est sot ou très honnete nous ouvre la porte et M. de Duc se trouve.' And she is 'la plus tendre et soumise fille, Antoinette'.

An account-book (No. 295), with a piece of blotting-paper in it covered with childish sketches, was once the private property of the boy who became the Emperor Francis Joseph. On 'charity' he spends ten florins; he pays a half-share for a basket of flowers, seven florins, and for somebody—hardly, at his age, for himself—he buys three florins' worth of cigars. An unselfish record, this.

Metternich, from his refuge in Brighton after his fall, writes to congratulate the young Emperor in 1849 and to offer advice. Then come anxious days when Kings and Emperors write one another very private letters expressing their loathing and fear of democracies—there are several of these. There are reports, too, from secret-service agents concerning the 'Reds' of the period—one, 331, deals with the life of Karl Marx in London; another, 346, is a note from Baron Kempen, the Chief of Police, to the Foreign Minister concerning the doings in Venice of 'Richard Wagner, the notorious Saxon refugee'. The industrious policeman is gravely disturbed about 'this individual who is so badly compromised politically'. The secret report is dated October 1, 1858. The document before it, dated August 19 of the same year, is the playbill of the first performance of an opera called *Lohengrin*, written by a composer whose works had never before been played in Austria. But the worthy police chief, if he heard the opera, did not allow it to interfere with duty. For him the composer was merely a 'politically compromised' person.

In the Stubenring is Vienna's South Kensington Museum, the Museum für Kunst und Industrie, with as heterogeneous a collection as its title indicates. Many of the treasures of the museum are only shown on request to the Director, but the custodian near the door of the glass and china room can himself show you one delightful thing which is kept locked

up—the so-called 'Dubsky' room, 'inlaid' in Alt Wien china, which was brought from the Palais Dubsky in Brunn.

For a serious study of furniture, the Court Furniture Depository (Hofmobiliendepot) at Mariahilferstrasse 88 is also to be recommended. From this store the various Imperial and Archducal residences were equipped from time to time. Most of the furniture is original and the rest entirely true to period. If you happen to combine a taste for furnishing styles with a mechanical mind, you may, on the appropriate day of the week, go on by tramcar to the huge building of the Technical Museum, at Mariahilferstrasse 212, nearly in Schönbrunn. You will see a huge hall equipped with working models of coal-mines, boilers, cable railways, and I know not what. Most mirth-provoking (in the transport section) is the original bicycle of 1815—literally a 'push' bicycle, with no pedals, which was propelled down a slope or along the level by hob-nailed shoes scratching at the ground. Those who want to trace exactly the boundaries of Vindobona and see how its inhabitants lived, died, and were buried, should certainly go to the little Museum Vindobonense in the Rainergrasse. So should serious students of Roman times. The rest of us need not bother about this museum at all.

Housed in a building which displays all the taste and style of the Albert Memorial, in one of the inner courts of the gloomy, disused Vienna Arsenal, is the Army Museum—a good refuge for a wet morning. There is a piece of very recent history in the hall—the motor-car in which the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife were murdered at Sarajevo. The back is pierced in several places by fragments of the bomb which exploded harmlessly behind the car early on the fatal morning; in the side is the hole through which the bullet went which killed the Archduke's wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg. It was intended for General Potiorek, the Governor of Bosnia, who began the war well by getting soundly beaten by the Serbs. It was when returning to Vienna in mufti that he is supposed to have had an encounter with an Englishman —we were not then at war with Austria—who annoyed the unlucky General by smoking a pipe in a non-smoking carriage. The Englishman was deaf to all the protests in a strange tongue, and when the General angrily gave him his card, merely bowed politely and continued smoking. Potiorek went into the corridor and told the guard to impress the regulations on the recalcitrant Englishman. The latter, still puzzled,

thought that perhaps the General wanted his card back and handed it to the guard, who went out to the General and said: 'It's only that damned fool of a Potiorek going up to get a wigging from the Emperor—better let the poor brute smoke to keep his courage up'.

In the central hall upstairs there is only one thing to detain us. It is an ugly relic, but I think we must look at it—the blood-soaked uniform of an Austrian cavalry general in which Francis Ferdinand met his death at the hands of Gavrilo Princip, the Bosnian student, on June 28, 1914. Had the obstinate Archduke, who did not know the meaning of fear, taken the very definite hint conveyed by the early morning bomb and abandoned his procession—even had his chauffeur not taken a wrong turning and been obliged to back his car slowly—the bullet from Princip's Serbian pistol might not have found its mark. This red, blue, and gold uniform, with the dark stains and the slits where the doctors ripped it up to find the wound, has a tragic interest for the Austrians, but hardly less so for the rest of us. They must be few indeed who can look on the relics of the Sarajevo tragedy without being able to trace back to it some personal loss in the holocaust of lives which followed the taking of that of the wearer of the green-plumed hat in this glass case.

One museum there is which has completely defeated my efforts to get inside it—the Uhrenmuseum, which is said to contain a valuable collection of watches and clocks. From behind the security of a grille the bearded custodian demanded the fulfilment of two conditions with which I could never comply: firstly, that I should write in advance and request to see the museum, and then arrive at the allotted hour on the allotted day; secondly, that I should produce 'proof of my identity'. 'Such', he remarked gravely, 'are the regulations', and that was unanswerable. Do not hope, therefore, lightly to enter 'the House of Ten Thousand Clocks', as it is called. Behind the bearded man are the Regulations, and before him is the Grille.

There is a pleasant little musical museum run by very pleasant and helpful people, the Society of Friends of Music, which is open only on Saturday mornings. Here you will find treasured up manuscript music, instruments, and all sorts of relics of Vienna's musical great—for whom she often did little enough in their lifetime. Schubert, Bach, Gluck, Händel, Brahms, Mozart, Liszt, and Schumann—the collection

is not confined to relics only of those who through birth, residence, or study may be claimed by Vienna—are all represented by something personal. The most interesting exhibit is a piece of manuscript music by Beethoven, on the back of which Schubert has also written some notes. Here is the first transcript of Beethoven's *Eroica Symphony*, with the name of Napoleon erased. It was from the original that Beethoven angrily tore the title-page with its dedication on hearing that Napoleon had proclaimed himself Emperor, declaring: 'Now I see that he is only a man, like all the others. . . . He will trample men's lives beneath his feet', which, indeed, Napoleon shortly proceded to do at the gates of Vienna itself.

In the Haydngasse, near the West Station, is a little Haydn Museum, in the house in which the composer lived for fourteen years, wrote the *Creation* and other pieces, and breathed his last. In the Nussdorferstrasse—it is pleasant to combine a call on the Schubert family with tea on the terrace at Cobenzl—is the Schubert Museum, in the little house where the composer was born. The Schuberts, who were desperately poor, occupied only two back rooms with their huge family of children. In the dingy cupboard in which Schubert first saw a wretched substitute for the light of day his bust now stands; other rooms are filled with all kinds of personal relics.

What a true Viennese was Schubert! His was one of Vienna's pleasantest epochs, the biedermeyer period—tight, light trousers and swallowtails, 'Alt-Wien' china, coaches, cobbled streets, and low-roofed, warm-tiled houses from the baroque period. His light Viennese gaiety, his dreamy Viennese sentimental melancholy are quite perfectly reflected in his songs. I never tire of the atmosphere in that picture of a 'Schubertiade' which you see in every collection of cheap musical prints—the adoring little crowd around the piano, the girls hanging on the magician's every motion. One likes to think of little Schubert, too, singing (like Haydn) in that wonderful choir which we must certainly make an effort to hear in the Burgkapelle, the Sängerknaben. After fame came to him and he could afford to give up his humble official post, we hear of him often being in that exuberant state which the Viennese call *ausg'lassen*. Here is an extract from Franz von Hartmann's diary of December 30, 1826, quoted by Karl Kobald in his interesting *Alt Wiener Musikstätten*:—

'We went to the "Anchor", where we found Schober,

Schwind, Schubert, Bauernfeld, Derffel. . . . When we came out of the "Anchor", everything was covered in snow. We felt keen on snowballing, and realized our wishes there where the Grünangerstrasse joins the Singerstrasse. . . . Schober hit me hard and often . . . Schubert and Hass did not join in the fight.'

Or this, as told by Schwind:—

'Our *Sylvesterabend* [the last night of the year] passed off merrily. Bruchmann and Doblhoff came back from the city—where they had waited for and sought after Schubert—on the stroke of twelve. Soon after, Schubert and Dr. Bernard announced themselves by a little target practice. . . . Schubert hit the mark all right and the wounded window-pane caused quite an alarm. . . . I got home at half-past four in the morning'.

Schubert died at No. 6, Kettenbrückengasse. Both he and Beethoven were buried in the now disused Währinger Cemetery.

Here in the Nussdorferstrasse we are in musical company altogether. Beethoven's favourite walk, called 'Beethovengang', is near. The city district—still in many respects the village—of Döbling, is quite Beethoven's own, and has given his name to several other places. The afflicted and solitary genius spent much of his life moving house, always unsatisfied and constantly in conflict with landlords, landladies, and the authorities. 'He paid no heed to externals', writes Kobald. 'When he awoke, he would douche himself from head to foot with water, and run around his room, naked and dripping, singing, humming, composing, stamping with his feet, and quite indifferent as to whether he spat out of the window or in the looking-glass. Delicate things in the room were never safe from his savage, bearish, boorish movements.' Here is Baron Trémont's comment on the appearance of Beethoven's rooms in the house on the Molkerbastei in 1809: 'Representez-vous ce qu'il y a de plus malpropre et de plus en desordre.' Beethoven's pupil, Karl Czerny, the pianist, writes thus of his house in the Tiefer Graben: 'Tower-high must you climb, up to the fifth or sixth story. A very desolate-looking room. Everywhere papers and articles of clothing are strewn around, a few boxes, bare walls, hardly a chair except the waggly one by the Walter piano. . . .'

Gluck lived in the Lobkowitz Palais (now the Czechoslovak Legation) when, in the spacious days of Maria Theresa,

he came to try his fortune in Vienna after singing and playing his way through the forests and fields of Bohemia. Later he had a house of his own in the Wiedener Hauptstrasse —No. 32—where he died of a stroke at 73 years of age, after unwisely drinking a liqueur to encourage an abstaining friend. Mozart lived in a number of Vienna houses, but we shall talk of him at Salzburg. He died in Vienna at Rauhensteingasse No. 8, and was buried in St. Marx cemetery, but his grave promptly was lost sight of by Vienna—no city forgets quicker. His 'gravestone' there could only by the merest chance mark the actual resting-place.

While we are in the neighbourhood of Grinzing we ought —especially if it be a Sunday afternoon—to drop into one of the famous 'Heurigen' and see how Vienna amuses itself. For it is out here at the foot of the vine-clad hills—or in Dornbach, Sievering, or some other 'Heurigen' suburb—that the true Viennese of every class come for a merry evening, leaving the cabarets of the Innere Stadt to the foreigner and the *nouveau riche*. *Heurig*, of course, means 'of this year', and is used of the wine. One of the many forms which Joseph II's cakes and ale took was the remission of taxation on the new wine from the vineyards actually owned by the proprietors of these wine gardens on the outskirts of the city. The real origin of the *Heurigen*, someone has said, was when two friends, leaning over the garden fence in the glow of an autumn sunset, were called in by the vine-grower to taste his new barrels. As soon as the necessary *Stimmung* was there, they called for a zither or guitar and struck up the first of those unnumbered Viennese melodies which have since echoed in the gardens of these pretty suburbs.

I cannot promise you that you will like the wine—it took me two years really to distinguish it from vinegar—but at Doll's Heurigen (far from here, out beyond the Hubertushof) you will be giving yourself the best chance, though Doll has no music. But he retains more of the old spirit of the *Heurigen* than some of the popular Grinzing houses, with their fairy-lamps and open-air stage. There are only two things to drink—*Altwein* (which merely means anything older than this year's vintage) and *Heuriger*. Wisely enough, they are served in coarse tumblers, to avoid, I suppose, the raising of false hopes. We can drink them in any wine-gardens which have *ausg'steckt*—that is to say, have stuck out a bunch of evergreen on the end of a pole.

It is the democracy of Bacchus which we shall see around us—a count and a coachman may sit side by side on the deal benches at the uncovered tables. On Sundays the gardens are uncomfortably crowded, but it is on Sundays only that we shall see the real thing—the family which arrives with a *Brathuhn* or two and a stack of bread done up in newspaper at four in the afternoon and goes home at midnight. Yet there is very little drunkenness; rarely a man will quietly slide beneath the table at six: his wife will settle him comfortably for a nap, and at eight he will arise, refreshed and sobered, but thirsty again. Unelevating? Well, yes; on comparatively rare occasions it is, yet ten thousand times better are these open-air gardens with cool, hedged-in arbours than our own shamefaced gulping down of liquor in dingy bars and gin-palaces. Go to the *Heurigen*, then, with a clear conscience. I doubt if you will see anything to shock you, and am sure that you will find much to amuse. But do not stay too late, for we must be up betimes. How we shall do it, I do not like to think to-night, but we have got to say 'Auf Wiedersehen' to Vienna somehow—the country calls.

CHAPTER IX

THE VIENNA FOREST

Inaccessible Glories—Along the River Wien—Heiligenkreuz Monastery—The Tragedy of Mayerling—The Smiling Helenental—Castle Architecture—Sun- and other Bathing—Mediæval Mödling—Merry Ghosts of Laxenburg.

IT is, of course, impossible to reach the heart of Vienna unless you treat her with greater courtesy than the preceding chapters could afford. Austria herself is a country whose every failing in the eyes of the practical man of affairs is an added charm for the wayfarer. Efficiency, punctuality, organization—we, who have to live by dealing in these hard counters will never be hurried in our hours of ease through a land where, though they be current, their edges are at least worn to an amiable roundness. The wayfarer will rather shoulder his pack and, wandering mapless along the highroad, turn in at those places where the scenery and architecture appeal or the inns promise comfort. Such wanderings can never produce a guide-book: there is only one Baedeker. But the most casual wayfarer may note down a few samples to stimulate the appetite.

Much of Lower Austria can be seen in a series of day excursions from Vienna; for some of it we shall do well to pack a toothbrush and a sponge and spend a night outside. The underground tram-cars will take us to the fringe of the Vienna Forest—the Wiener Wald—which touches the Danube at the Leopoldsberg, on the outskirts of the city and encircles it as far as the railway line of the Südbahn. It is practically all forest land, and mountainous at that, for it contains the foothills of the Alps. Villages are few and far between. No other great capital is blessed with such unspoiled surroundings or cursed with such lack of facilities for exploring them. If you take the railway, it really does not matter at which station you get out after Hütteldorf. Pressbaum and Rekawinkel

"FRAU AUSTRIA"

A LINZ GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN HEAD-DRESS OF THE DANUBE COUNTRY

are my favourites, but every one is the gateway to as many hours' walking as you wish, through an endless variety of woodland scenery. Unless you have planned your walk so as to be sure of striking a village at lunch-time, carry your own refreshments, for on an unplanned tour you may not come across a house for hours. The roads are poor, but quite motorable.

One of the most interesting of all Austrian monasteries, Heiligenkreuz, was practically inaccessible from Vienna, owing to the bad communications in the Wiener Wald, to all but motorists and really serious walkers, until last summer. At a cost of little over a pound for the return journey, it may be visited by taxi-cab from Vienna or reached on foot from Baden in a fairly strenuous day's walk. I can claim to be one of the pioneers who, in the first week of the existence of the new 'Society Motors' (as we elegantly call chars-à-bancs in Austria) last year, sailed in one of them the then uncharted seas of the Wiener Wald. It was a thoroughly Viennese trip. The skippers of the assembled motor-buses and chars-à-bancs at Hütteldorf, the terminus of the Underground, told me that I had a four hours' wait in front of me, and were immensely amused to hear that I had relied on a 'puff' in the Viennese Press to the effect that buses left for all parts of the forest every half-hour. 'When enough people use the buses, no doubt they will run every half-hour. To-day there's nothing till two-thirty.'

Hütteldorf is no bad spot in which to idle away a few Viennese hours. The tiny trickle of the River Wien takes its last look at the sun here before diving below the city of Vienna, and one can walk for miles along the elaborate regulation works. The Lainzer Tiergarten,[1] with a fifteen-mile wall enclosing a park containing herds of deer, moufflon, and wild boar, lies beside the Wien. Here the Empress Elisabeth found sanctuary from the hated Spanish ceremonial of the Court in the little Hermes Villa which Francis Joseph built for her; the tapestries and furniture have not been moved since it ceased to be an Imperial residence.

A jovial, weather-beaten fellow at last called me aboard his bus, and we set off at a breakneck pace which never diminished, over hill and dale and the most appalling roads. The motor-bus was still a novelty in the wilds of the forest, and we cast anchor at each of the few villages hidden amidst the thickly wooded hills. Regularly the serving-maid of the inn brought out

[1] The 'International Country Club', just opened in the grounds, offers visitors a good golf course.

a small mug of light beer for the skipper, who in return gave the news of the great world beyond.

Once we were hailed from a cottage garden. 'Can you take me to Alland?' shouted an old lady. 'Just wait while I change. I won't be five minutes.' The skipper treated us to a few Vienna witticisms at the expense of a backward peasantry, but we waited. At times woodcutters' wagons laden with tree-trunks would be drawn right across a steep mountain road, forcing us to retire to the ditch, whereon the skipper went ashore, mopped his brow, and discussed genially with the woodcutters the difficulty of navigating the narrows. These happenings, which would have caused a riot in another country, merely led the passengers to throw up their hands in gestures of helplessness and exclaim delightedly: 'What a ridiculous country this is! How too, too Austrian we Austrians are in Austria!'.

Heiligenkreuz was worth everything, as we dropped over the crest of the last hill into the setting sun. As always with the Cistercians, the monastery is built in the depths of a quiet valley, remote from the mediæval traffic arteries. (The magnificent Benedictines built, where possible, on a hill-top.) When St. Robert, the Abbot of Molême, founded the Order at Citeaux (Cistercium) in 1008, he did so as a protest against the abandonment of pristine monastic simplicity by the monks of St. Benedict, from whom the Cistercians seceded. Nowadays their rules are not noticeably strict; they work in close connection with the Benedictines.

When we pass through the gate in the buff-coloured outer wall which still encloses practically the whole village of Heiligenkreuz, we leave the everyday world behind us. Time, like the railway, has overlooked this little religious community in the forests.

Immediately within the outer walls the public restaurant of the monastery caters for visitors; huge trout swim in the tank under the venerable trees, happily ignorant of the fact that every time the splash of running water ceases it is because the tap has been pushed aside to enable the guest to select his victim. Opposite is the entrance to the rectangular court of the monastery proper, beneath a squat tower containing a loud-voiced clockwork organ which competes with the clock in announcing the hours. The towers and three walls of the courtyard are baroque; the eastern wall, part of which forms the west façade of the church, is mostly a great deal earlier.

In the centre of the square a Trinity Column, with the usual cherubs dancing impossibly in billowing clouds, recalls the Graben Plague Column; it commemorates the same deliverance. Of the original monastic buildings, consecrated in 1187, there remains only the basilica. The gothic chancel is the work of French hands and dates from 1295. The cloisters are very fine; they were rebuilt in the thirteenth century and have scarcely been touched since. The 'Capital Hall', where the Chapter meets in 'capital session', is always the most important room in a Cistercian monastery. Beneath its floor lie many Babenbergs, including Frederick the Quarrelsome (1246), whose tombstone, defaced by the Turks, is the oldest in Austria.

Duke Leopold V, the Virtuous, the captor of Richard Cœur de Lion, also lies here. The story of what happened to him after his seizure of Richard is interesting, whether we regard it as the consequence of incurring Papal displeasure or of laying impious hands upon an English wayfarer in Austria. For arresting and detaining the crusader, Leopold was excommunicated. He released Richard in February 1194, but failed to devote his share of the ransom to religious works, as he had vowed. Immediately disasters overwhelmed Austria—a great fire in Vienna, floods and pestilence. Leopold fell from his horse during a tourney at Graz in December 1194, developed blood-poisoning, and was brought here to die. He joined the Cistercian Order, but the Bishop of Salzburg refused to lift the ban until he had released the English held as hostages for the balance of Richard's ransom (which in the end was never paid) and had surrendered the sums received which had been vowed to the Church. He died forgiven, a Cistercian monk, on the last day of 1194. His was the period of the beginnings of musical Vienna, of the Minnesänger, or minstrels, of whom the greatest was Walther von der Vogelweide; Tannhäuser was another. He was truly mourned by his people. 'To what purpose the sunshine', sang the Minnesänger Reinmar von Hugenay, 'when the soil covereth the Lord Leopold, whom I never saw sad a single day'? We shall see more of Leopold at Dürnstein, where Richard was imprisoned. The bones of Frederick the Catholic were buried near Leopold. He died on a Crusade, and that he might not rest altogether in infidel soil, the body was boiled and the bones brought home.

Like all early Cistercian buildings, the church is severe, though beautiful. The romanesque nave shows just a hint of dawning gothic in the groined vaulting; the chancel, which is

pure French gothic, lightens the general effect. The windows are the chief glory of Heiligenkreuz. Rich thirteenth-century glass fills the upper half of the northern and eastern (choir) windows.

From the austere beauty of the church we step into the extravagant riot of the sacristy, a little jewel-box of baroque stucco-work (1720). As in so many monastery churches, the carving is the work of lay brothers. In one of the inlaid cupboards is preserved the fragment of the True Cross brought by Leopold from Palestine.

The cloisters, which are shown to visitors, are wonderful. Moving from arch to arch, we can see the gradual development of style, as the pillars are lightened, the round arches pointed, until they no longer bear the sheer overhead weight as in romanesque, but stand erect by virtue of the exact balance of one half against the other.

The Capital Hall is the second opening off the Way of the same name. Two Hapsburgs rest there, among many Babenbergs. The third is the Death Chamber, where a marble bier and grim figure of Death as candelabra serve to remind the Brotherhood of the end of the journey. Ladies visiting monasteries should remember that the word *Klausur* bars their farther progress; you will find it on the last door of this Way, which leads to the Frateria, the common living-room. Above this again is the architecturally interesting Dormitorium, where formerly the monks all slept on straw sacks, with the Abbot in the centre of the hall. From the 'third', the Refectorium Way, the well-house projects into the rose-garden enclosed by the cloisters. Its leaden fountain is encrusted with stalactites and stalagmites from the water which has flowed over it since the twelfth century; the fine windows are worth close study. Opposite is the Refectory (*Klausur*), with a gay late baroque stucco ceiling and fresco panels.

There is always a good glass of wine from the monastic vineyards to be had in the *Keller* in these monastery courtyards, and the Heiligenkreuz Stifts Keller is no exception. The restaurant outside the gates does not sell it, but you can renew memories of it in Vienna, in the Heiligenkreuzerhof, which we came across in the Schönlaterngasse.

There are only eight bedrooms over the little restaurant. It is always pleasant, I think, to spend a night on monastery premises, and those fat monastic trout are more than a compensation for a primitive bedroom. A delightful four hours'

walk next day will take us across the hills and down to Mayerling, and thence along the valley of the Schwechat to the Baden tram terminus in the Helenental. If we intend reviving memories of the Mayerling tragedy, we had better start at Heiligenkreuz by visiting the grave of the little Baroness Vetsera in Heiligenkreuz cemetery. The whole truth about Mayerling has never yet been told, and thanks to the might of Hapsburg, even though Hapsburg has ceased to rule, probably never will be.

It was in November 1888 that the heir to the Hapsburg throne, the Crown Prince Rudolf, first met the young Baroness Mary Vetsera. He was then thirty, living on distant terms with his wife, the Crown Princess Stephanie; Mary Vetsera was just seventeen and had not even made her *début* in Society. Within two months Rudolf had written personally to the Pope, asking for a dissolution of his marriage to enable him to marry her. The Pope informed the Emperor, who sent for his son on January 26, 1889. The details of that stormy interview are probably known to no living soul.

The following day the Crown Prince left Vienna for his shooting-box at Mayerling. With him in the fiacre was Mary Vetsera. On the morning of January 30th, when Count Hoyos, his adjutant, found that he could not be aroused to go out shooting as arranged, the door of his room was broken in. Rudolf and Mary Vetsera lay dead within; the body of the latter had been covered with flowers after Rudolf shot her. For the endless rumours which arose and have never since ceased to circulate in Vienna, the great façade of untruth built up to protect the Imperial name is largely responsible. There is no doubt now that it was a double suicide, but for long it was believed in Vienna that Rudolf had been shot by a jealous rival or by an avenger of Mary Vetsera's honour. In the cause of Hapsburg prestige, the unhappy mother of the dead girl was refused all information as to the whereabouts of her child by bland officials, until from the Empress Elisabeth herself she heard the terrible tidings: *'C'est trop tard, ils sont morts, tous les deux'*.[1] While Rudolf was buried with the prescribed pomp in the Capuchin vault, the body of Mary Vetsera was driven, fully dressed and seated in a fiacre beside her cousin, Baron Stockau, from Mayerling to Heiligenkreuz in the dead of night through a blinding snowstorm and buried there next day.

[1] *Die Tragödie von Mayerling*, by Professor Giuseppe Borgese.

To the right of the road as we come down the hill towards the village is the scene of the tragedy. The wing in which it took place was pulled down by the Emperor's orders and a chapel built in its place, with the high altar on the spot where Rudolf's bed stood on that fatal morning. The buildings were given to the Carmelite sisters and are now used as a convent. In the park of the neighbouring Franciscan convent a broken column commemorates the loss of that wild Prince who, could he have found that outlet for his energies in political activity which he desired, might indeed have saved the monarchy. He saw what his father did not and could not—that the feudalism and centralization must be replaced by gradual democratic and federal development if the polyglot Empire was to live. Instead, as Mr. Macartney writes[1]: 'Franz Josef . . . never forgot the early impressions of 1848, the horror and disgust which had seized the Court at the spectacle of revolutionary Vienna . . . half-starved figures which were seen for the first time outside their foetid warrens, the proletariat. . . . He reigned for sixty-eight years and always thought of the people as a revolutionary mob. . . . In Hungary, the Magyars, a sublimely selfish and unscrupulous race . . . pursued a policy of the frankest oppression, carried through with a cunning which was equal to its ruthlessness'. These two factors—the old Emperor's inability to change and the tyranny of the Hungarians—worked together to bring about the last act in the Hapsburg tragedy.

The smiling Helenental is an antidote to the gloom of Mayerling, though that gloom is born of memories only; the place itself is sweetly pretty. From Mayerling right into Baden stretch forests of pine, with little earthenware pots attached to the tree-trunks to catch the resin exuding from the slashes made in the bark of the trees, which prosper despite this milking process.

The castle ruins on either side of the natural gates of the 'Helen Valley', Rauheneck on the right bank of the Schwechat, Rauhenstein on the left, are important, especially the former. Though the castle was destroyed by the Hungarians in 1477, the remains tell us a great deal about the earliest type of castle architecture. Monasteries with defensive walls already existed when the men who had got valuable tracts of lands into their hands began to look upon them as something to be permanently protected and cultivated. With the dawn of agriculture (other

[1] *The Social Revolution in Austria*, by C. A. Macartney.

than nomadic agriculture) and primitive exploitation of the forests came the first mediæval castles. They consisted simply of defendable buildings, the keep (*Bergfried*) and a separate building containing the living and sleeping quarters of the owner and his retainers, the whole being surrounded by a wall with crenellated battlements; the only gate was strongly built and closed by a portcullis.

Rauheneck is situated on a narrow ledge of rock and was open to attack on one side only. Its beginnings were as simple as usual, but the castle reduced to ruins by the Hungarians had developed into a very complete example of mediæval architecture. We can see how on the vulnerable side a ditch was dug, crossable by a drawbridge controlled from the barbican tower, which was three-sided, presenting a knife-edge to the foe. To the left of it (so that those who passed were compelled to expose the right side unprotected by shields, as a mark for the defenders' arrows) is the gateway in the. enormously strong wall of the outer bailey. Students of Norman castles in England and elsewhere will notice that the Austrian baron, unlike the Norman, put no living quarters in his keep, but used it solely as a defence work.

The Romans, for their sins, discovered the waters of Baden, which was known to them as Aquae. You need neither a map nor eyesight to discover the whereabouts of the sulphur-spring baths and the Kurhaus, once you are within a few hundred yards of them; they speak for themselves. There is only the faintest trace of sulphur in the air, however, at the delightful open-air swimming baths.

All Austria, but particularly Vienna, has a passion for bathing both in water and sun. One hour is generally spent in the water and three basking in the grass or on the sands. Vienna municipality has opened miniature lakes in many of the city parks as bathing-pools for children. They are simply invaluable for the little mites of the working-class quarters, who have small prospect of real summer holidays. There is a sun-and-air bath in the Krapfenwaldl, near Cobenzl, with a tiny swimming pool. You catch a glimpse of the water here and there glinting amidst a mass of pink and terra-cotta humanity. There is the most popular Gänsehäufel, reached by a wearisome tram-car or quickly by taxi-cab, on the 'Old Danube', a sluggish arm of the river beyond the Praterstern and the Danube proper. It is situated on an island with a broad sandy beach, and is delightful when not too crowded, as,

being 'Vienna's Lido', with the necessary variegated background of gay pyjamas, sunshades, and bathing-gowns, it often is. Baden, being a little farther off, with Vöslau, where we are now going, and Kritzendorf, on the Danube by Klosterneuburg, are slightly more select.

If we do not go by the roundabout route via Heiligenkreuz, we can reach Baden in half an hour by express from the Vienna Südbahn station. Mödling (nearer Vienna), Baden, and Vöslau, where much of the wine comes from, are all ideal places in which to spend a Saturday and Sunday, or to visit for the inside of a day from the capital, because of the variety of beautiful walks to be taken along the lower spurs of the Alps from each of them.

Mödling is at least the equal of Baden in the matter of walking tours, to which must be added the short excursions by light railway to Laxenburg, Perchtoldsdorf, and Kaltenleutgeben. Devastated again and again by Hungarians and Turks (the latter wiped out the entire population during the second siege of Vienna in 1683), it has managed to preserve much of the past—romanesque and renaissance buildings, and many of the biedermeyer period. There are two good churches, and the former charnel-house is worth seeing. The favourite walk is along the southern cliffs to Hinterbrühl, with its cheery Radetzky Hotel, to which the Viennese, as usual, carry their jazz bands, their valses, their smartest clothes and their general gaiety, thus applying a little city cosmetic to the too raw face of nature. One type of Viennese, that is; the other arrays itself in the simplest imaginable garments—Schiller-collared shirts and shorts for the men, duplicate shirts, serge skirts, and heavy boots for the women—and lives roughly. Many a Herr Hofrat or Herr Director travels third-class in this workmanlike kit on his way to a tramping week-end with wife and family. The two types meet in the cafés and restaurants of places like the Radetzky, Payerbach, or the Semmering, and regard one another with severe disapproval.

The walk to Hinterbrühl is along a wooded spur looking into a charming valley; in spring the hills are all ablaze with 'golden rain', and in autumn the open spaces are sprinkled with sub-alpine flora. Schloss Liechtenstein, close to Hinterbrühl, is one of the many castles carefully and picturesquely restored by the present ruler of Liechtenstein, Prince Johann II, who owns land here, as in so many parts of Austria. If

we return to Mödling through the village of Vorderbrühl, following the course of the rippling Mödling stream, we get a fine picture of the wild ravine along the crest of which we came. On the hills above us to the right is the Husarentempel, in which Johann I of Liechtenstein buried the bodies of the Hussars who cut their way through the French troops at Aspern and saved his life. Perchtoldsdorf, which can be reached by a branch line from Mödling, also suffered destruction by the Turks. It has interesting remains of the old fortress, and many renaissance courtyards.

There is a little narrow-gauge line from Mödling which runs us out to the terminal station of Laxenburg. The Lustschloss Laxenburg, like Schönbrunn, is filled with the spirit of gay rococo and with memories of Maria Theresa. Perhaps these are the more vivid here because this summer palace of the Hapsburgs has been neglected for nearly a century. To dream away the hours at Laxenburg in the shadow of the trees, on the lake, or in the rooms of the Palace is one of the best ways of employing a Viennese summer's day. The old castle, dating from 1381, was rebuilt as a shooting-lodge after its destruction by the Turks in 1693. It is now inhabited by a summer school for fresh-air culture. You may chance to run across its nymphs dancing barefoot, in flowing 'Greek' garments, beneath the trees of the 'English' park. Laxenburg has seen much of the lighter side of history. The princes and diplomats attending the Vienna Congress found merrymaking at Laxenburg far more attractive than map-making on the Ballhausplatz; since then, Laxenburg has slept with its memories.

In the charming rococo state-rooms of the 'Neues Schloss' which Maria Theresa built, there is much to remind us of Schönbrunn, on a less costly scale. From here we can walk to the 'Altes Schloss', with its chapel growing out of the walls, and then into the roroco park, with its fanciful summer-houses, pavilions, and 'temples'. There is a tourney ground, which was used during the Vienna Congress.

The curious taste of the 'romantic-classical' period of Franz II is responsible for the Franzensburg. Most of it was built in 1801, the remainder forty years later. It is a rather too solid fairy-castle on an island which we can reach by ferry. Architecturally it is quite absurd, but it makes a pretty picture on the lake. There is a good collection of pictures and art treasures, the gifts of monasteries and princely houses, inside, which are worth seeing if you can manage to

arrive when the custodian is not at dinner or otherwise engaged.

Laxenburg is one of the very few Hapsburg residences free from tragic memories. Nobody seems to have been born in it and certainly nobody died here. It was always the refuge of a frivolous Court in its most frivolous moods. Its ghosts surely trip very lightly through the long grass of this erstwhile playground of princes.

CHAPTER X

THE DANUBE, BURGENLAND, AND SEMMERING

Danube and Rhine—Imp of the Railways—From Passau to Linz—The Monasteries of Wilhering and St. Florian—Proud Melk and the Nibelungs—A Sleeping Beauty—Richard Cœur de Lion at Dürnstein—More Monasteries—The Danube below Vienna—Burgenland—The Semmering.

'WERE this our river,' said a Rhinelander journeying on the Danube steamer through the Wachau last year, 'we should have a Lorelei rock at every bend.' There you have the whole difference between the two peoples and their rivers. For the German, the Rhine legends and songs are a sacred national possession, its banks a beloved personal recreation-ground. The Austrian of Vienna, preferring as usual the imaginative to the real, murmurs soulfully at his table on the Ringstrasse: 'The Wachau—how wonderful it is—the pearl of the Danube'—and orders another coffee. If the German had his way, we should have a first-class Danube motor-road and railway-lines with an express-train service on each bank, modern, first-class hotels clustering around every 'Lorelei' rock, and a punctual steamer service. I would object to none of these things, the present lack of which does much to bring about the neglect of the Danube, but I fear we should lose much in gaining them. Would the herons still stand calmly on the islands—would the impressive silence of the vast woods through which the river winds remain to cast the same spell? Would the tiny villages maintain unbroken the sleep of centuries from which they are not yet aroused? If so, I would become a propagandist for the Austro-German *Anschluss* to-morrow. It is my doubts which enable me to support with equanimity the wretched railway service, the occasional vagaries of the excellent steamboats, and the bumps so generously distributed on the roads to motorists.

To see the Danube without a motor-car you will have to

join issue with the Imp of the Time-Tables. The circumstantial evidence is too strong for me to have any doubts as to his existence. It is quite certain that the Austrian Federal Railways want you to see as many of the endless beauty-spots of Austria as can be crowded into a lifetime for they maintain an office in Cockspur Street for the very purpose of helping you to do so. It is equally certain, from a perusal of the time-tables, that there is someone who does not, and is, in fact, determined that you shall see none but those on the beaten track. Since no human Austrian could be so churlish, I deduce the Imp. He cannot stop trains and steamboats running, but with great ingenuity he contrives that you shall wait hours for connections and shall land at places where interiors are the attraction at an hour when it is too dark to see anything. He runs you out to a place where there are no hotels, but something that takes a full two hours to see and no more; and he runs the only return train within an hour of your arrival. But be of good heart: the Imp triumphs only over those who yield to bluff and brag. He cannot face good staff-work. Study carefully your time-table, learn the enemy's order of battle, and then proceed by an intelligent combination of train, tram, steamboat, and taxi-cab to rout him ignominiously.

The wildest stretches of the Danube lie, I suppose, between Passau and Linz. Though I feel that on a first visit to Austria it is best to make straight for Vienna, on a second there could be no more wonderful experience than to steam down the Danube from Passau. To avoid crowds, it is pleasant, if you have plenty of time, to travel up stream, sleeping on board. The cabins are comfortable, the food excellent. A hot moonlit night on the Danube, with the boat almost to yourself, is worth the time involved in travelling against the powerful current at half the downward speed. Coming downstream the boats are rarely crowded before Melk—never, in my experience, before Linz.

Soon after leaving the open country around Passau the hills close in, and we are immediately in the most romantic stretch of the river above the Wachau. On spurs or hillocks rise the ruins of early mediæval castles, with an occasional well-preserved castle of later date, dreamy villages with baroque church-towers and an occasional monastery or convent. Most of the monasteries were quite as capable of defence as the castles; the same general principles applied

to the building of each—place your back against the wall of inaccessible cliff forming the Danube hills and build on a craggy spur. A bar across the river here, as on the Rhine, was the net in which the robber barons caught their fish—the fat river-craft laden with the spoils of the East or with the Western goods sent to pay for them. As for the legends, everyone can allot them to the point that pleases him best. I like to discover my own nymphs on the most foreboding crags, to let my knights spring across the chasms which seem to invite the feat, and to have my Devil disturbed in his building of a wall by the crowing of a cock at the jagged piece of cliff which seems to me personally the most devilish.

If we have time to land at Wilhering, we shall be able to visit the very beautiful monastery and church of the same name. Altamonte, Feichtmayr, and a whole galaxy of the baroque fresco-painters and stucco-workers contributed to the decoration of the interior. This monastery is one about which lovers of baroque need feel no trace of embarrassment, for here the new style did not, as at Melk and elsewhere, ruthlessly tear down the monuments of the past. A well-timed fire left the ground clear.

Linz does not look its best from the river. Though the Old Town presents more delightful gothic corners than Vienna, we might, perhaps, be content merely to look at it from the deck of the steamer, were it not such a good centre for other more important places. If you do not want to see the whole of the Danube, you can 'do' the best of it very comfortably by taking the afternoon train from Vienna to Linz, sleeping the night there, and catching the boat which leaves somewhere between ten and eleven in the morning and gets you to Vienna between seven and eight the same evening.

Majestic Kremsmünster, of the Benedictines, dominating the little market-town of the same name, can only be reached from Linz by a local railway. Duke Tassilo of Bavaria founded this monastery in 777. Intolerant baroque swept away most of the traces of the old buildings, to replace them, however, with magnificent examples of its own style. The most interesting things can only be seen between May and September. You should make a special effort to see the greatest treasure of wealthy Kremsmünster, the Tassilo Chalice, presented by the founder in 780, a priceless example of early German goldsmith's work, hammered and gilded copper, with silver panels. It is only shown, alas, by special permission of the

Abbot; but if you write well in advance this will be readily granted. Personal introductions are especially valuable at all monasteries.

The Augustine monastery of St. Florian is, with Melk, the most important for us in the provinces of Upper and Lower Austria. The baroquization was carried through by two famous architects of the period, Carlone and Prandauer. The church, like that of Melk, is an intoxicating riot of light and colour, as gorgeous as Melk itself.

In Linz we can spend some hours wandering in the Old Town. The Landhaus, with its few surviving fragments of early renaissance architecture, is very interesting. Tea or an early dinner on the top of the Postlingsberg, the hill on the opposite side of the river, rounds off an afternoon in Linz quite pleasantly. The terrace of the little hotel near the terminus of the tram which takes us comfortably to the top of the mountain offers a magnificent view of the Danube and its hills. And after dark—let the sophisticated Viennese smile if they will—we may join the younger citizens and citizenesses of Linz in the little dancing-bar of the hotel.

A bar in Austria, as you will have long ago discovered, is quite a peculiar institution. Most of the Vienna bars, for instance, make a great point of five-o'clock *thés dansants*. Nearly always the bar provides music, derives its profits—very handsome ones apparently—from the sale of coffee, sticky liqueurs, and champagne, and sometimes runs a sort of cabaret performance. Except in the case of a couple of leading hotels, it has nothing in common with an English bar, and never dispenses anything so inexpensive as beer. For that you must go to a restaurant, or, where the Austrian connoisseurs themselves go, to a beer-garden or beer-*Keller* (cellar). In the Linz hotel bar you will find youths and maidens with their parents, content to ignore the smiles of Vienna, because the laugh is very much on their side when the waiter presents the bill.

On leaving Linz the Danube broadens, and flows through marshy land, with the hills and castles farther back, for over thirty miles, but closes in again at Grein, where a castle of the Sachsen-Coburg family, the Greinburg, stands on a low wooded promontory on the banks of the river. Round the sharp bend of the river by Ybbs we catch our first glimpse of the proud towers of Melk, the loveliest thing made by hands on the Danube banks.

There is nothing modest about Melk, without or within. It is the Church Militant and Triumphant. The older buildings on the same site—it was founded by the Augustinians in 985 and taken over by the Benedictines in 1089—withstood the siege of Hussite and Hungarian invaders with such success that the invading Turkish and Swedish armies later were content to leave it in peace. In those days it was strongly fortified and housed a garrison. Only once had Melk to bow its head. In 1809 Napoleon was an uninvited guest in the Kaisersaal, to which so many Hapsburgs have paid state visits. While his soldiers robbed the monastic cellars of 50,000 pints of wine daily, his cannon, two of which were placed on a ledge of rock just below the famous terrace of the monastery, bombarded the Austrians on the opposite bank.

Baroque must stand or fall by Melk, for it had here a perfectly free hand. The gothic buildings were ruthlessly swept away in 1702 and Jacob Prandauer, one of the best of the Austrian builders of sacred baroque, was able to plan Melk in its entirety as it stands to-day. Its finest features are the noble Marble Hall, the enchanting 'Golden Library,' and the rich elaboration of the baroque dream embodied in the fantastically beautiful church. Between the finely proportioned Marble Hall and the Library is the West Terrace, affording a supremely beautiful view of the Danube Valley.

We are looking here into the heart of the Niebelung country, for Pöchlarn, immediately above Melk, is the Bechlaren of the Saga. From here set forth 'the Margrave, noble Rüdiger of Bechlaren', and his company to woo Krimhild, Siegfried's widow, on behalf of Etzel, King of the Huns. They brought her back down to the Danube, halting for the welcome of Bechlaren.

> Die Fenstern an die Mauern sah man geöffnet stehn
> Die Veste Bechlaren war auf gethan zu sehn

says the quaint old German of the *Nibelungenlied*. 'They took hands and went together into a wide and goodly hall, below which flowed the Danube. There they sat merrily and the breeze blew upon them. Almost, in fact, as it blows upon us on the terrace of this 'wide and goodly hall' overlooking the same river at almost the same spot. As they rode on towards Hungary they passed through Melk itself. 'The

folk of Medilick [Melk] brought out in their hands rich golden vessels and offered them, full of wine, to the guests on the road and bade them welcome.' Just beyond the farther end of the Wachau, at Traisenmauer, 'the King of the Huns had a goodly castle and a famous', where the party tarried till the fourth day. 'At Tulln' (which we shall pass shortly) Krimhild 'learned many a strange custom that she had not known afore, and was welcomed by not a few that after suffered dole through her.' Here Etzel met her and brought her to 'the town of Vienna', where they married on a Whitsunday. 'On the eighteenth morning they rode away from Vienna. . . . So Etzel returned to the land of the Huns rejoicing. They stayed the night at ancient Haimburg' (Hainburg, which we shall also visit).

It was above Melk that 'grim Hagen', when lured later by Krimhild to visit her in Hun-garia, learned from a Danube river-nymph, whose clothes he had stolen, the fate that was in store for him and the company: 'Not one of you shall escape, save the king's chaplain.'

The library at Melk is one of the richest of all the fine monastic libraries scattered throughout Austria, now largely museum collections, but once the very real refuge of learning in the barbarous ages. The oldest manuscript is the Beda of 735; so fresh are the colours (brilliant blues, reds, and the gold of gold-leaf) of the illuminated missals that they might have been applied yesterday. There are many rows of *incunabula* (altogether the library contains over 90,000 volumes), a Gutenberg Bible of 1456 (nearly every monastery seems to have one!), and something of special interest to students of baroque—the sketch-book of the two Altamontes. The tiny manuscript Koran captured during the first siege of Vienna shows amazingly fine penmanship. These jewels are fittingly set in the golden baroque library—the books have all been bound with gilt-leather backs, to harmonize with the decoration.

From this room a flight of steps leads into the church. There seems to be not one inch of space on walls or roof which does not (with carving, stucco, or fresco) play its part in the general effect. Ornamentation and harmonious colouring rise to a crescendo at the high altar. You come out of this church into the daylight like one who passes from bright sunshine into a shaded room. . . . In the garden is a charming little baroque 'temple' which is worth a visit. To spend a

MELK

INSIDE THE BAROQUE MONASTERY CHURCH

couple of days in one of the pleasant inns of Melk is to lay up treasures of memory which time will not corrupt.

With Melk we enter the Wachau, the Sleeping Beauty of the Danube, needing but the kiss of the Federal Railways and the road contractor to be aroused from its dreams of centuries. I wish this lovely country all the prosperity that it can wish itself, and am yet selfish enough to rejoice afresh every time I find the cobwebs of the centuries still undisturbed in the streets of such places as Dürnstein or Weissenkirchen. It is the Wachau which, with the fringes of the Wiener Wald, supplies Vienna with most of its wine.

One of the most impressive ruins of the whole river is Aggstein, high up amidst the woods of the right bank. It was here that the so-called 'Schreckenwald', 'The Terror of the Forests', starved his prisoners to death on a little ledge of rock above a precipice, a leap over which offered them a quicker exit from this world. He was one of the dreaded race of robber barons, the Kuenringer, who were for so long the terror of the Danube, and owned other castles at Spitz and Dürnstein. Spitz is a charming little place, where I once saw a delightfully naïve folk-play in the little cobbled square before the fifteenth-century church, the porch of which became part of the wings, while the priest's house furnished the dressing-rooms. Cœur de Lion, of course, appeared in the pageant, his charger (led by Blondel) being a formidable cart-horse. The Wachau girls' costumes, with the picturesque gold lace *Hauben*, like large sunbonnets, were perhaps the prettiest feature of all.

Were Dürnstein not a place of pilgrimage for us on account of Richard I's imprisonment, we should yet be drawn within its walls. These, by the way, still enclose practically the whole of the tiny village of some 400 inhabitants. We can see here, even more clearly than we shall at Hainburg, how a primitive settlement grew up in the earliest days of building in the shadow of a strong castle. The ruined walls of Dürnstein still run down to the Danube, with which they form a triangle having the castle on the crags above as its apex. Within this protected area the tiny community depended for life itself on the favour of the man who, like a god, looked down from the battlements of his castle upon their little lives. No wonder that his men-at-arms knew no fear; the defeat of their lord meant the annihilation of everything they held dear.

Time has been badly tricked in the matter of Dürnstein. Were Richard himself to round the point on the deck of our steamer, he would recognize the place, though he might ask who had knocked the old castle about so badly. If you enter the village (as Richard probably did) by a flight of steps leading up through a tunnel from the water's edge, you are at once in the heart of Dürnstein.

We have to thank an old French ballad for the pretty legend—I am afraid it is no more—of how Blondel, wandering down the Danube singing his lost master's favourite songs, suddenly heard the beloved voice take up the air through a slit in the grim walls of Dürnstein. Blondel answered the prisoner's voice with the cry: 'O Richard, O mon Roy!'. Here is the historical version as quoted by an old book, *Alt und Neu Wien*: Richard, knowing that he was 'wanted' at all the ports of France and of the Empire, made his way in disguise across the lands of Leopold V, whose banner he had insulted at the storming of Acre in 1191. Until its destruction during the last century, a certain hut in Erdberg (Vienna) was pointed out as that in which the Lion-Hearted was run to ground on December 2, 1192. He was placed in the charge of Hadamar von Kuenring in Dürnstein, and, in response to the insistent demands of the Holy Roman Emperor, he was produced at the Diet of Regensburg in June of the following year. Fearing that the Emperor would deprive him of his valuable captive, Leopold brought him back secretly to Dürnstein. Richard was then handed over to the Emperor again, and released against hostages for the promised ransom of 50,000 silver marks. Richard declared afterwards that 'Duke Leopold had sold him to the Emperor as he had been his steer or his ass', but he appears to have been treated throughout with courtesy and even deference.

There is a pale, faded charm about Dürnstein church-tower which prepares us for the grass-grown desertion which greets us as we pass beneath the archway and enter the monastery courtyard. A great weeping-willow fills the little square with its gentle melancholy, for this is a deserted monastery, one of those which Joseph II closed as superfluous. Jacob Prandauer built it in 1720, on the site of the thirteenth-century Clarissine convent, from which the nuns were driven out by the Reformation. I always feel that I would like to take the poor skeletons of saints which in this, and so many other churches, are on show in glass cases, the bones all decked

MELK MONASTERY

A CORNER OF DÜRNSTEIN

out in gaudy tinsel and plush, and put them in the kindly earth at last. There are catacombs below this church where you can see empty compartments, the result of the ravages of Napoleon's men, who plundered these tombs of monks and scattered the bones abroad.

Below Dürnstein, on the opposite bank, rises far away in the woods on the crest of the hill the majestic pile of Göttweig Monastery. What it loses in comparison with Melk by its distance from the river it gains in the lonely majesty of its position. Seen in the glow of the setting sun it is like some great Valhalla made with hands.

Krems, which ends the Wachau, is, like Linz, an uninteresting modern town with a delightful old quarter. There are several interesting churches—the Pfarrkirche, with good baroque pictures by Kremser Schmidt, the fifteenth-century Liebfrauenkirche, and the Bürgerspitalkirche, the last two both gothic buildings. The Dominikanerkirche is easier to locate than to enter, for it has been secularized, and houses both a theatre and a cinema. It is the only example of such a thing in Austria, where the Roman Catholic Church is so powerful. When, however, the church became surplus to the needs of the population, it was surely better to put it even to incongruous uses than to pull it down. The manager showed me the triforium windows in the wings and concealed behind the pay-box; the flat ceiling of the cinema hall is only composed of some thin textile material, which looks quite solid until the lights above it are turned on, when the interlaced gothic arches overhead are revealed.

The Old Town is built on the hill-side, because the Danube used at one time to flow where most of the modern town stands. You will not be many hours in Krems before a native seeks to bewilder you with the statement, *'Krems Und Stein sind drei Städte'*. The explanation is, of course, that the name of the third of these adjoining towns is Und. The Cistercian monastery of Zwettl (near Krems) is no less interesting than Heiligenkreuz. The romanesque or, to be precise, transition-period cloisters are very fine, with delightfully grotesque and varied capitals to the pillars, rather like those which we shall see at Millstatt. They date from the beginning of the thirteenth century; the gothic church, of beautiful and unusual form, from 1348.

And now we are so near Vienna that the remaining sights may be visited each in the course of a half-day trip from that

city. The ruin of Greifenstein, for example, is only about half an hour's train journey from the Underground terminus at Heiligenstadt; from there we can reach a lovely corner of the Wiener Wald. Korneuberg, with the castle of Kreuzenstein, fantastically constructed in the last century according to the owner's imagination, but fitted out with a fine collection of genuine old castle furniture, is even more easily reached. Opposite, on the right bank, is the monastery of Klosterneuburg. It has been robbed by the errant Danube, which has changed its course, of its original commanding position on cliffs washed by the waters of the river, but it is still most impressive. We can visit it from Heiligenstadt by train, or walk from Heiligenstadt along the Danube. Best of all is the day's outing which can be made by starting out from Cobenzl, walking through the woods along the crest of the Kahlenberg and Leopoldsberg, then descending to Klosterneuburg and home along the Danube to the Underground tramway at Heiligenstadt.

Unlike Melk, Klosterneuburg has preserved very much of the past. Legend would have us believe that the construction of this fortress-like complex of buildings owes its origin to so slight a thing as the veil of Agnes, wife of Margrave Leopold III. This, they say, was carried away by a gust of wind, and Leopold made a vow to build a monastery on the spot where he found it. He founded Klosterneuburg in 1106; most of the building of 1114 is incorporated in the present monastery. Like Göttweig, it is an uncompleted dream of monastic magnificence.

Through an old gateway on the town level we climb the steep stairway to the outer court of the monastery. For seven centuries this was the point of contact between the monks and their aristocratic visitors, who were lodged in the buildings surrounding it. Gothic and renaissance meet in this quiet courtyard, where the murmur of the 'Leopold Fountain' in the centre alone breaks the silence. Through the south-east gateway we reach the fine, though much restored, cloisters, enclosing, as usual, an old-world garden, or we may pass beneath the gothic arch opposite the stairway to the Stiftsplatz, an extensive grass square outside the monastery buildings proper. Here is the church, an imposing gothic building (originally romanesque), which has suffered much from the restorer, particularly in the matter of the two curiously unequal neo-gothic towers. In the centre of the

square is one of the finest 'Lichtsäulen', or 'Light Pillars', in Austria. These pillars were formerly placed in the churchyards with a light burning to scare away evil spirits—a conception inherited by Christianity from paganism. Fire, pestilence, Hungarians, and Turks have done their worst many times with Klosterneuburg, which survives them all. In 1683 the Turks held all the lower town, into which we look from the terrace, but could not capture the fortified monastery. All the monks fled to Passau, except two, who helped to hold the battlements until the final defeat of the Turks, when they both died of wounds and exhaustion.

The most noteworthy thing inside the church is the famous altar of Nicolas of Verdun. The 'Verduner Altar' is an even more wonderful example of the French goldsmith's art than his Maria Shrine in Tournai. His work—enamel on fire-gilded copper—dates from 1189. Vienna goldsmiths replaced very beautifully such of the panels as bucketsful of the best wine of the cellars had been unable to save from the flames in 1320. The Kaisertrakt, surmounted by the Ducal Cap of Austria and the Crown of the Holy Roman Empire, is reminiscent of the corresponding part of Melk. It is, however, more elaborate and far larger.

A visit to Klosterneuburg is not complete without a call at the Stiftskeller to inspect that mighty cask which the Viennese employ to honour the pious memory of Leopold on November 15th. For that is 'Leopolditag,' when all Vienna, which loves wine-bibbing in its noisiest form, streams out to Klosterneuburg to practise the time-honoured *Fasselrutschen*. The scene in the monastery wine-cellar, as hundreds fight for the privilege of *Rutschen*, or sliding down this mighty wine cask, is neither particularly monastic nor saintly. There is no reason, however, to suppose that it is displeasing to St. Leopold, who managed to combine holiness with a purely human appreciation of *Wein, Weib, und Gesang*. If your tastes are equally catholic, you may possibly appreciate the din of the Stiftskeller on November 15th; but in any event do not wear your best clothes.

Below Vienna the Danube loses the majesty of mountain and castle, and flows through the Marchfeld, an eerie waste of reeds and low bushes, alders and stumpy willows, the haunt of heron and unlimited wild duck, and at times of wild geese. Near it lies Aspern (now the Vienna aerodrome), where Napoleon sustained a severe defeat at the hands of

the Austrians when crossing the Danube after the capture of Vienna in 1809. Wagram, where he wiped out all memories of Aspern two months later, is a little farther away. Nothing much can be seen of either from the river, though we pass the island of Lobau, on which the French were cut off during the battle of Aspern by the Austrians, who drove heavy barges through their pontoons and smashed them. Moored to the left bank at regular intervals is the fleet of Viennese fishing barges.

Hainburg, which, as we noticed at Melk, is mentioned in the Nibelung Saga, is, in its mediæval parts, much like Dürnstein. It has the ruins of a Babenberg castle on the hill, with remains of the walls stretching down to form a triangle enclosing (with the Danube) the mediæval town. From the castle we may look past the Little Carpathians and the Leitha Hills down the Danube into Hungary and Czechoslovakia. The burnt-out shell of the square Pressburg Castle on the hill is very clearly seen from here. There are several good city gates, the best being the Wiener Tor, through which we pass on the road to Deutsch-Altenburg. It is a massive piece of twelfth-century fortress architecture, practically intact.

Outside Deutsch-Altenburg, on the right of the main road, lies its important church, built in a remarkable combination of styles—a fine romanesque nave, with a late gothic choir and an early gothic belfry. The little town itself is absorbed in growing into a spa on the strength of its iodine springs. The museum contains a fine collection of Roman finds from the most important Roman settlement on Austrian soil, Carnuntum, which lay about halfway between here and Petronell. There is a good mosaic pavement and an interesting altar of the Mithras cult (that competitor of Christianity in the marches of the Roman Empire), which would appeal to me far more if it had not been restored with such tremendous thoroughness. There are two amphitheatres between here and Petronell; a massive Roman arch standing alone in the midst of the fields is known as the Heidentor. It is generally believed to date from about the third century, and is the only thing standing above the level of the ground to mark the site of the fortress-town which was once the proudest settlement on the Danube for very many miles.

If you are ready to face really bad roads and an impossible train service, you can get right off the beaten track almost

at the gates of Vienna by entering the wilds of Burgenland, Austria's new province. In Vienna the acquisition of Burgenland is popularly supposed to have been due to the sardonic humour of M. Clemenceau in 1919. *Austria delenda est* was indeed inscribed on the banners of the treaty-makers, but the possibility of giving the process a humorous turn was quickly discovered. Half of intensely patriotic Tyrol must indeed be wrenched from Austria, but what fun to compensate her at the expense of her old partner, Hungary, and incidentally create a permanent bone of contention to keep the two apart. So Burgenland came to Austria. The joke, however, was capable of improvement. Hungarian irregulars were allowed to overrun and terrorize the countryside, and after the ensuing 'plebiscite', the capital and railway centre, Oedenburg, was cut out of the heart of the Burgenland and restored to Hungary, thus paralysing the economic life of the Austrian part and destroying the *raison d'être* of the Hungarian. That, at any rate, is the Austrian feeling about the transaction, though in view of Austria's own strenuous plea to be given the Burgenland it seems hardly fair to blame M. Clemenceau. An attempt to reach the new capital, Eisenstadt, will convince you that at any rate they have some reason for looking the St.-Germain gift-horse in its ungainly mouth.

Yet if only for the sake of Joseph Haydn and Franz Liszt we might make the effort. Eisenstadt is a dreamy, baroque-rococo township, which offers us a decent inn or so—more than can be said for the greater part of the Burgenland. For centuries subjected to Hungary, it illustrates the backward state of the territories administered by that country as compared with those ruled from Vienna. Eisenstadt can most conveniently be visited by car from Wiener Neustadt, a place much neglected by tourists because it is an industrial centre, but containing a quite exceptional number of fine churches, which we will recall in a moment. In the pretty baroque house in which Haydn lived for so long under the patronage of Prince Esterhazy, whose great palace stands in the centre of Eisenstadt, are many relics of the master which pilgrims will want to see.

The Burgenland, as its name implies, is the country of castles *par excellence*, and very beautiful some of them are. When travel and hotel facilities have improved it should attract many foreign tourists for excursions from Vienna,

for the country-side is lovely—low hills, woods, and that huge, inexplicable sheet of water, one corner of which Hungary recovered with Oedenburg, the Neusiedler See. Where it came from and why, nobody knows; why it remains and where it has its outflow are likewise mysteries. It is nowhere much more than knee deep, yet it is twenty-two miles long and from four to ten miles wide. In past years it has shrunk so much as to encourage the peasants to plough and sow its bed; it has allowed itself to be artificially dried up and has suddenly reappeared again with its salt, brackish waters. 'Mystery Lake of Austria'—what a fine headline for the popular press! There is an abundance of waterfowl, ground game, and coarse fishing to be had without formality and at ridiculously low rates; a little sailing and bathing in summer and unlimited skating in winter for those who will put up with extremely primitive though inexpensive quarters.

Wiener Neustadt, despite its modern development, contains an 'Old Town', whose streets have changed little since the thirteenth century. Most of the old wall has disappeared, though the Reckturm is a picturesque survival. The Wienerstrasse and the Hauptplatz are besprinkled with gothic and renaissance buildings, the Rathaus being among the latter. In the Rathaus Museum is one thing worth seeing—the fine gothic chalice presented to the town by King Matthias Corvinus of Hungary after his conquest of Austria. The Liebfrauenkirche is, after Gurk Cathedral, the most interesting romanesque church in Austria; the late gothic, renaissance, and baroque Neuklosterkirche, the renaissance Zeughaus (Armoury), and the Burg are three of a dozen fascinating buildings in this richly endowed town. Yet all the average visitor to Vienna hears about it is that it has a big industrial population of 'Red' political complexion, and that it is the starting-point for the rack-and-pinion railway to the summit of the Schneeberg.

Payerbach-Reichenau and the Semmering Pass are the farthest places that we can consider as within easy reach of Vienna. From Payerbach station a motor-bus[1] takes you to the foot of the Rax Alp, where the new cable railway swings you up to the top of the mountain, over 6,500 feet high. In a little over two hours we can be transported from the heart of Vienna to the snows—not eternal, but fairly constant—of the Rax. That is something which can be paralleled in no other great capital. One can reach the sea from London much

[1] A light railway is also available nowadays.

more quickly, yet that fails to stir my pulse in the same way as it does to see between lunch at the 'Grand' and dinner at the 'Imperial', the timid chamois in his native haunts. You can easily vulgarize the seaside, but you can never civilize a mountain. A hill, yes—and how completely both the Germans and the Austrians do it, with their *Aussichtstürme* and their jolly *Terrassen*, and their beer-gardens cunningly hidden, yet discovered at that very moment when thirst can be endured no longer. But you may build a cog railway and attempt footpaths on the Schneeberg, plant steel pillars in concrete on the Rax and swing with their aid a tin cage in ten minutes to a height which it takes half a day's hard climbing to reach on foot, without—mercifully—imparting one touch of humanity to them.

There is a little hotel tucked away in a cleft at the foot of the Schneeberg which I flatter myself is a discovery of my own—the Thalhof at Reichenau. It is a discovery, that is to say, out of the summer season, when the Viennese descend on it in swarms, the head-waiter and general factotum puts on a brass cap and disguises himself as a hall-porter, and the creeper-covered faces of local rustics appear above limp boiled shirts to dispense hundreds of cups of coffee and *Schlagobers* daily. At this time the Thalhof is full of jazz and as intolerable in consequence as any other hotel within a hundred miles of the capital.

But I like to get out of the train at Payerbach station on a late spring or autumn afternoon and hire an aged fly or walk along the entrancing valley of the Schwarza to the end of the world, between the gradually rising crests of the mountains where the wall of the Schneeberg just allows the Thalhof and a few cottages beyond to cling to its side before it finishes with humanity. The Schneeberg calls you untimely from your bed (but nothing else does, for all traffic ceases perforce at its gates), and the Rax is equally insistent. Beyond the latter, if you do not want to climb, is the wild 'Hell Valley', the Höllenthal, winding interminably amidst ever-changing mountain scenery with the Schwarza flowing at the base of its granite walls, now a boiling torrent, now a dignified stream with giant trout dozing in its crystal pools.

The Semmering is another easy day's walk from the Thalhof, but the normal way to get there is, of course, by the Vienna express. From Payerbach the railway climbs for twenty minutes through a slice of wonderful country over dizzy

viaducts, twisting and turning as it worms its way through the mountains. In spring and summer the Semmering, with its crystal air and its wealth of Alpine flora, its easy walks and green mountain pastures, is a pedestrian's paradise. But what a joy it is, when one of the rare winter mists hangs above Vienna, making the streets chill and dreary, to be carried up to its sunshine and glittering snow in a couple of hours. Here is every adjunct of the fashionable winter-sport and summer Alpine resort. The Semmering even boasts an Alpine golf-course. It has never dawned on the Austrians—may it never dawn on them—that it is their duty to abandon their birthright, the mountains and their snows, to wealthy foreigners during the height of the season, and so you will find the Vienna breadwinners streaming out to the country-side to ski and toboggan on winter Saturdays as the Englishman rushes to the football ground. But on the Semmering, with its big hotels, the international public predominates. Here in the season, if you are lucky enough to get in, you will find well-to-do Vienna spending its Christmas.

Vienna, home of paradox and gayest of cities, drove me out here to escape from suicidal gloom the first time that I saw her at Christmas, long before I became an incurable Viennese. The head-waiter's demand that I should dine at seven-thirty on Christmas Eve, and then retire to my room because the restaurant would be closed, nearly broke my heart. 'You want an English Christmas?' he said, reading my thoughts, as Austrians so easily do. 'Get out of Vienna, then, and go to the Semmering.'

I did not get an English Christmas, but I got a Viennese one, which is just as good so long as it is not spent in Vienna. I may as well apologize to the Viennese here and now for the opinion I formed of them at that Christmas ball of abandon and amazing folly. I was firmly convinced that they were all drunk, until a friend called my attention to exactly what was being consumed. Sixty per cent. of the dancers had nothing but coffee, and 35 per cent. something like a glass and a half of wine apiece. They were, in short, intoxicated with Vienna and Vienna alone—a deplorable business, as perhaps you may have observed from this book.

CHAPTER XI

OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO GRAZ

Through the Semmering Pass to Styria—The Mürz Valley by Night—Colour of Graz—An Inexpensive City—Italy in Graz—Armour for Three Thousand—Ancient Byways and Courtyards—Frescoes and other Church Treasures.

WE English have discovered Tyrol, the Ringstrasse and Kärntnerstrasse in Vienna, and Salzburg, and have at least heard of the lakes of the Salzkammergut. Quite unknown pastures to us as a nation are Styria, with its lesser Alps—if one can apply such a description to the terrific wall of the Dachstein—and Carinthia, with its lakes and mountains. The interest of unknown country must be my excuse for leaving Vienna for the capital of Styria—Graz—and Carinthia before glancing at better-known Innsbruck, Kitzbühel, and Salzburg.

After a melting August day of sight-seeing in Vienna it is no bad thing to catch an evening train and to be hauled up the mountain-side to the Semmering Pass, to lift up your eyes unto the hills and find them snow-capped as the result of what was for us in Vienna just a heavy thunderstorm two days before. After all, the scent of the pines is sweeter than that of all the perfumes of the Kärntnerstrasse. When we drop down on the far side of the Semmering towards picturesque Mürzzuschlag, we are in new country—the lovely valley of the Mürz. As the moon silhouettes the endless pine forests, with here and there the black lines of a ruined castle—as one sleepy village after another blinks cheerfully at us through half-closed windows, one wonders why the wise man does not set up his tent in some such spot for the remainder of his days—or at least until the moon goes in or the rain comes down. Nearly all the little wayside halts on this line can offer you a simple, clean bed and delicious food in air that is like a header off the pier or the sparkle of

diamonds, or half-a-pint off the ice at 11 a.m., when you have gone to bed at dawn. Bruck-an-der-Mur, with the beautiful late gothic 'Kornmesserhaus', and Mürzzuschlag can offer you a little more, and we ought to see them both—but not in this book.

For us it is to keep our eyes fixed on Graz, the capital, as the inhabitants of this peaceful valley kept theirs when the strong arm of Graz alone stood between them and the ravaging Turk. In another way their eyes were fixed on the capital when the Protestant Estates set up there the banner of the Reformation and 90 per cent. of the Duchy (as it then was) became converted to the new faith. Again, when, thirty years later, the Archduke Ferdinand of Styria enforced the Counter-Reformation with such severity that thousands of families had to emigrate to Protestant Germany and settled there, Graz was the centre. The years 1797, 1805, and 1809 saw the French waves surging around the rock of the Schlossberg, on which the strong fortress of Graz then stood.

We shall find the eyes of Styria fixed on Graz rather than on Vienna even to-day. 'Patriots for Me' are not common in the provinces, where Vienna is looked on as the Hapsburg capital, and little loved on that account. Much of the dislike of the 'nationalities' for the city has been inherited by the new federal provinces, who feel that Vienna is frivolous, fickle, and quite out of touch with them. To the old centralism of the Hapsburgs has succeeded an almost limitless freedom for the local Diets, and this strengthens the psychological differences. The Viennese has, in the Austrian country-side, very much the reputation of our Charles II—

> . . . whose word no man relies on,
> He never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one.

If you are going to see Graz at all, I would like you to see it before you go to Salzburg. Nothing could induce me to utter blasphemies against the sacred beauties of the latter city. To talk of a second Salzburg would be almost as silly as to talk of a second Venice. Yet Graz has moments when it is no bad preparation for the greater glories of Salzburg. Both cities are girdled with hills, which, in the case of Graz, are limestone spurs of the gaunt and distant Dachstein. Through these the brown Mur thrusts and bores its way with all the speed and strength of the silvery Salzach; beside

its banks rises the bosky Schlossberg out of a maze of winding streets, though, thanks to Napoleon, no such fortress as Hohen Salzburg now crowns the summit. Architecturally, Graz and Salzburg have little more in common than all Austrian cities have, for Graz belongs to the renaissance, Salzburg to the baroque of Italy. Graz lacks the grandeur of conception and the open spaces of Salzburg, but has a very real charm of its own. Many of its little houses of the baroque period differ from those of the same date in Vienna: the eaves are longer —a concession to the southern sun, like the green shutters and the walls distempered in cool blues, greys, and palest pink. The fruit in the market-places, too, is Southern in its profusion and vivid colouring—long green *paprika*, 'peppers' which seem to have been enamelled green, huge water-melons, bulging *Kukuruz*, fresh figs, and piles of peaches, nectarines, and muscatel grapes. I love the old-world winding streets of burghers' houses, but the greatest asset of Graz, of course, is her wealth of renaissance courtyards.

Graz is an ideal walking centre. Every variety of country is within reach, for the hills are of four distinct types—primeval granite, chalk (once marine lakes covered all this country, and there are coral chalk deposits on the summit of the Plabatsch hill), and those created by erosion and the moraine deposit of the Ice Age glaciers.

Being as yet undiscovered by the tourist stream, Graz is one of the cheapest towns in Austria. Along the Mur are a number of comparatively modern, simple hotels, but I like two older inns in the centre of the town, the Steirische Hof and the Erzherzog Johann, because of their convenience for sight-seeing. I kept a record of expenses during a recent visit to the 'Johann'. A good-sized newly-furnished bedroom on a quiet alley-way cost about two and threepence a night. I lunched and dined in various places for sums varying from one and ninepence to two and sixpence. The variety of food offered to the limited number of customers in these inns would be remarkable, did not all Austrian inns offer an equally liberal menu. The average number of meat dishes on the *Karte* at the Steirischer Hof, for example, was fifteen. Both this hotel and the 'Johann' were once wealthy farmers' homes; at the 'Johann', the stable-yard has been roofed over with glass and turned into an extra restaurant.

The Hauptplatz, within the Old Town, is the best starting-point for all exploration in Graz. The square is a delightful

picture, if we keep our eyes turned away from the modern Rathaus in imitation German renaissance, crowded with unnecessary detail. The real renaissance of Graz is Italian. In a city which became for a time so strongly Protestant one might expect to find that the new spirit in art came over the Alps with the new religion, but such is not the case. It was in the first three decades of the sixteenth century that Italian architects were summoned to Graz, not to minister to the needs of a Reformed Church or to the pride of nobles, but to rebuild the city's fortifications on Italian lines: Italy was at that time ahead of all other countries in the art of fortress construction. These imported architects undertook as spare-time employment the building of palaces for the wealthier citizens. Between 1556 and 1563, Domenico dell' Allio, a fortress architect from Lugano, built the beautiful early Italian renaissance courtyard of the Landhaus, which is the seat of the Styrian Diet. The modest façade hardly prepares us for what awaits us in the courtyard—Italy in Austria. Two sides, the north and east, are Dell' Allio's work—three tiers of *loggie*, the connecting gallery a faithful copy. The finest view of all is obtained, I think, from the top floor of the Landeszeughaus (Armoury), immediately behind this gallery, which we shall visit in a minute. It just takes in, over the corner of the Landhaus, the wooded Schlossberg, rising like a rounded green sugar-loaf above the patinated copper and soft red-tiled roofs of the city.

The porter at the gate will show you the two rooms of the Diet. The one in which that body actually sits is a very fine example of baroque decoration. If you have never cared much for stucco-work before, look at this ceiling. It is baroque, not at its most flamboyant, but in a mood of dignity and restraint. Even so, it is amazingly plastic—what the Austrians call *bewegt*—'mobile' is the only possible translation and conveys the idea well enough.

Crossing the courtyard to pass beneath the gallery to the Landeszeughaus, we must pause a moment to examine the very fine bronze well—German renaissance, this—and then, if the Zeughaus is open, we shall make an important discovery. Despite the provisions of the peace treaties limiting the armament of this dangerous little country to sufficient for thirty thousand men, Graz has succeeded in retaining equipment in excess of the establishment. In the Landeszeughaus, Austria has in perfect condition arms and

equipment for three thousand men, some twenty-eight thousand pieces in all, which are never included in her official returns. There they stand, exactly as they were first brought into the Armoury some time ago now—to be precise, in the days of the Thirty Years War. Armour for horse and man, pikes and partisans, two-handed swords and flintlocks, mortars, shields, arquebuses and pistols—they are still kept burnished, polished, and oiled, ready for instant use by an army which has been dust for three centuries.

We may take a look at just a few of the renaissance courtyards and mediæval houses in Graz. It is the decline in importance and consequent impoverishment of the city in the beginning of the seventeenth century which we have to thank for the survival of so much. There was no money left to compete with Vienna in the pomp of baroque. The great days of Graz began in 1379 (the Babenberg Leopold V inherited Styria in 1192), when, on the division of the Hapsburg lands, Inner Austria, comprising Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, fell to the younger Hapsburg line and Leopold III took up his residence in the palace on the Schlossberg. In 1619, when Ferdinand II, the great Counter-Reformer, was crowned Emperor and removed his Court to Vienna, Graz was left with the burden of maintaining her position as a fortified outpost without the glory of housing the Court.

As we are in the neighbourhood, we might just glance at one or two buildings in the Herrengasse as we leave the Zeughaus. No. 9 has a good renaissance courtyard and stairway (you will not be shy of thrusting yourself into courtyards after your training in Vienna). Napoleon Bonaparte lodged in No. 13 in 1797, and you may do the same to-day, and consume cool fluids in the *Weinstube* on the site of the stable which housed his chargers. We might walk round behind the church to the charming little group of biedermeyer houses, through which we reach three streets whose mediæval character is little spoiled—the Schlosser-, Bischof's-, and Eng-Gassen. There are three good baroque *palais* to the right, in the Hans Sachs Gasse; the Färbergasse leads back to the Hauptplatz. Between this square and the River Mur lies the least spoiled mediæval quarter of the town; I will leave you to wander as you will through its narrow alley-ways, where bridges often just manage to hold the houses apart. The Franciscan Church in this area is worth visiting. Its earliest stones date back to 1240. The interior has

been quite spoiled by those good folk of the eighties who decided that baroque was vulgar and replaced the altars of that period by lifeless neo-gothic.

The Hauptplatz itself makes a charming picture with the aid of the bright-coloured fruit and flowers on the market-women's stalls, but when one comes down to individual houses, there is not a great deal to be said. At the corner of the Sporgasse is a beautiful arcaded stucco house, the Haus Luegg. From the Hauptplatz we may make our way next along the Sackgasse; opposite the Erzherzog Johann is a little wine-shop, the Krebsenkeller, which I recommend you to visit, without of necessity patronizing it. It is the renaissance courtyard which we are seeking, not sour wine. Some good rescue work has been done here recently, but you will notice renaissance windows still shamefully blocked by inserted square casements. The Bierjackl, next door, is very similar. One of these two houses—I cannot remember which, but you will see it in an instant—was originally a long gothic house growing backwards at right angles to the street. (The renaissance houses were built parallel to the street around a rectangular courtyard.) In the renaissance time the usual galleries and loggias were added, but the form of the house remains gothic. In the steep, winding Sporgasse, No. 13, a simple burgher's house, has a good baroque façade, with a renaissance courtyard embodying gothic memories. Close to it, on the corner, is the house of that famous chivalric corps, the Deutsche Ritterordnung—gothic arches and renaissance side by side. No. 25 is the Palais Saurau. Its dainty rococo rooms are, alas, not shown to the public, but no one can stop us from enjoying the baroque wrought ironwork above the door in the renaissance gateway. The vigorous coloured bust of the Turkish officer gazing angrily out of a window on the top story has, of course, a tale behind it. When the Turks were (unsuccessfully) besieging the Schlossberg after capturing the rest of the city, the Turkish commander occupied the house. While he was dining in this upper room, from which he could watch his batteries in the square below pounding the fort at the top of this hill, an Austrian cannon-ball from the beleaguered garrison carried his roast duck out of the window before he realized what had happened. Let no one doubt the story, for here is the disappointed general very obviously shouting out 'Who stole my duck?'.

Before we go farther up the hill we must turn to the right

through the Hofgasse to the Freiheitsplatz, in the uniform biedermeyer of 1840, and then visit, at the lower end, the Jesuit College, with its rather severe sunken renaissance courtyard. You will need to do more than walk into the courtyard of Bürgergasse No. 1; there is a porter there from whom you must get the key of a dainty baroque gem, the little Barbarakapelle. The frescoes are the work of a Graz painter whom we have not met before—Franz Christoph Janneck. The painting immediately behind the altar, illustrating the works and the efficacy of the Holy Spirit, is baroque in its essence: scarcely a fold in the garments of the figures which does not help to concentrate our eyes on the central point of the chapel—the altar itself. More frescoes on the ceiling are equally lovely, but the triumph of the artist's brush is the figure of Christ being baptized in the wilderness. The Man Christ is there, indeed—you see the human body being baptized—yet there is something else which is not painted. I cannot explain how the painter has contrived to convey the suggestion that the human body which he has depicted is the least important thing about this Being, but if ever fresco-painter put Divinity on to his groundwork, Janneck did it here.

I pass over the gorgeous baroque interiors of the Welsche Kirche and the Barmherzigenkirche, but I must certainly take you to the Dom (Cathedral) immediately above. Note at the west entrance the letters 'A.E.I.O.U.', the boastful significance of which we noticed in Chapter IV, and then let us turn to the south wall of the church for Styria's most famous gothic fresco, the Landesplagenbild. It is, alas, sadly damaged, despite its zinc roof, for the Austrian fresco-painters did not work on dry mortar, like the Italians, but on a wet plaster surface applied to the mortar; their work is consequently more perishable. Of the three panels the bottom one is the most interesting. It depicts the three plagues which ravaged the city shortly before the assumed date of the fresco, 1480—the Plague of Locusts, the Plague of Turks, and the Plague *pur et simple*. The most remarkable things inside the Dom, with its lovely interlaced gothic vaulting, are two big ivory chests, most beautifully carved and inlaid with ebony. They are used to-day as reliquaries for the bones of saints, according to the disposition of the Jesuits, who baroquized the interior of this church when they were summoned to Graz to root out Protestantism. Originally

they had a sweeter, if less sacred, function to perform, for they were the bridal chests of Paola Gonzaga, the daughter of Luigi II of Mantua.

One more church will be all that we can mention—the mausoleum of Ferdinand II. It was built by Pietro de Pomis, the Court architect, painter, and sculptor of the monarch for whose repose it was designed. The interior decoration was planned by Fischer von Erlach, who (though practically all his work is to be found in Vienna and Salzburg) was a native of Graz. The panel paintings on the stucco ceiling are poor, but interesting as an example of the early baroque conception of ceiling decoration. Pictures then were placed simply on the ceiling in a stucco setting instead of on the walls, but in high and late baroque they serve a definite purpose, as in the Barbarakapelle here, and in many interiors, religious and profane, which we have seen in Vienna and elsewhere. This is, of course, to add to the height of the church or the room by perspective—the frescoes of Andrea del Pozzo in the Vienna Universitätskirche and in the Marble Hall of the Liechtensteinpalais are two typical examples. The actual vault is below. Behind an iron grille are silver vessels containing, according to the Hapsburg cult, the hearts of those buried here; one vessel holds also two fingers of an archduchess. When I asked the custodian why, he could only tell me that it was because she was 'so good to the poor'. A strange reward of virtue!

Near the mausoleum is the Burg, once the palace of the Archdukes of Styria and later of the Statthalter, or Governor. The greater part is used for offices, but the gardens, with a lovely view, are open to anyone, and a judicious tip to the porter should allow of your seeing at any rate the gothic Doppeltreppe, a curious double staircase which separates and reunites six times.

CHAPTER XII

GRAZ: COLLECTIONS AND EXCURSIONS

Night-life of the Provinces—The Joanneum—Styrian Ore and the Elizabethans—Wealth of Baroque Pictures—A Treasury of Folk-lore—Where Rain is Rain—A One Man Spa—Riegersburg—A Soldier's Prayer—'Wicked Liesel'—The Flower Witch—A Simple Test for Sorcery.

BEFORE you have seen even as much of Old Graz as has been outlined already, you will have experienced long summer evenings or winter afternoons when nature is more attractive than bricks and mortar. I must put in a word for the attraction of the Rosenberg on a summer evening. You can climb to the summit in twenty minutes. Before you do so you may very well have tea at the Hilmteich, just beyond your tram terminus. It is a pretty little artificial lake at the foot of the hills, with a big restaurant running the whole length of one side. In winter, young Graz streams out to waltz on the ice of the Hilmteich to the eternal, irresistible Strauss, heartened at need with *Thee-Rum* from the cafés, whose fairy-lights are flung back by the sheet of ice glistening beyond the shadow of the weeping-willows on the banks. Young Graz can be seen amusing itself on summer evenings also at the Thalia, an excellent open-air restaurant in the Stadtpark, a green girdle resulting from the destruction of the old fortified ring.

If you are weary of endless variations on the theme of gothic, renaissance, and baroque, let me show you Graz by night. I am not sure whether we are well enough acquainted yet for me to pay the bill, but if not, a pound-note in your pocket will see you through. I can recall a Saturday in Graz (you can 'see life' there on Saturdays only) when I met the evening's expenses with its equivalent and brought back some change. Yet we were out from ten till four in the morning, visited the three leading night-resorts of the city (the Opern-

bar, Bouvier's, and the Bodega), and danced and drank wine (of sorts) in each. Certainly nobody ordered champagne, but I have no hesitation in admitting that I found it an extremely amusing evening. During all those hours I saw not one person making a nuisance of himself to his neighbours, nor one 'painted lady', though everybody was sipping wine. Yet all these places were quite full—a lesson to Vienna, whose night-resorts, thanks to high taxation, high prices, and above all to the abominable swarm of harpies, male and female, who expect tips for calling you 'Herr Baron' or verbally kissing your hand, are often so empty as to be positively depressing. In Graz the Austrian has an opportunity for exercising that gift to which I have already alluded—the facility for getting drunk on air.

You may sometimes see Austria, and still more often Vienna, described as having lost its easy laughter. Those responsible for Austria's political future might well wish that this imagined seriousness and gloom really had come to a people who, amidst all they have lost or ever could lose, are eternally sure of the gift of laughter, because it comes from within. There are many cities, of course, whose gaiety depends on all sorts of externals. The feverish pleasures of Berlin, the calculated abandon of Budapest and other Balkan capitals (excepting always that inspired by the wild gipsy music, which is genuine)—none of these come from the heart. The vulgar myth of 'gay Paree' was long ago exploded. Outside the student world (you used to meet the real thing at Bullier, especially amidst Thursday's fireworks, but it has since long fled, whither I know not), Paris is far too busy being professionally gay for the foreigner to have much time for nonsense. For sheer frivolity, in and out of season, for real butterfly fecklessness and inconsequence, you must come to Austria. I do not suggest that it is wholly admirable, but it will seldom come amiss to a wayfarer in holiday mood.

Here in Graz there were no foreign tourists to be amused. The nightbirds were doctors, lawyers, shopkeepers, and bank-clerks by day. In one cabaret the orchestra broke into a throbbing Czardas. Suddenly a dark girl sitting near me—a Hungarian—sprang to her feet and took the middle of the floor, transformed by the fiery rhythm into a stamping, leaping, twirling elemental. The music stopped—a light went out of her eyes and she returned to her parents and her coffee. No one in this middle-class assembly was at all startled.

Far be it from me to drive holiday-makers into the atmosphere of museums and galleries, yet the Joanneum at Graz contains enough treasures to make one visit essential. I shall be quite content to leave it to your personal feelings and the exigencies of your travel programme to settle whether you shall return. The largest section, the Kunstgewerbemuseum, begins with a fine collection of majolica stoves arranged in chronological order; particularly interesting are those examples showing the transition from the renaissance to baroque and baroque to empire. There is also a dainty little torture-chamber. There are several wheels upon which offenders were broken (note the knife-like piece of steel affixed to the bottom for the purpose), and cages with the scold's gag, which was padlocked on the heads of evil-tongued women who, thus decorated, were turned loose to go about their ordinary business. The most interesting feature of the Kunstgewerbemuseum is a number of genuine interiors, ranging from the renaissance hall of a castle (on the ground-floor) to simpler burghers' dwelling-rooms upstairs. Among them is a citizen's parlour of the beginning of the seventeenth century: window-glass, walls and ceiling panelling, stove, everything (except the floor) is genuine. The iron clip for holding the wooden laths that were burnt to light the rooms is there; you will find these in most Austrian museums. There is a good seventeenth-century inn parlour, the panelling pockmarked by the earliest type of candlestick; the candle-cup rested on a spike, which was planted in the wall as required.

After the interiors comes the ironwork section—an important one, for this is iron country. As an example of what can be done with this metal, cast-iron filigree ornaments as fine as Venetian work in silver are shown, and then all kinds of practical wrought ironwork dating from the eighteenth back to the fourteenth century. In the midst of this section, on a pedestal under glass, is the beautiful renaissance cup called the 'Landesschadenbund Becher'. The name and the cup express a charming idea—'Cup of the Bond of the Country's Suffering'. It was produced at ducal banquets on the occasion of any great national disaster—plague, floods, invasions—for the reception of substantial contributions from the well-to-do to make good the damage to the country. It is beautiful Augsburg renaissance work—wrought silver, enamelled and gilded.

The mineralogical section will not attract many visitors,

but if you are not going to visit the curious Styrian town of Eisenerz, with its great mountain, the Erzberg, which is simply a gigantic hill of iron ore, it is worth while climbing up to the top floor to see the photographs and models of this strange place. The mountain of iron is exploited by a series of open workings, sixty-eight terraces each from thirty to fifty feet deep. Eisenerz is the only city of the world which guarantees you a lively bombardment daily between twelve and two. All the morning the ore-miners drill holes and lay dynamite charges, which are fired during their two-hour dinner interval; for the rest of the day they collect the spoils. The Styrians claim that England's greatness is built up on their ore, for most of the steel of the Elizabethans was produced from it. Shakespeare himself pays an unconscious tribute to its reputation when he makes Othello say in the last act of the tragedy:—

> I have another weapon in this chamber.
> It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper . . .
> A better never did itself sustain.

'Ice-brook' is a corruption of Innsbruck, where the good Styrian ore was smelted, but not, as the corruption of the name led people to believe, dipped into an icy Tyrolese brook. The London merchants' books of the seventeenth century show many entries for purchases of 'Isebrook Stuff', which is Innsbruck pig-iron. A little earlier, England was so destitute of iron and steel workers that Henry VIII brought over many Tyrolese and Styrians to work at Greenwich and Southwark.

The Museum of Antiquities has many valuable Bronze Age relics, but its great treasure, which we must certainly see, if we merely walk in and out again, is the 'Judenburg Chariot'. It is a bronze sacrificial car, twelve inches long, nine inches high, and eight inches wide, which was found at Strettweg, near Judenburg on the Mur, some seventy years ago. It is a relic of some strange Illyro-Celtic civilization—though there are those who believe it to be Nordic—and dates, probably, from about 600 B.C. The car is on practicable wheels; the nude male and female figures on it appear to be sacrificing a reindeer.

The Graz picture-galleries are primarily remarkable for their Austrian baroque (Kremser Schmidt and Maulpertsch) paintings, but thanks very largely to that popular Prince, the Archduke Johann, who founded the Johanneum at the

beginning of last century, they contain many other excellent pictures by world-famous masters. This, the best Austrian collection outside Vienna, deserves a leisurely visit, especially by students of the baroque.

In the Paulusgasse, upon the hill, there is another place, officially called a museum, which we cannot afford to overlook—the Museum für Volkskunde, a folk-lore treasury so realistically arranged that a visit there is more like calling at a series of old cottages than making the tour of a museum.

The building once housed Carmelite monks. Crossing the balcony which looks down into the monastery garden, we find the rooms fitted with genuine cottage doors. Several of them bear a Maltese cross carved from 'palm' wood blessed by the priest on Good Friday. They serve to keep lightning away from the cottage and are efficacious for one year. The corner room is a *Rauchküche*—a smoke-kitchen—with no chimney. Such kitchens are still to be found in remote mountain huts in Styria, and are a later development of the very primitive *Rauchstube* which we shall see in a moment on the ground-floor. The peasant is our most precious history-book, for he clings tenaciously to the past. The firedogs in the *Küche* differ but little from similar things in bronze in use 3,000 years ago. The door is in two pieces; the upper portion is usually open to let out the smoke, the lower closed to keep out pigs and goats, with a small aperture for the use of the inevitable cat. This is the door which plays a part in so many of the ancient fairy-tales.

If you have a guide, ask him to start the clock with the sandbag weight, and listen a moment to its slow, measured tick. It is the pulse of peasant life as it has beaten throughout the centuries. To listen to it for a couple of minutes will put you more in touch with the spirit of this place than anything which I can write.

In other rooms you will find costumes of many periods, down to the present 'Styrian Suit' of grey cloth with bright green braiding, green waistcoat with silver buttons, dark-green hat with light-green band and a chamois 'beard' stuck in the back. I remember once, in the lovely Styrian village of Aflenz (called, from its mild Alpine climate, the Austrian Davos), watching the population come out of church—the men by one door, kerchiefed women by another. In a crowd of three hundred men who stood together talking on one side of the road while the women gossiped on the other, according

to the local custom, I distinguished exactly four men who were not wearing the accredited Styrian Suit—and much ashamed of themselves they looked.

The primitive peasant implements and superstitious emblems are intensely interesting, because they can be paralleled in so many lands and centuries—evidence of the common origins of the human race. The grinding of corn was one of the earliest tasks of mankind: you will see in one room a pestle and mortar used for crushing maize in Styria which can be almost exactly duplicated from Africa and the South Seas. There are many varieties of charms cut from sacred 'palm' wood and hung up in the cottage—the tree, which in pagan lands was so often the symbol of life, becomes under Christianity a cross growing from a heart. The figure '3' often occurs in these emblems—it is a Styrian pun on the idea of Faith, or *Treue*—in dialect *Dreu*, which is also the dialect word for the numeral '3'. At village fairs to-day, the lovesick youth hangs around the neck of his *Diarndl* (sweetheart) a large gingerbread heart bearing the same pun traced in sugar-icing—'Ich Liebe dich 3'—'I love you truly'.

A wonderful room is 'The Styrian Peasant from Cradle to Grave'. It starts, of course, with the wooden rocking-cradle, the home-made toys. Then comes marriage—the cherished 'bridal-crowns' borne only by girls of unblemished reputation (Strindberg's *Die Kronbraut* tells the tragedy of one who lost the right to do so), and the hideous misshapen doll which at Whitsuntide is, by a cruel custom, placed at the door of a girl who has strayed down the primrose path of dalliance. The specimen here was actually so placed only twelve months ago. At the door of those passing into old maidenhood is placed the huge wooden key here displayed—a phallic symbol, whose meaning the peasant would be hard put to it to explain if you asked him. The tree (as the symbol of life again—'Be fruitful and multiply') is placed at the door of all virtuous maidens on the occasion of a Kirmesse, or annual church fair. There are hideous carnival masks and the forerunner of our 'pantomime horse'—a bleating goat's head carried by two men concealed beneath a cloth. Carnival is a fruitful source of folk-lore.

Old age approaches and amulets are in demand—here you have every description, including the prayers sold to be worn on the body to ward off epilepsy and other ills; these and many other things in this room can be traced directly back

to paganism. At the end of the room are the chaplets of the dead, and many superstitious emblems connected with the tomb.

The Styrian peasant has quite distinct qualities, although the little Slav and Turkish blood in the land is no longer traceable. He is more serious than the light-hearted peasant of Carinthia, whose songs are all of his *Diarndl*, whereas the Styrian sings of hunting, of fighting, and of robbers. Always among the poorer of the Austrian peasants, he is generous, good-natured, and good-hearted, though enjoying a scuffle, especially over a girl. In the Salzkammergut, around Bad Aussee, the Styrian peasant is of a different type, blonde and blue-eyed. Here the Nordic type is less easily distinguished; in Graz and district the peasants are mostly swarthy, often almost Italian in appearance. Although 90 per cent. of the province accepted the Reformed creed, the severity of the Counter-Reformation stamped that out, except in the remote mountain districts. To-day there are little anti-Romanist communities, in the remote valleys which the Jesuits did not penetrate, who will not sell a foot of land to a Roman Catholic. You will find them in force at Schladming, Hallstatt, and in the Zillertal (the only part of Catholic Tyrol in which the Reformed religion took foot at all). Many of these little groups lived in the mountains of the Salzkammergut, descending into the valleys to hear Mass read according to law, and becoming to all appearances good Catholics. It was only when Joseph II issued his Toleration Edict that they declared themselves, revealing secret altars in their Alpine homes before which the faith of their choice had been handed down from one generation to another. But except for these scattered elements, far from Graz, Styria is entirely Catholic.

The great landowner and the timber-merchant have always exploited the Styrian peasant. Only in the last century ten thousand peasant farms were destroyed to satisfy the lords' passion for afforestation. 'Out of the forests they arose,' quotes Dr. Geramb, the Director of this museum; 'the forests swallowed them up again without question and the patient toil of centuries was swept away'.

Here is the Styrian poet Rosegger's description of the climax of the national dance. 'The girl lays her blonde locks on his heart. Finely and gently he puts his arm around her neck. He lays his cheek against hers, and raises her hand

and arm to form with his a triumphal arch, beneath which the other dancers pass. He stands now immovable—she must bend to his will; then he must bow to hers, and put his head beneath her soft white arms. He lets her go and, forgetting her presence, dances, slaps the soles of his feet, claps his hands and raises the roof with wild halloas. Suddenly he remembers the girl, gives her his hand, and the dance ends with them marching with dignity as the bridal pair.' This is the Styrian variation on a dance which you will find all over Austria, especially in Tyrol, where it is still more robust in character.

I must not mention more than one thing downstairs—the *Rauchstube*. Here we are not far from the Cave Man, yet this primitive habitation was bought only a few years ago from a peasant in the mountains who was abandoning it merely because he had built himself a new hut. There is, of course, no chimney, for it is the next thing that man discovered in the way of comfort, after he had started with a wood fire in a sheltered corner and a dog to keep him company. Here is a roof over his head—a distinct advance. As we come in we see a flight of massive wooden stairs, fastened together with wooden pegs instead of nails; it led formerly to the only other living accommodation in the hut, the bedroom. Inside the *Stube*, the wooden walls are blackened and charred down to that level—about half the height of the room—above which was a permanent cloud of smoke. In the corner is the mighty stone hearth, four hundred years old. Along the side of it is the low stone seat on which the mother sat weaving or spinning below the dense smoke, while one of her boys stood beside her and turned or renewed the wooden strips in the iron clip which furnished the only light in the room. Here grew those fairy-tales and legends which are so rich a mine of folk-lore. Over the opening of the oven a rough stone slab caught the sparks, to prevent them from setting fire to the room. The oven cavity is eight or nine feet long, and here is the 'oven-wagon'—a sort of gigantic fork which caught the pots by the neck and pushed them into or removed them from the oven. The window is interesting—just a strip of tree-trunk sliding backwards and forwards over a slit in the wall—a true Nordic wind-ow—*wind-auge*, or 'wind-eye', such as our own ancestors knew before the Roman stone *fenestra* came to lighten their darkness.

There is a funicular to the summit of the Schlossberg from

the level of the Mur, but from the Paulusgasse, where we now are, it is only some twenty minutes' climb. On it is the clock-tower, which has been adopted by the citizens as the symbol of Graz; there is the 'Turks' Well', and there are birds and squirrels so tame that with patience you can induce both to feed from your hand. There is a fine view of the valley of the Mur and the dancing sea of hills, which rise to the dignity of mountains as they recede from the town.

Once I patronized the café on the top, having been driven into it by a thunderstorm. To sit behind the good plate-glass windows watching the drama across the valley, as the lightning darted in and out of the valleys and skipped from peak to peak of the countless hills and mountains, was sufficient compensation for the wetting which I had received. Suddenly the rain—Styrian rain, which, if not to be compared with Salzburg 'string rain', is still the real thing—fell like a white curtain, shutting off the wild spectacle and leaving us with nothing but the crashes of thunder to tell us that the world held anything else but itself.

There is a large renaissance mansion, Schloss Eggenberg, on the outskirts of Graz which is well worth visiting on Mondays, the only day on which it is open to the public. It was built in 1633 for Hans von Eggenberg, an ennobled war profiteer. If here and there he has left his mark in some of the many bad pictures which it contains and the painted wooden imitations of stoves placed in some of the rooms when funds ran low, the mansion itself, most of its furnishings, and the best of its pictures are evidence of the taste which he was able to buy.

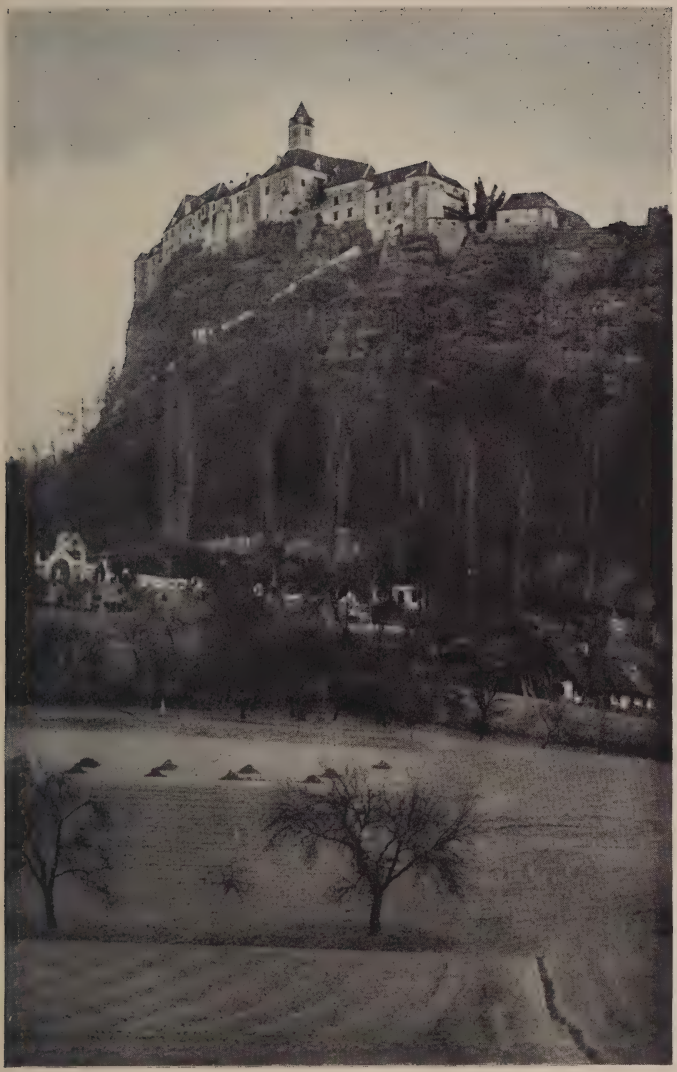
From Eggenberg there is a pleasant walk through the fields to the castle and church of St. Martin. The castle is not open to the public, because in the Schloss there is work being done that is more likely to develop an Austrian nation than anything else which is being done in the country. A former Catholic priest has put on 'mufti' to work with a band of determined men to raise the status of the backward peasants of Styria. They have here a college of propaganda, finding recruits among the elementary-school teachers all over Austria, though the enterprise primarily concerns Styria. The teachers come in batches of sixty for six weeks at a time to be equipped to teach the peasant in the evenings, having in the course of their normal duties taught his children by day. The bait is purely utilitarian knowledge. The scholars come quickly

enough when they see one neighbour doing better for himself as a result of attending the courses. From very practical beginnings they are led on to learn things that have no direct bearing on money matters, but which make the product of centuries of neglect realize that he is only a little lower than the angels, as well as a little cleverer than his beasts.

Either as a break in sight-seeing in Graz or for a quiet week-end before going on farther, I can recommend you nothing better than a little discovery of my own—Bad Gleichenberg. It is reached by train to Feldbach in an hour, and thence by a motor-bus, which traverses a flower-scented valley, dotted here and there with wayside shrines. Before one of them I saw—it was the day of the Immaculate Conception—a score of kerchiefed women and men in Styrian suits wrestling in prayer, yet ready to break off for a moment to look us over as we flew past in a cloud of dust. The Austrian peasant takes his religion that way: he is on such familiar terms with his Maker that he feels perfectly free to turn from Him to the things of this world and back again without giving offence. Just before you enter the gorge which joins Gleichenberg to Feldbach, crane your neck to see the great castle of the Trauttmandorffs perched high up on a wooded hill. As lately as 1689 no less than thirty-four alleged witches and sorcerers were confined in its round *Hexenturm*, or witches' tower, being afterwards put to the torture, beheaded, and burned, according to the terrible old formula: 'She is to be brought by the sword from life unto death, and the body, together with the head, to be utterly destroyed and reduced to dust and ashes'.

The whole of Gleichenberg Spa belongs now to Count Brusselle; to take the cure is really to stay in his park, for nearly all the houses are built without garden-walls amidst fine trees and green meadows. Here come people of all ages in search of the healing afforded by the three alkaline springs.

With a visit to Gleichenberg can well be combined a call at the finest castle of Styria, the Riegersburg. There is no regular service of any kind to this remote fortress, but you can motor very comfortably and inexpensively to it from Gleichenberg by way of Feldbach, returning to the latter station to catch the express back to Graz. From a wooded knoll rises the basalt mass above which Riegersburg the invincible raises its haughty head. In all Austria, only Schloss Hoch Osterwitz, in Carinthia, compares with it for position.



THE RIEGERSBURG

No wonder that the Turks gave it a wide berth while devastating the surrounding country.

Not so far away is the battlefield of St. Gotthard, where the Turks suffered a severe defeat in 1664. It was on this occasion that the Austrian commander, Montecuculli, uttered before his troops that ideal soldier's prayer before going into action: 'Oh Lord God of Hosts: if to-day Thou dost not feel disposed to lend us Thy direct aid, at least abstain from helping those infidel Turks. If Thou wilt graciously grant this our prayer, so can we alone make short work of the dogs', which he proceeded immediately to do.

A castle has crowned this hill since the fourteenth century, though most of the present fortress dates from 1650, when Elisabeth von Galler, popularly known as 'die Gallerin', or, less kindly, 'die schlimme Liesel'—'Wicked Liesel'—indulged her mania for building. To lawyers this should be a place of pilgrimage, for Liesel was what they call, I believe, 'a nice litigious person'. Yet only for so long as she was able to obtain prompt and favourable decisions did she content herself and the Styrian bar with such peaceable methods of arranging her quarrels. As soon as she felt that the law was proving itself 'a hass', she proceeded to settle her law-suits with her men-at-arms. When the village priest, one Strobl, denounced her in a sermon, she descended with a troop on his parsonage. Finding that the bird had flown, she took his cook back to the castle, and had her tried as a witch and executed at Feldbach. When her seneschal, after supporting her in many lawless deeds, left the castle and started an action against her in the courts, she sent a troop of horse into Graz itself and brought him back to taste the dungeons in which he had so often placed her enemies.

The name of another woman is closely associated with the castle—that of Katherina Paltauf, 'the Flower Witch'. Her picture we shall see inside, in the 'Witches' Chamber', showing her with a bunch of flowers in her hand, for in addition to the charge of celebrating blasphemous rites with renegade priests and nuns in the forests, she was accused of having 'made the flowers to bloom in winter'. Poor soul—for that sweet sorcery, how we should honour her to-day. She confessed to every charge—we do not wonder, on reading 'after forty-eight hours' rest she was again put to the torture', and that she called to an alleged 'accomplice' who reproached her with making a false confession: 'Let them but bind and

torture you as they have me, and you, too, will confess to anything'. It was an Italian, one Calucci, who was sent here to exorcize sorcery with fire and sword. Katherina and a dozen alleged accomplices met their deaths on the scaffold at Feldbach, while others suffered at Schloss Gleichenberg. A landowner named Kropf von Stang was strangled, and his daughter (who confessed to everything to avoid being stripped by the torturer) was beheaded at Feldbach. A younger companion's pitiful plea to the court for 'the slighter death' is also in the record of the proceedings. In the cruel mania for witch-hunting which swept Christendom from Oxford to the Turkish frontier, the Hungarians employed a sublimely simple method of settling the fate of the accused. At Trenschin they flung three hundred alleged witches into the river. Those who drowned were innocent, and were given the benefits of a Christian burial; those who kept afloat were clearly aided by the devil, and were dragged out, beheaded, and burned.

There are many interesting and a few beautiful things inside the castle; among the former, the bed of Wicked Liesel, with her own hangings and coverlets. In the Rittersaal is evidence that the knights of old were as vandalistic as are the modern Austrians (themselves surpassed only by the modern Italians) in the matter of defacing every available plane surface with their names. One of the windows in that hall is covered with the names of knights cut in the glass with diamonds. One inscription runs: 'Anno 1635 the 6th April the carouse began and every day intoxicated up till the 26th ditto'.

We shall return to a corner of Styria later on, but now we must pack our bags for Carinthia. The journey before us is not a bad object-lesson for us in the matter of treaty-making. Glance at the map and you will see that the natural and very short journey from here to Klagenfurt, the capital of Carinthia, lies through Marburg. But if, as wayfarers in Austria should do, we are going to remain on Austrian soil, we shall have to return to Bruck and enter Carinthia from the north. Despite the predominance of German-Austrians in the towns along the vital strip of railway between Bleiburg and Marburg, it was taken from Austria in 1919 and handed over to the Yugoslavs on the ground (untested by plebiscite) that the country population was Slovene. Of all the nations maimed by the post-war treaties, Austria has squealed the least, and so received the least sympathy.

From Bruck the express, which seems to think nothing of being an hour behind time, follows the line of the Mur as far as Unzmarkt, where it turns due south into Carinthia. At Knittelfeld we ought to stay a night for the sake of Seckau, the finest monastery in Styria. The monastery was rebuilt in the baroque period; the church is a twelfth-century romanesque basilica of the same date as the original monastery buildings. The interior has been gothicized and decorated in baroque; to complete the periods, there is the mausoleum of the Archduke Karl II in elaborate Italian renaissance, one of the best things in Styria. Seckau was once the seat of a bishopric, to which it still gives its name, though the bishop lives in Graz. Joseph II suppressed the monastery, and the lovely, fragile baroque fell into sad decay until, in 1883, it was reoccupied by Benedictine monks from Germany.

By leaving the valley of the Mur at Unzmarkt we miss two fine castles, Schloss Rotenfels, near Oberwolz, and Prince Schwarzenberg's castle of Obermurau, on a hill in the centre of the old-world town of Murau, but neither equals the sample we chose—the Riegersburg. For another gorgeous Benedictine monastery, St. Lambrecht, we must get out at the little station of Scheifling. At Zeltweg, just before Judenburg, we should have had to change for the Lavanttal railway to Wolfsberg and St. Paul (both in Carinthia), the latter with a fine Benedictine monastery perched up on a rock above the town. But now we have left Styria behind and are following the valley of the Olsa into Carinthia.

CHAPTER XIII

FRIESACH, GURK, AND KLAGENFURT

Friesach, the Moated and Walled City—Turks, Hungarians, and Crusaders—The Romanesque Cathedral at Gurk—Warring Prelates—The Holy Hemma—A Treasure-house of the Church—Twelfth-century Frescoes—Donner's Masterpiece—'Fall of Luther'—How the Duke came to Carinthia—A Fortified Church—'Pocket-Mouthed Meg'—Coloured Magic on the Waters.

THE journey to Klagenfurt, the capital of Carinthia, may well be broken in order to spend a day, and perhaps a night, in the only walled and moated 'city' of Europe, Friesach. It is tiny and very full during the usual holiday season, so if you have not reserved accommodation it may be better to go right on to Klagenfurt, and make a day trip of Friesach from there, or from Velden, at the far end of the Wörther See. Several ruined castles perched on the hill-side in the narrow valley herald the approach of Friesach. The station is outside the town and dull as stations are apt to be, yet I defy you to cross the wooden bridge over the moat without a thrill, even with the one-armed out-porter trundling your bags on a handcart behind you. Alas, you cannot say literally that you have entered within the gates, for these were removed during the last century, but within the walls you most certainly are. The preservation of the walls and moat of Friesach is due only to the fact that it has remained a settlement of farmers who cultivate the surrounding fields in the fertile valley.

The Metnitz, flowing southwards through a broad valley between two fairly high ranges of mountains, marks out one of the great Roman highways to the north. Down this valley poured the hordes of barbarians who made an end of the Roman power; across it came that strange folk, the Avars; Hungarians came to Friesach, in the days of Matthias Corvinus, to protect it against Turkish marauders, but

plundered the town themselves. It was the main highroad of the Crusaders, to which fact it owes its wealth of churches and hospices, including the house of the chivalric Deutscher Ritter Orden. Cœur de Lion stayed in disguise at a monastery outside the town when trying to avoid capture by the Emperor. Behind the town, and directly before us as we enter it, is the Petersberg, fortified by Archbishop Gebhard of Salzburg in 1077. The castle on this hill was not embodied in the town fortifications, however, as were those which we saw at Dürnstein and Hainburg. The Archbishop of Salzburg, compelled to share sovereignty over the town with the hated Bishop of Gurk, made the Petersberg his personal citadel, from which, in case of need, he could defy the partisans of Gurk in the divided city below, though in case of siege by an external enemy the citizens could find shelter within and aid in the defence of this powerful fortress. In 1124, Archbishop Conrad I of Salzburg, having observed how the hills which flanked the Petersberg to left and right (the Virgilienberg and Geiersberg) had been utilized by a besieging force to attack the castle, placed auxiliary castles and fortified works on each, embodying them in the defence system of Friesach.

You will most easily recapture the spirit of Friesach in the days when it counted for something in the world if you make the circuit of the little town—it can be done on foot in an hour—by the road outside the walls. It follows, of course, the moat, which is fed by icy, crystal-clear water from subterranean springs and is full of trout and char. Between the moat and the curtain-wall is a low rampart, built flush with the inner bank of the moat. From the space between this rampart and the curtain-wall the catapults used to hurl their masses of stone and metal at the foe.

The Petersberg and its castle ruins can be reached from inside the town. From the hill one sees castle ruins left and right; it requires little imagination to people the valley with a train of Crusaders, their armour reddened with the glow of the setting sun as they ride across the drawbridge over the moat to rest in one of the hospices within the walls. The hospice and chapel of the Deutscher Ritter Orden are well worth a visit—so are the Dominican church and monastery. The Dominicans came here in 1251, to root out heresy with the authority of the Holy Office. To-day they are one of the weakest orders in Austria. While on the Petersberg we must

certainly see the little Peterskirche—a simple romanesque building dating from 1130, one of the tiniest in Austria.

From Friesach I want to take you to church—to one of the greatest and most neglected churches in the world. For every thousand Englishmen who are enraptured with the beauty of the Cathedral at Salzburg, I do not suppose there is more than one who has ever heard of its great rival, Gurk, tucked away at the head of a warm Carinthian valley. Yet it was centuries before the struggle between the two bishoprics was finally settled in favour of Salzburg. To the keenness of the rivalry Gurk owes its rich store of treasures.

Gurk is an easy motor-run from Klagenfurt or Velden. From Friesach it is only twenty minutes by train to Treibach, from which station a self-important little engine puffs its way to Gurk and back on a narrow-gauge railway several times a day. It follows the course of one of the inevitable mountain torrents through a fertile valley all emerald and gold in the sunshine and bespangled with gay Alpine butterflies.

The village of Gurk has less than 700 inhabitants. It was the pride of a prince of the Church, not the need of a teeming population for a place of worship, which created this great romanesque Cathedral amidst the mountains. Gothic, renaissance, and baroque merely added to the glory of this, the finest example to be found in Austria of the earliest type of church architecture, without altering its character. It owes its existence primarily to a lady with an apparently superfluous aspirate—the Holy Hemma, to whom the odour of sanctity clings for the very comprehensible reason of her generosity to the Church. The legend, which is commemorated in old paintings on the walls of the Cathedral, relates how her son (before she attained holiness she was the Countess of Friesach and Seltschach) was killed in a revolt of the miner serfs, on whom her lord took a vengeance so bloody that he was afterwards overcome by remorse for his own cruelty. He set out on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he died. With the loss of her son and husband, Hemma was left a wealthy and broken-hearted woman, and turned to the consolation of good works. To the Archbishop of Salzburg she gave wide lands at Admont. Here at Gurk, in 1040, she founded a convent for Benedictine nuns, who were brought from the convent which still exists on the Nonnberg at Salzburg. At the same time she built here a church (the forerunner of Gurk Cathedral), the site of which cannot be traced.

Shortly after the death of Hemma, the convent at Gurk was sacrificed to the exigencies of episcopal politics. The Archbishop of Salzburg coveted the lands, desiring to place an obedient suffragan at Gurk. As a step towards this end, he brought charges of immoral conduct against the nuns, which appear to have been concocted from start to finish. That, however, would have been nothing unusual in days when so many convents regularly prayed for protection *contra episcopes male agentes*. The nuns were banished and the suffragan installed. When the construction of his Cathedral was started is not quite certain—it was, at all events, before 1140.

The malice of Salzburg recoiled on its own head. The suffragans of Gurk proved recalcitrant—they proclaimed themselves bishops independent of Salzburg, and when the Cathedral was finished in 1195, it had a transept and two towers—the mark of an independent episcopal church. Salzburg threatened—Gurk resorted to the wholesale falsification of documents to prove its independence. At one time Salzburg grasped the sword, and in 1179 burned down the castle of the Gurk prelates on the hill at Strassburg. The struggle lasted well into the sixteenth century, but Gurk was never humbled.

Let us look first at the outside south wall of the basilica. There was a little heap of yellowing bones which had been disturbed in the course of alterations in the churchyard when I examined this wall—they were those of the Benedictine nuns who lived here nearly a thousand years ago. The basilica is built of massive blocks of iron-quartz, which with the passage of time have ripened from white to a lovely warm rust-colour. A romanesque frieze crowns the outer wall. At the eastern end you will see three apses, which are invisible from inside because they have been blocked by baroque altars, but doors have now been cut in these to reveal the frescoes on the inner walls of the apses.

Now to the main entrance in the west front. The open porch was walled up in gothic days and a gothic window inserted. We must not grumble at the alteration, since it has preserved for us the priceless fresco inside. This porch provides a version of the Scriptures for the illiterate—a *Biblia Pauperum*. There are twelfth-century romanesque frescoes on the wall of the church proper, gothic frescoes on the inner wall of the porch, and wonderful twelfth-century carved

wooden doors. Like the frescoes, the carved reliefs on the doors belong to the *Biblia Pauperum* and tell the stories of the two Testaments. The doorway itself is exquisite—seven pairs of pillars supporting recessed romanesque arches in alternately polished and unpolished marble.

More wonderful still are the frescoes in 'Himmelreich', the western gallery. They date from 1214, but were restored in 1260. This gallery was formerly the bishop's chapel, and as it was dedicated to the Virgin, she naturally forms the subject of these very early frescoes. They are far from being in perfect condition, but the miracle is that they are there at all—some of them very little damaged by time, with unfaded colours, others mere outlines in the plaster. There is a lovely old window, also thirteenth century, and a good carved door.

The great Cathedral impresses with its cool dignity. The walls are still covered with a pale green wash applied in the baroque period. This has been removed from the pillars, revealing the same warm brown tone as marks the exterior, together with many frescoes. Behind the baroque altars, blocking the entrance to the apses, early gothic frescoes have been laid bare; beneath them again are frescoes of the romanesque period. Such are the miracles possible to the modern restorer, that the gothic layer is to be removed (and put together again elsewhere), thus revealing the romanesque work beneath.

Each of the side-altars and many of the frescoes ought to, but cannot, here be described. But there is one thing in Gurk which cannot be left unmentioned. For me, it is the loveliest thing there, or in any church in Austria—the Pietà of Raphael Donner. The Austrians exaggerate in comparing Donner with Michaelangelo, but before this Pietà one's critical faculty is temporarily paralysed. Below the Cross sits the Mother of God, the body of her Son in her arms. All the pain, all the yearning which can come to bereaved mothers of all time are in her eyes; at once she is riven with human suffering and woe and supported by the glory which is hers and His. A consoling angel approaches her, while two cherubs with tear-stained faces contemplate the torn foot, the pierced hand. The restrained expression of the extremity of grief to which Donner has given utterance in this wonderful cast-leaden group is unsurpassed.

Close to the altar is the magnificent baroque pulpit. The leaden reliefs were designed by Donner, but executed by

GURK-PULPIT, DONNER'S PIETÁ, AND HIGH ALTAR

his pupil, Moll, because the Bishop, little realizing what he had already acquired in the Pietà, chose to haggle with Donner over the price to be paid for the reliefs. The divine sculptor, in a very human huff, packed up his traps and turned his back on Gurk for ever. The sounding-board above the pulpit is a luxuriant piece of high baroque by Pocapello. It makes no bones about the Counter-Reformers' view of the Reformation. We see a vivid tableau of life-sized figures. The True Church is enthroned on high. On her right, an angel thrusts into the depths with his lance a realistic red-and-black Devil, complete with serpent. On the other side of the Church, the counterpart of the Devil, Heresy, attired in the black garments and white neckcloth of a Lutheran noble, takes a most uncomfortable toss—the local peasants call the group 'The Fall of Luther'. His shovel-hat has fallen off, and he himself is falling head downwards and about to land with a crash on the floor of the Cathedral. Veiled Faith holds out to him the chalice, but he neglects it, preferring to clutch his heretical book, doubtless a volume of Luther's sermons.

Three hours is the minimum to allow for Gurk, which is less a Cathedral than the art-collection of wealthy princes who, because they happened to be bishops, used this sacred edifice as their gallery. Certainly we must see the series of vigorous, Brueghel-like carved wooden reliefs, telling the legend of the Holy Hemma, and the glittering, gilded baroque high altar, the work of an astonishingly gifted village wood-carver, with its hundred and sixty heads of saints. The Hemma reliefs a few years ago were nothing but a shell, the worm having eaten away below the painted surface. Each minute hole was filled, and the reliefs, which two men lifted down from the walls, required five men to replace them. The crypt, which lies below the high altar, is a fresh storehouse of treasures. On descending the three or four steps from the church level we are at once in a forest of one hundred slender romanesque pillars. The light is strong enough to enable us to appreciate the fine, clean chiselling of capitals and bases. There are several altars here, originally romanesque. In the right-hand corner is the very delicate baroque tomb of Hemma. This iconoclastic style was less destructive here than usual, for it has merely overlaid the original romanesque tomb. A little electric light enables you to see the detail of the strangely carved romanesque supports below the sarcophagus.

Do not book from Victoria to Klagenfurt, the chief town

of Carinthia, in search of architectural treasures, for there are too few to repay so long a journey. You would be well advised to do so in order to see the great lake of Carinthia, the Wörther See, were there not such places on it as Velden and Pörtschach, more suitable than Klagenfurt for a boating and bathing holiday. Klagenfurt is an admirable centre for excursions to Gurk and Friesach, to the historic Zollfeld and the beautiful castle of Hoch Osterwitz. It is one of several places from which we can reach the top of the mighty wall of the Karawanken mountains, which, though running east and west, yet forms the natural boundary between the Western Germanic races and the Eastern Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes inhabiting the kingdom of Yugoslavia to the south.

Klagenfurt Cathedral is not remarkable. I liked best of all in it something quite modern—a simple bronze medallion to Klagenfurt citizens who fell in the Great War. Carinthia was always particularly patriotic, though it is loyal to the German racial ideal first and a long way after to the Hapsburg polyglot monarchy. The province furnished some of the best Austrian fighting material. In a house opposite the church is embodied a fragment of the outer wall of the mediæval city; the boundaries of the later fortified city followed exactly the line of the Ringstrasse, well beyond the mediæval limits.

The renaissance Landhaus is the most interesting building, not for its exterior, but on account of the two Wappensäle, or Heraldic Halls, which are shown by the *portier* on request. The Landhaus was built by the Estates (nobles, clergy, and burghers—the peasants and serfs had no representation) in 1518, when the Emperor Maximilian gave them permission to fortify the city. The smaller Wappensaal is merely an overflow from the larger, the walls of which are completely covered by the armorial bearings of every noble house in the land, including, of course, the lords spiritual. Both the bearings and the characteristic perspective baroque ceiling were painted by Fromüller in 1740. His frescoes are of very unequal quality, but those at the end of the hall are good, and historically interesting. They depict the ceremony in the Zollfeld attending the entry of each new Duke of Carinthia into the province when he received it at the hand of the Emperor.

On a stone table in the fields sits a peasant, his legs crossed in token that he is dispensing justice. To him comes the new Duke, dressed also as a peasant, and followed by his retainers. On his replying satisfactorily to the real peasant's

catechism—in progress in the picture—as to his identity and intentions towards the land, the latter descended from the table, which the Duke mounted, swinging his sword to the four winds of heaven in token that he would defend the land against all comers. The table, which is really the inverted base of a Roman column from the adjoining Roman city of Vironum, is now in the Klagenfurt Museum.

It is a pleasant excursion by motor-bus to Zollfeld, a stretch of flat country between two ranges of hills, where this and other historic ceremonies took place. From the hill called the Karnberg (to our left as we come out from Klagenfurt), where the stone table stood and where the ceremony just described took place, the procession came down into the Zollfeld. The Duke, now confirmed in his possessions, seated himself in the great double-sided stone chair (also made of stones from Vironum) and confirmed his nobles in the possession of their fiefs. The chair, the *Herzogsstuhl*, still stands in a clump of trees by the side of the road.

Very near stood Vironum, though there is nothing to be seen of it to-day except a few Roman stones, built in a later age by a very early antiquary into a little shrine, and a half-excavated theatre. The best of Vironum is in Klagenfurt Museum. Maria Saal, a little way up in the hills on the opposite side of Zollfeld Valley to the Karnberg, is important, for it is one of the very few fortified churches in Europe. The old wall, the moat (now dry), and the chain-slots in the gate by the bridge, which was once a drawbridge, are well preserved. There are Roman stones around the church, a romanesque charnel-house (now disused), and a good 'light pillar' such as we saw at Klosterneuburg. Stone cannon-balls fired into the walls of the church by one of its numerous unsuccessful besiegers are still visible. Inside there are many treasures, including a fine late gothic trypticum.

The most striking thing in this part of Carinthia, Hoch Osterwitz, the castle of the Khevenhüller family, I have seen only from the train. We passed it *en route* from Friesach to Klagenfurt, near St. Veith-on-the-Glan. From there it is every bit as impressive as the Riegersburg, and dominates the country-side above somewhat similar basalt crags.

It was at Hoch Osterwitz that Margarethe Maultasch, 'Pocket-Mouthed Meg', that ugly, amorous, and warlike Princess, of whom you will have read in Feuchtwanger's *Ugly Duchess*, is supposed to have defeated a besieging force

by a bloodless stratagem. The garrison's stock of food had come down to one well-fed ox; when this should have been slaughtered there remained but three days' rations of mouldy flour between the defenders and starvation. With characteristic bravado, Meg had the fatted beast slaughtered and dropped from the battlements among the besiegers. Despairing of ever reducing a garrison which could afford this extravagance, the latter withdrew, just in time for the starving defenders of the fortress.

There is a motor-drive from Klagenfurt that no motorist should miss on any account—that to the Loibl Pass. Through the wildest country a good road leads over one mountain-wall, down again to the valley, then up and up to the crest of the massive wall of the Karawanken range. It is a strange sensation to stand there, where the wind ever streams wildly through the narrow pass, and reflect that the seat of government of the Slav country stretched out before us is as far down in the Balkans as Belgrade, that ragged village which has hardly yet grown to look like the capital of little Serbia, let alone of the huge territories belonging to Yugoslavia. Who recalls to-day the guerrilla warfare which was continued in this country up till June 1919, costing Carinthia alone two hundred dead and eight hundred wounded? Who remembers that Klagenfurt itself was occupied by Yugoslav troops, and the reign of terror which lasted for over twelve months in the southern part of Carinthia?

On October 10, 1920, a plebiscite was taken in the mixed racial area south of Klagenfurt. Had it gone in favour of Yugoslavia, Klagenfurt, the capital, would itself have been subjected to plebiscite. Despite the fact that the majority in this first area was of Slovene origin, 59 per cent. opted for Austria and 41 per cent. for Yugoslavia. Klagenfurt was saved, and with it the whole of Carinthia down to the watershed of the Karawanken, but two corners on the other side, near Tarvis and Bleiburg, were cut off and handed over to Italy and Yugoslavia respectively, without the inhabitants having any voice in the matter.

It would be a pity to leave Klagenfurt without a glance at the Museum. It contains a big collection of Roman remains from Vironum, which was one of the most important cities in the province of Noricum. It was by peaceful penetration that this territory was added to the Roman Empire, the Celtic inhabitants quietly submitting to the administration

of the Romans, who came as traders and finally settled here, building a good-sized city, with reservoirs, water-conduits, thermae, and a complete drainage system. They were withdrawn as quietly as they came somewhere about A.D. 600. Then the Slavs came up from the south-east, harried by the terrible Avars. The Germans arrived in the persons of the Bajuvaren, who came here to drive back the Avars over the Karawanken, settling down among the primitive Slavs as colonists and guards of a Western frontier against the Eastern invaders, and building cities. Long before the coming of the Germans, however, the Roman settlements had simply fallen to pieces from neglect. Some of the metals the Slavs took from the deserted cities and used for agricultural implements, but this primitive folk had no use for houses. The very meaning of the ordered Roman city must have seemed inexplicable to them, and its precincts have been avoided as a haunt of demons.

There is a fine mosaic pavement from Vironum in the Klagenfurt Museum. I am no expert, but I find its design the most attractive of any in Austria. In the prehistoric section is a unique collection of tiny leaden figures, found in barrows at Frögg, dating from the Early Iron Age. In another section there are two remarkably fine panels from the bridal chest of a Princess von Görz, designed by Andrea Mantegna; the chest itself is in the church of Millstatt monastery, which we shall visit shortly. There is a good little folk-lore museum downstairs, and some accurately made relief models and panoramas of Carinthia.

I shall never forget my first glimpse of the Wörther See at Klagenfurt-Bad. I had come out by tram—it takes less than half an hour—at the end of a hot and tiring day in the dusty town of Klagenfurt. The setting sun was taking a last look over the mountain-tops at the merry crowd of bathers and turning their young bodies to glistening Greek bronzes. The roseate *Alpenglühen* inflamed the stark-jagged peaks of the Karawanken, set well back from the left bank of the lake. The pine-clad mountains straight ahead which seemed to be the end of it—in reality you can see only about a quarter of this fifteen-mile-long lake from Klagenfurt—had been reduced to mere silhouettes of thin cardboard, behind which somebody was doing something savouring of black-magic with purple, orange, and gold vapours. . . . It was an hour before I suddenly became aware that I was enveloped in the

deep silence of evening on the waters. Yes, that gay throng of Klagenfurters had left the magician alone to his art, and taken the tram back to their little city.

Certainly, it is a nightly spectacle, and in the course of eternity even golden harps must have the effect of jam every day, and yet—— When I got back to Klagenfurt town myself, I tried to discover the counter-attraction. You need not come to Klagenfurt to find it, for it is ever near you. It was bed—just bed. In contrast to Graz, Klagenfurt does not go in for any evening gaiety, and at nine of a summer night all was as still as the grave. Only here and there a passing motor-car raised yet another cloud of white chalk-dust, which, as it slowly settled again, was the one thing moving in the city.

CHAPTER XIV

VELDEN AND THE WÖRTHER SEE

By Boat down the Lake—Maria Wörth and its Frescoes—Pörtschach of the Alpenglühen—Velden, Paradise of Idlers—Fishing and Shooting in Carinthia—Other Lakes—Villach Church—Schloss Porcia, a Fragment of Italy—Millstatt's Deserted Monastery—Grotesques of Romanesque—The Sennerin.

THERE is a little boat which leaves Klagenfurt-Bad about every hour and zigzags with delightful inconsequence across the long, narrow Wörther See, calling at the countless little bathing-places on its shores. If you have not much luggage it is the ideal way of progressing down the lake towards the Nice and the Como of the Wörther See —Velden, which is at the opposite end. If you travel direct the Vienna express lands you there in about seven hours; you can get from Salzburg to Villach in under five hours, and from there to Velden in twenty minutes by train, or by motor-car if there is no convenient connection.

The boat is in no kind of a hurry—who would be, on the quiet waters of the Wörther See? Normally they are a limpid green, but for a few hours in the middle of the day—Velden calls these the *Blaue Stunden*—they are a Mediterranean blue under the full glare of the midday sun. Some of our little ports of call have a hotel or so attached, and some are complete watering-places; others consist merely of bathing cabins and a restaurant, and go to sleep at dusk. Low hills, meadows, and birch woods clothe the banks; far away to the left are the Karawanken, long jagged white teeth projecting above the 'tree-line'. White yachts move imperceptibly as their sails catch the gentle breeze which often does not even ruffle the glassy waters. Slender youths and maidens bathing from rowing-boats, their skins the colour of Red Indians, greet us cheerfully with a wave of the most convenient free limb. Here and there, high up in the fresh green of the woods,

you see a tiny white toy church, clearly left behind by some careless child, and you wonder if the toy village has also been forgotten somewhere amongst the trees. One little romanesque church with a queer square tower and gothic windows pushes itself out impertinently on a promontory into the lake; white chairs, white tablecloths, and white aprons on sunburnt waiters tempt us to go ashore. There is no good reason why we should not dally by the wayside, for this is the Wörther See, where to dally is *de rigueur*, if anything can be that in a land where no one winds his watch because time has ceased to matter. There is one very good reason why we should: this church is Maria Wörth, with its famous 'heathen' frescoes.

Actually there are two churches on this little peninsula, the birthplace of the Wörther See as inhabited country, and both are important. The larger church is actually mentioned in documents of 830, and in the crypt, pillars from it are still preserved.

The second, the 'Rosary' Church, is equally important. It has some ninth-century frescoes at the side of the high altar—the oldest in Austria. Both these and the priceless stained-glass 'Madonna and Crescent Moon' window on the right of the high altar, are considered by experts to show traces of heathen Byzantine art. Behind the larger church is one of the circular romanesque charnel-houses, many of which we have seen already. But, if you look through the grating, you will find that this one is still in use. A grisly company of human skulls and carefully sorted bones greets the eye. Owing to the peculiar sanctity of Maria Wörth, there is a big demand for space in the tiny churchyard, so from time to time the bones are dug up and placed in this charnel-house to make room for newcomers. We have time to see all this—the churches are both very small—and to get back from skulls to sunshine and something cool at a café table by the water's edge before the next boat arrives.

It takes us straight across the lake to Pörtschach, and if we have already tried Velden, or are staying longer on the lake, there is no imaginable obstacle to spending a few days there. Its situation is ideal, for it projects into the very centre of the lake, with the most perfect view across the waters of the *Alpenglühen*, which nightly paints the Karawanken all shades of the rainbow by turns, but mainly pink.

From here to Velden is only half an hour. It is difficult to

ON THE WÖRTHER SEE
MARIA WÖRTH

VELDEN-AM-WÖRTHSEE
VIEW FROM THE PROMENADE

believe that one is not in Italy when one sees the white villas gleaming amid the palms on the bright-green terrace lawns high up above the deep-blue waters. Velden is right at the end of the lake, and is the most sheltered and the warmest, as well as the most fashionable resort on it. A quarter of an hour before you reach the town itself you pass the white colonnades of the Excelsior Hotel, which is so exclusive that the boat does not stop at its private landing-stage beside its private boat-house and private bathing-beach. There is a wild shriek, and a laughing girl in bathing kit, veiled in spray, crosses our prow, standing on a surf-board pulled by a motor-boat. Then past more woods to Velden quay, with its rows of big hotels on—I had almost written—the 'sea' front, its green parks and gravelled promenades.

There is everything to do in Velden, and there is nothing. There is no end to the excursions for the energetic, and they never begin for the idle, for whom to be in or on the water—the Wörther See is the warmest Alpine lake in Europe, both because of the climate and because it is fed by warm subterranean springs—is to live the only possible Wörther-See life. From any one of half a dozen beaches you can bathe on a beach of sand or tiny rounded pebbles, as at Pörtschach. Here we are in the West End of the lake, and everything is in keeping. Outrigger crews are hard at work practising in the cooler hours; there are yacht races, motor-boat races, and swimming races every week in the season, and all day long monstrous water-gliders plunge, bows in air, backwards and forwards. Velden, in short, is something for which our previous wayfaring in modest byways has hardly prepared us. Yet despite gay costumes, bands, and dancing, one can always find quiet at Velden, which is spread out over so wide an area that no one need be troubled by his neighbour's doings.

There is any amount of fishing in and around the Wörther See. In the many mountain streams of the Karawanken and Hohe Tauern trout abound—both brook trout and rainbow trout. The owner usually demands six Schillinge (or three and sixpence) a day, and requires the catch to be delivered to him alive, or purchased at the market price. It is, therefore, necessary to have a ghillie, who carries a barrel of water slung around his shoulders to hold the fish, and will cost you a further half a crown or more per day. It is occasionally possible to make special arrangements to avoid this tiresome

business. If the real fisherman is prepared to go and stay at a simple mountain inn, he may often fish the landlord's waters for nothing, delivering up the trout, of course. On the lake itself you can get abundant coarse fishing without formality. The lake *Saibling* (a species of char) is an easy fish to catch when he comes near the surface in the cooler weather and is delicious eating. Personally I prefer the *Saibling* to trout. But he loves cold water and keeps in the depths during July and August. There are fine salmon trout, grayling, *Waller* (sheat-fish, gigantic fellows), and the mighty *Huchen* (*Salmo Hucho*), who is also found in the Danube and its tributaries, where he may weigh from twenty to fifty pounds.

In the Traunsee there is a variety of lake trout (*Reinanken*) peculiar to that lake. Smoked, it is a popular delicacy in Vienna, where it is sold as *Gmundener Reinanken*.

Good fishing can be obtained almost all over Austria, good shooting in many parts. Carinthia is one of the provinces where shooting is easily obtained; in Tyrol the prospects are also fairly good, but in the Salzkammergut, where fishing is so excellent, shooting is almost unobtainable. The system of *Abschüsse*, or shooting off single specimens at so much per head, is the most usual one in Carinthia and in Tyrol. Here are some average prices: Chamois, six pounds to ten pounds per head—more in winter, when the chamois grows his coveted black tuft, the *Gemsbart*, or 'beard', along the back. In Upper Austria alone—not by any means the best province—there are estimated to be something like five thousand of these beautiful creatures. A stag is priced according to the antlers —the lowest figure would be nine or ten pounds. Deer are plentiful everywhere, and can be shot for about thirty-five shillings a head; this is also the price for capercailzie. The trophies belong to the shooter, the carcasses to the landowner. From the authorities a *Waffenpass* (gun licence) and *Jagdschein* (shooting permit) must also be obtained; a fishing book and a fishing licence are required by fishermen; these are inexpensive. The Austrian bureaucratic machine does not run with astonishing swiftness, and I strongly advise intending fishermen and sportsmen to complete the Government formalities through the Austrian Legation in London before they leave England. In Carinthia there are quite a number of fishing and shooting lodges to be rented, with sporting rights in every case. For these, and for full informa-

tion as to local fishing rights for temporary visitors, application should be made to the official tourist office, the Landesverband für Fremdenverkehr, Klagenfurt, Burg. There are several first-class sportsmen there whose work it is to satisfy visitors in search of shooting or fishing in Austria. Local tourist associations—in Velden there is a 'Kurkommission', in smaller places the Bürgermeister passes on inquiries to the right department—attend to fishing and shooting applications for their particular district; the *Landesverband für Fremdenverkehr* in each provincial capital (Vienna for Lower Austria, Graz for Styria, Klagenfurt for Carinthia, Innsbruck for Tyrol, Bregenz for Vorarlberg, Salzburg for the province of the same name, Linz for Upper Austria, and Sauerbrunn for the Burgenland) will deal with inquiries relating to any places in their respective districts. There is also an overlapping organization for the Salzkammergut, *Verband der Kurorte und Sommerfrischen des Salzkammergutes* in Bad Ischl.

From sunrise, when the Karawanken peaks are veiled in mist and slender bands of white cloud stripe the mountains as here and there a rowing boat containing a man, a rod, a pipe, and a wet and woolly dog, breaks the glassy surface of the lake as someone pulls out for early sport, until that kaleidoscope business around the peaks sets in with sunset, the days are full at Velden. So is much of the night, when moonlight trips are in season, though the angling then is usually done by some little slip of a thing from Vienna or Budapest, even though a man may take the rod. After breakfast you see whole pyjama-clad families with rainbow bathing-gowns and sunshades walking through the streets to the bathing-beaches, there to stay until the sun sinks behind the hills. No one appreciates the unconventional attire more than little ten-year-old Mauserli, a finished coquette until she recovers her suspended childhood in the water trying to chase ashore the occasional shoals of silver-green fish which are betrayed by the clearness of the lake. All around Velden are a score of smaller lakes, some of considerable size, such as the caterpillar-shaped Ossiacher See (which has also pleasant bathing resorts), and some tiny gems, like the sapphire Faaker See up in the mountains. A cable railway is now being constructed to the mountains above the Ossiacher See. Every few years the lake freezes, and when heroes with long poles (to hold them up if the ice gives way) have made the journey

from Klagenfurt to Velden without incident, visitors are free of seventeen miles of skating.

There are many well-organized trips in *Gesellschaftsautos*—I refuse to call them *chars-à-bancs*—to places as far away as Gurk, and even one (which I will ask you to take with me) to the Glockner Glacier. It is quite worth while hiring a car to survey the surrounding country and perhaps select another stopping-place on the neighbouring Millstatter See. A halt should be made in Villach, where the church has so many mediæval tombstones of noble families that one seems to be in an armoury of marble knights.

The best thing in Villach is the courtyard of the Rathaus, formerly the *palais* of the Khevenhüller family, with its three tiers of beautiful renaissance arcades. Around the courtyard are ranged Roman stones from the district, with one massive sarcophagus of a Roman tax-collector and his wife, bearing an interesting invocation of the *manes*. Ten minutes' drive from Villach town is Warmbad Villach, with its bathing-pool of warm radio-active water bubbling up from a fountain in the middle. The pool is set in the same lovely park amid pine-clad hills in which the Romans used to bathe and bask in the sun.

From here we follow the valley of the green Drave to Spittal-an-der-Drau, with many good things to look at, notably the fine baroque ironwork of the Rathaus balcony. The church, behind the two larger inns, is interesting, and has, I remember, two very early gothic reliefs in stone.

Even my beloved Landhaus in Graz fades into insignificance beside Schloss Porcia (in Spittal), a jewel of the Italian renaissance, which was built by the Venetian, Scamozzi (we shall meet him again at Salzburg), for Prince Porcia, the Chancellor of the Emperor Ferdinand I, in 1537. Save for its grace and dignity, the courtyard, which can be seen at fixed hours only, might have been built yesterday, so lightly has time dealt with it. The three tiers of arcades run around three sides, and I cannot hope to convey to those who have not seen it any idea of their grace and dignity. The columns, above which are set medallions like cameos in the wall, are plain, only the capitals being delicately ornamented (especially on the second story), but the two columns of the portico are richly scrolled. We must climb the main staircase as far as possible to see the elaborate renaissance grille which bars further progress, to examine the grey stucco

on the ceilings of the galleries, and to read the proud motto of the coat-of-arms flanked by banners:—

Portia aut Porcia
Ex Sanguine Regum Troianorum et Sicambrorum Progenitus.

Just outside Spittal there was another important Roman town, Teurnia. It is about half an hour's motor-ride to the two huts on the site of the city, where many interesting remains have been preserved, including the foundations of the walls of the fifth-century basilica, with a good mosaic pavement and altar.

The road from Spittal to Millstatt follows a foaming torrent nearly all the way. Since we left Velden, we have never been for long out of sight of the Dobratsch mountain, and now the valley of the Drave is swallowed up in the walls of the Hohe Tauern, as the road turns aside to skirt the Millstätter See. There is the same rowing, sailing, and fishing to be had here as on the Wörther See, and good bathing, but the hills are lower. The town of Millstatt, though less fashionable and more of a middle-class family resort than Velden, has one thing to offer that it would be difficult to find in any other bathing-place in the world—bed and board in a mediæval monastery. The monks are no longer there, of course, but though the buildings go under the style and title of a hotel, the Lindenhof, they have lost little of their monastic character. In the garden is a gigantic lime-tree that must have afforded shade to generations of monks (if one may speak of generations of the celibate). Its venerable appearance suggests something of what is in store for us within the deserted courts.

Millstatt, founded in the eleventh century, ranks not far behind Gurk as a storehouse of romanesque treasures. The original Benedictine monastery and church were burnt down in 1221, but rebuilding commenced immediately, parts of the old structures being embodied in the new. According to legend, Domitian, a Frankish knight of the days of Charlemagne, came to Carinthia to impose Christianity on the heathen by the might of his good sword. On the hills above this lake he found a pagan pantheon with a thousand statues, which he hurled into the lake, where they still lie. The place, however, retained the name of Mille Statuae, or Millstatt.

One day a storm broke out on the lake, in which his son was drowned. Domitian prayed that the body might be

restored to him and began to drain the lake, then much deeper than it is now. Slowly the level sank, until the peninsula on which Millstatt stands to-day was uncovered, and there lay the body of his son. On this spot Domitian built the church which was the forerunner of the later monastery. Though the Vatican has refused his canonization, the local inhabitants have carried it through on their own account. His name-day, February 5th, is celebrated as that of their patron saint, and his bones are preserved in a reliquary in a side-chapel of Millstatt church.

For nearly four centuries Millstatt prospered under the Benedictines, and for a shorter period maintained a convent of Benedictine nuns in the neighbourhood, but both morals and prosperity declined in the general laxity which preceded the Renaissance, and the monastery was abandoned in 1455. In 1468 it was taken over by the Knights of the Order of St. George, which had been formed to combat the Turkish peril, but they had no funds to equip or train their members. In 1748 Turks under the Bey of Bosnia visited these unhappy Turk-hunters and burnt the city—but not the monastery —of Millstatt under their very noses. Under these poor fighters but good architects the Arcade Court of the monastery was built, where one can sit under another mighty lime-tree and dream the centuries away. Like the Benedictines before them, they suffered from collapse of discipline and moral decay, and were finally expelled in 1542.

The deserted buildings were given to the Jesuits in 1598. From this period date the high baroque additions to the church, with the fine statues of St. Ignatius Loyola and other saints of their Order. The Jesuits made Millstatt pay, but drove the peasants in 1735 to revolt. The monastery was invaded and the monks driven out and beaten. The triumph of the peasants was as short-lived as usual in Austrian history, and the vengeance of the State as terrible. All the ringleaders were executed and their heads placed on poles outside the monastery walls. In 1773, when the Jesuits were forbidden for a period to reside in Austria, Millstatt was finally deserted. It is now State property.

Millstatt demands several hours' study at least. Happy those who can spend a holiday on the lake and devote an hour daily to making fresh discoveries within the monastery walls. Being uninhabited, there is, of course, no *Klausur*, so that ladies are not barred from any part. The cloisters and the

church itself are most important. In the former we may spend hours examining the delightfully grotesque capitals and bases of the romanesque pillars. Every one is different, and each, of course, has its meaning, though we cannot always read it. The interlaced triquetra is the Trinity, the pelican tearing open its breast to feed its young with its blood symbolizes the sacrifice of the Cross, the Griffon is Christ, God, and Man, grapes are the Holy Communion, ears of corn the fruits of a holy life. The Lion (fascinating beasties these, carved by sculptors who had, of course, never seen them in the flesh, and suggestive of the fantasies of a Hieronymus Bosch) is usually the Power of Evil. But what are we to make of a pair of pillars, one of which grows out of the mouth of a lion with his head twisted completely round, while the other is supported by the shoulders of a man crouching on the lion's back and biting the beast's tail? Among these many fascinating problems must be numbered the strange creature on the lintel of the doorway in the corner which leads into the choir, with a prostrate man in its jaws grasping a key.

The church presents more problems of a similar kind, such as the stone reliefs on the porch, dating certainly as far back as the eleventh century. There are many frescoes of very early date, too numerous to mention, but the one on the left tower façade (sadly damaged by weather) must not be overlooked. It is a minutely detailed presentation of the Last Judgment, the work, according to Austrian experts, of a renaissance painter who had studied in Italy and been influenced by Raphael. The recessed romanesque orders of the main entrance are extraordinarily beautiful and bear comparison with those of Gurk. The gothic carved wooden doors are dated 1368. Two more good lions adorn the second of the three pairs of delicate pillars—just as delightfully impossible beasts as those of the cloisters. All over Europe you find these wonderful heraldic lions; they have all a family resemblance (to one another, not to lions) because, from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, they were all based on a *Book of Beasts* showing the symbolical meaning of the animal world with respect to Christianity. That book was studied by all sculptors up to the dawn of the Renaissance. Inside, the church has glorious gothic vaulting for which the Knights of St. George are responsible, altars and wood-carving in baroque from the Jesuit period, with a little rococo.

A bad road at the bottom of a steep glen takes us past two

little lakes, the Brenn See and the Affritzer See (ideal for a solitary fishing and boating holiday) into a ravine which gradually leads to the western end of the Ossiacher See. High above, on the lower slopes of the mountains which accompany us all the way back to Velden, are the little huts of the *Sennerinen*, the girls who live alone (unless tourists in the mountains call upon them for a night's lodging on the straw) with their cows and goats on the Alpine pastures or Alm from the disappearance of the snows until their return in October. Many are the songs, especially in Tyrol, of the boundless hospitality of the *Sennerin*. 'On the Alm there is no sin' is one of the most popular; the interpretation is metaphysical.

CHAPTER XV

FROM VELDEN TO THE GLACIERS; SALZBURG AND TYROL

By Motor to the Glockner Glacier—Thrills of the Mountains—Story of Heiligenblut—Nonchalant Drivers and Precipices—Above the Glacier—Tempting Death in the Mountains—Through the Tauern to Bad Gastein, a Town on a Waterfall—Zell-am-See—Charm of Kitzbühel—Mystery of a Mayor—A Mad Evening—The Alps—St. Johann

MAY I persuade you, in company with me and fifteen others, to enter a 'Society motor-car', set off from the warm shores of the lake, from Velden, at 7.30 a.m., have a 'fork breakfast' at Spittal, lunch at Heiligenblut, in the shadow of the highest mountain in the Austrian Alps, the Gross Glockner, and have tea on a verandah looking *down* on to its mighty glacier? The return trip to Velden will cost you thirty shillings. Mountaineers will prefer to tackle the Glockner from Lienz, in East Tyrol, since from there, by way of Kals, the ascent of the difficult Glockner peak is less dangerous. Lienz is the great centre for both the ice and snows of the Gross Glockner, Gross Venediger, and others of that group, and for the perhaps even more adventurous rock-climbing in the Gailtaler Alps.

Soon after Spittal the road seems to leave civilization behind. The scenery grows wilder every mile as we make the gradual ascent of the valley of the Möll, picking our way carefully over fragile-looking wooden bridges across the boiling torrent. The villages consist of primitive Alpine houses, the roofs weighted with stones, the outer walls surrounded by stacks of wood chopped for winter fuel. Here and there a waterfall spouts from the rocks a thousand feet above our heads, strikes the cliff and breaks into a fine spray, which seems to hang motionless over the valley, like a narrow scarf of impalpable tulle. Everywhere new mountain torrents hurl themselves impetuously into the icy Möll, which becomes

a river at the point where it ceases to be the glacier towards which we are moving. There is no question of 'speeding' on this narrow road, where we have to draw in to the side to allow any vehicle encountered to manœuvre past us. There are thrills enough to satisfy the most adventurous, especially when we take the last sharp turn out of the valley towards early afternoon and begin to climb up to Heiligenblut. Driving too near the edge here would in many places mean a sheer drop of anything down to a thousand feet. As we approach the head of the valley there is a chill in the summer afternoon air, which comes straight from the glacier.

The public road ends at Heiligenblut. From here runs that fine piece of Austrian engineering, the Glockner Strasse (the road to the glacier), owned by the Austrian Alpine Club, under whose auspices it was built in 1908. We can lunch in the cold sunshine of the terrace at the hotel and look up the gorge to the dingy grey tongue of the glacier curving downwards below the dazzling snow-clad peaks of the Gross and Klein Glockner. So narrow is the Glockner Strasse that traffic may only ascend or descend alternate hours. This gives time for a look at the church—the highest with a parish attached in Carinthia.

In the churchyard are many graves of those who have lost their lives in the mountain above us—she still claims an average of ten victims a year. The church itself was built in 1483, the crypt still earlier. The trypticum, Tyrolese gothic wood-carving, is very good. Close to it, in a monstrance, is preserved a tiny glass phial containing the 'Sacred Blood' from which the village is named. The story concerning it is of one Briccius, a Dane, who, after long service in Byzantium in the army of the Emperor Leo, desired to return to his native land. On the grateful Emperor offering him his choice of all that he had, Briccius replied: 'Give me, then, the greatest treasure of this land, the flask from the high altar of St. Sophia containing the Sacred Blood which flowed from a picture of Christ when it was stabbed by an insolent Jew'. The Emperor granted his request, and Briccius had got as far as the Glockner, when he was lost in a snowstorm and died. At once three blades of wheat sprouted up through the snow. Peasants cleared the snow away in order to solve the mystery of corn in winter and found the body of Briccius. They placed it on a cart, intending to move it to the churchyard, but the oxen

HEILIGENBLUT, WITH THE GLOCKNER PEAKS

refused to move. Finally the body was buried on the spot where it had been found. The next day, a leg protruded from the grave; in a deep cut was hidden this little phial. The Archbishop of Salzburg learned its history from Byzantium, and a church was built on the spot, which the present building replaced in 1483. Still from all parts of Austria pious pilgrims make their way to this little church, which is only free from snow during a few summer months.

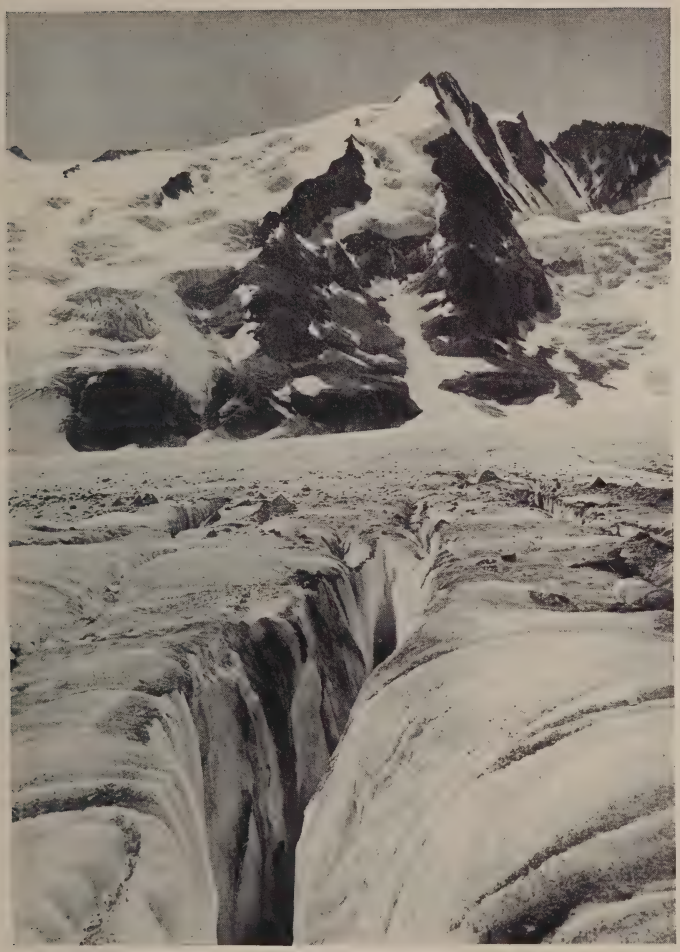
Climbing the Glockner Strasse affords an average of one thrill per hundred yards. Hardly have you set out when you are stopped on the edge of a precipice to pay a toll of three and sixpence per head for upkeep of the road, a reasonable charge if it is expended to keep this marvellous road in order, but which would be far more reasonably and honestly collected in Heiligenblut, instead of when you are definitely committed to the adventure. The road is seven miles long and rises 2,700 feet; only very small chars-à-bancs and ordinary motor-cars can use it. In the hands of their nonchalant drivers—ours never removed the cigarette adhering to his lower lip, or demonstrated on the steering-wheel that he had more than one hand, from start to finish—they make the course, with boiling water blowing a fine spray out of the radiator-cap, in under an hour. The chauffeur took the barely possible curves at top speed, and for the quite impossible ones, still one-handed and with never a glance behind him, backed on the edge of a two-thousand-foot drop, and so got the long-suffering car round the corner in two rushes and a chorus of snorts. It was comforting to learn on arrival at the glacier that there has not been a single motor accident since the road was built in 1908, but it would have been much nicer to have heard that in Heiligenblut.

The beauty of the climb, however, gives you little time for imaginative terrors—foaming torrents plunge beneath the road and a succession of waterfalls across the ravine leap from boulder to boulder towards the Möll, now a thin grey streak below us. I even found edelweiss close to where our car stopped. What an ignominious fate for this distinguished blossom, supposed to be obtainable only at the risk of human life, to be plucked by a tripper in a 'charrybang'! Pick what you like (with care) up here, but leave anything rather than pull it up by the roots, for the flora of the Glockner is getting scantier every year. Accursed be the vandals who take roots and all! I know one or two particularly deep and nasty

crevasses on the Glockner Glacier which would swallow up such folk very appropriately.

Just after rounding the last curve before reaching our objective—the two little Alpine shelter-huts, the Marienhöhe and the Glocknerhaus—the glacier comes into sight, well below the level of the road, and looking for all the world like—a glacier, a river of ice. It is six miles long, but from this point you can see only about a quarter of a mile descending through a break in the snow-clad peaks. It has an estimated depth of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet, and flows at an average speed of a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty feet per year. The tongue, however, moves at the lightning rate of nearly a foot per day. It is dangerous to walk down and on to the glacier here, at its melting-point, but an hour's climb to the Franz Josef's Hütte will bring us to a point where we may quite safely venture on the ice with an alpenstock and nailed boots. If you are not accustomed to mountaineering, however, you will do well to take someone with you who is. There is no recovery from a false step on the edge of a slippery crevasse, and several people make one every year. Down by the edge of the glacier, where it touches the rocks, the ice in summer is always melting slightly by day and freezing again at night. Here are great heaps of scored and rounded stones, the side moraines, carried along and thrown up by the monster in the course of millenniums. A few thousand years ago, this glacier stretched down the valley through which we have come, over the Wörther See and beyond Klagenfurt into the Zollfeld, nearly up to the castle of Hoch Osterwitz. It is still the greatest glacier in Austria.

The dirty-looking ridges that one sees from above reveal themselves, when one is on the glacier, as crevasses several feet across, of a lovely blue tint. Just two months before I was there, a girl slipped to her death on the edge of one while lost in admiration of the wondrous colouring of the ice. Non-mountaineers should be wary of the casual manner in which the Austrians talk of strolling across the glacier. For mountaineers it is nothing, indeed, but for the rest of us a sufficiently exciting tour. To reach the lovely snow-capped peaks of the Gross and Klein Glockner just across the ice river—they look half an hour's walk away—is a very stiff climb of six hours, only for the experienced, with guides. The ascent can only be attempted in the short summer climbing



THE PASTERZEN GLACIER AND THE GROSS GLOCKNER

season. In the winter the huts where we are to spend the night are closed, the goats driven down to Heiligenblut, and this plateau abandoned to a snow-covered silence that is only broken by the roar of frequent avalanches. During the season as many as forty persons in the day will make the Glockner ascent. The thing seems child's-play. Then, one party will be returning with the guide on a lovely August afternoon, feeling quite ready for tea, when there comes a slight change of temperature. Within half an hour they cannot see a foot ahead, being swallowed up in a blinding snowstorm which may last twenty-four hours. While it rages they dare not move and they dare not close their eyes. On such a day, a week or so before I was there, a young honeymoon couple, both with some climbing experience, fell on sleep amidst the soft whirl of the flakes.

Women, the guides will tell you, are quite as good in the mountains as men—sometimes better, because of their great powers of endurance. Twelve months ago an experienced party of five, including a well-known guide, was caught in one of these sudden and unforeseeable snowstorms, which lasted for twenty-four hours. When it stopped, a young German girl in her twenties, the sole survivor, staggered across the glacier in search of help to bring in the dead bodies of her companions. Your mountaineer by birth—and every Austrian province is full of these—is never at a loss for a fresh method of challenging death. On 'ice tours' such as this, across the Pasterzen Kees (*Kees* is Carinthian and Salzburg dialect for the German *Gletscher*—glacier) to the Glockner peaks, the chief qualities called for are a thorough knowledge of the country, toughness (the climbing is most fatiguing), and presence of mind. The dangers which may arise like a flash of lightning are snow avalanches (these are rarer in summer), glacier avalanches, or the specially dreaded *Steinschlag*. Summer is the worst season for the last-named peril. During the day the heat of the sun melts ice or snow which penetrates the crevices of the rocks. The water freezes at night, splitting off great masses of rock, which are nevertheless kept attached by the ice itself until this melts under next day's sun, sending the rocks hurtling down the mountain-side. There is no danger of *Steinschlag* before 10 a.m., hence the early start made by climbing parties. Lightning in the Alps is another danger for men carrying Alpenstocks or ice-axes, and shod with climbing irons; these must be got

rid of instantly. And when the sudden mist descends and blots out everything, there is nothing to do but to sit down with map and compass and try to work out exactly how close you are to the next precipice.

Rock-climbing in the Dolomites or in the Gailtaler Alps offers rather more opportunities of meeting with a violent death. It cannot even be attempted unless the climber is absolutely immune from giddiness and has great strength in his finger-tips, for he must be able to cling like a fly to the face of the rock, looking down between his feet without a tremor or even the thought of one, to a sheer drop of three thousand feet; the twitch of a muscle may mean instant death. Yet for the Austrian of the mountains, who starts this sort of thing at twelve or even earlier, the world holds nothing else. If he has to live in Vienna he spends his days planning how he can secure a few hours in peril of his life.

You will be excellently fed in these little Alpine huts, but do not expect other luxuries, such as a room to yourself. In most of them there is nothing but rough mattresses in one large room, but here were beds and clean sheets, with no more than three to a room. With great cunning, I volunteered for the unpopular bed near the window, and surreptitiously opened it wide; I was caught in the act, and we compromised on half an inch. But the mountain air was too much for me and I fell asleep in two minutes, whereupon my sly room-mate must have crept out and closed that window in defiance of our treaty. The fates were just: he snored with such violence that I promptly awoke and perceived his treachery, considered treaty obligations at an end, and fastened it wide open, filling the room with such a solid block of icy glacier air that he was almost afraid to leave the shelter of the blankets when we were called at sunrise next morning to see the *Alpenglühen*.

Bad Gastein, the waterfall with hotels attached, is just across the frontier of the Province of Salzburg. It is reached from Villach by a five-and-a-half-mile tunnel through the Tauern mountains and thence by the Tauern Bahn, a railway striding on viaducts across valleys and clinging to the sides of mountains like a true Austrian. Past ruined castles and more wild mountain scenery we reach Böckstein, a pretty little summer resort in the cup of the hills, where chamois abound and the Czernins have a shooting-lodge, and thence, over the turbulent River Ache, to Bad Gastein.

Gastein is one of those places which it is foolish to attempt to describe. If you have never seen it, you will not believe in it; if you have, you will never forget a single detail. Baldly told, it is just this. There is a cleft in the wall of the Hohe Tauern range. On either side of the cleft rises fir-clad mountain upon mountain, with distant snow-capped peaks and glacier-covered heights. Through the cleft boils the River Ache, itself a glacier a few miles back, and drops sheer, first for two hundred and then again for two hundred and eighty feet into the valley beneath. On either side of this roaring, glittering mass of foam and water, great white hotels have planted themselves, have laid out promenades and terraces, and have turned the mountain slopes into parks. Into the tiled baths of all the hotels issues the literally boiling water of radio-active springs in the mountain-side, which has to be cooled before you can bathe in it, and which makes you feel rather like an india-rubber ball. This is Gastein.

It is a fashionable spa, and its prices are in keeping. You have a better view of the falls above you (and of the glaciers, which cannot be seen from Bad Gastein) and get the same radio-active water at an equable temperature if you stay in the valley below at Hof Gastein. Nobody who is anybody ever does, which makes it extraordinarily pleasant for nobodies. I may add, for the benefit of those whose purses will not stand a longer stay at Gastein, that it is a practicable day excursion by rail from Salzburg, and a very easy one from Zell-am-Zee.

We might take a look at Zell immediately. There is a charmingly situated hotel on a little peninsula jutting out into the Zeller Lake, looking straight into the heart of the eternal snows of the Tauern peaks. There is good coarse fishing on the lake, bathing, and boating. Zell-am-See lies nearly 2,500 feet above sea-level, yet, owing to the fact that the snow mountains are not too close and the immediate hills not high, it gets its full share of sunshine. The excursion which everyone has to make from Zell is the three-hour light-railway journey up the valley of the Salzach to the Krimml waterfalls, the greatest in Austria, and, I believe (taking even Niagara into account), the most impressive in the world. Far above us in the Tauern the Krimml glacier pushes its tongue over the ice-bound crags, melts and roars down into the valley where we stand in three mighty bounds. More than twelve hundred feet above us the falls begin, and there are eight recognized observation-points, all of which we

should visit to appreciate to the full the grandeur of the spectacle. However brightly the sun is shining in Zell, dress as for heavy rain when you go to Krimml, for you cannot escape a soaking in the whirling clouds of spray.

From Zell the next place to visit would normally be Salzburg, but it will be more convenient for the purposes of this round tour if we first cross the boundary into Tyrol, retracing our footsteps through Zell later on. Innsbruck will be our best centre for explorations, of course, but I cannot allow you to get so far as yet. Among all the places that we are perforce neglecting, Kitzbühel shall not be one.

At first glance it is as difficult to believe in Kitzbühel as it is in Bad Gastein. Certainly there are little painted Alpine houses, Tyrolese hand-carved, to be bought in Innsbruck and Vienna which look just like those of its main streets, and romantic artists have painted something of the sort, but these things one regards with scepticism. If you arrive from Innsbruck, you will find that even the train is a little sceptical of the possibility of Kitzbühel, and makes so complete a circuit of the town that you think it is not going to stop at all.

Let me warn you not to approach your hotel by any means except on foot. The thing becomes more credible if you walk up to it slowly from a very ordinary station than if you step out of a dingy hotel omnibus into the midst of it. But anyway, the place is ridiculous. Do real people really descend from beneath the gothic gables of these painted houses with stone-laden, overhanging eaves, to sell cheese and mousetraps in the shops below? Does a real live mayor try to do serious things with ink and paper, and perhaps an Alpine mace, in this ridiculous Rathaus with terra-cotta walls, dark-red shutters and window-boxes overflowing with ivy geraniums? Do they really ask you whether you want 'with or without pension', provide baths h. and c., and expect tips inside these toy-chalets-brought-to-life labelling themselves hotels? It is satisfying to hear someone in the reception office inquiring whether you have booked a room, thereby making Kitzbühel real.

In one sense, of course, it is not real, for the Alpine village which has never been discovered by foreigners has not the money to have quite such well-made streets, such brightly distempered houses and such a riot of flowers at every window. But Kitzbühel has been discovered without being spoiled. It is spared a Palace Hotel and (unless your tastes are definitely

THE FIRST OF THE KRIMML FALLS

palatial) you will be relieved to hear that the local authorities have ensured that it never shall have one. The prices at an hotel of the middle grade, room and pension, vary between seven and ten shillings a day—more in July and August.

The Vordere Stadtgasse is the main street and the most charming, but the Hintere Stadtgasse (you will know it by the beautifully wrought iron and gilded sign of the hotel 'Zum Greifen'), running parallel to it, is little less delightful. In the former, the old houses with steep or gently sloping roofs, with gothic bays or rounded baroque contours stand shoulder to shoulder, with scarcely one modern interloper and no gaps. There can be no competition, only the most friendly rivalry between the shops and hotels in this one-style townlet. And for the visitors from another world, there is clearly an affectionate welcome. In summer, the villagers sit o'nights in their Tyrolese dress on the seats planted along the side of the main street and regard with parental affection the strange, cropped heads and the slender ankles of the girls, the studied carelessness of the holiday garb of the men from London, Paris, and Vienna, who promenade the streets, as who should say: 'Queer creatures, indeed, they are, but they are our very own, and we are proud of them'.

I remember once reaching Kitzbühel on a Sunday afternoon in August. Nothing could ever surprise me there, and to step out of my hotel for a turn after dinner and be greeted with a storm of confetti seemed perfectly right and proper. Neither was there any call for comment in the fact that a deafening blare of music heralded my arrival at the main square. Flaring torches lit up the band in their full Tyrolese gala dress of the district—brown cut-away coats and short breeches, white stockings, scarlet waistcoats, and tall brown hats turned up at one side with a feather in the back.

The encounter was particularly opportune, because it enabled me to solve that little matter of the Rathaus. There *is* a mayor in it, for I saw him in the flesh, marching at the head of that band down the Vordere Stadtgasse, and heard him call for a *Ständchen* —a serenade—for a certain Munich doctor outside the restaurant where the latter was dining. This gentleman, it appeared from the mayor's speech, came to lodge with 'Mother Bacher' thirty years previously, and had stayed on ever since. Moved almost to tears by the deafening tributes of Kitzbühel, the old gentleman himself came out on to the steps in the torchlight to receive a bouquet of

Alpine flowers and to reply. With his family around him, he confessed to the charge. Thirty years ago, indeed, he had danced on the main square of Kitzbühel with a *fesche* Viennese damsel. Furthermore, he would have repeated the performance to-night, had anyone asked him. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Well, Herr Doktor, what of it? Who, indeed, would not live for thirty years in Kitzbühel if he could? Who would not dance in the village square? In five minutes we all were doing it. The band blared again, and behind it we marched round and round the town. Then everybody joined hands and we continued in columns of twelves stretching right across the street. Soon the march became a lilting swaying—hard to the right, hard to the left swung the lines of laughing processionists. Then the right of each line linked up with the left, and the old houses looked down with approval on the rings of leaping, singing, dancing humanity preceding the band all down the main street. I speak not of myself, but I grieve to record that at least two fellow-countrymen of mine whom I had noticed behaving ever so nicely at dinner-time might have been seen grasping the full-sized hands of quite unknown buxom Tyrolese lasses and whirling around in a thoroughly scandalous manner. The thing was a Tyrolese version of the 'Farmer Brown' dance at Treliss, so vividly described by Hugh Walpole in his *Portrait of a Man with Red Hair*. The local priest beamed definite approval of us, and unless I am much mistaken an English clergyman did the same. Somewhere around 2 a.m. I was aroused by a little group of ex-revellers settling beneath my window a round dozen of the graver international problems of Europe, as well as the site of the new swimming-bath for Kitzbühel.

Do not go to Kitzbühel to dance down the main street. With solemn faces they told me next day that exuberance of this sort is very rare. I do not believe them, but I cannot guarantee that you can count on its occurring weekly. Certainly you will not dance down the main street in winter-time if you are there for the winter-sports season—the snow lies far too thick, for one thing—but you can dance all night in all the hotels. Kitzbühel is perhaps the most charming winter-sport place in Austria; crowds of merry English snow-maniacs certainly seem to think so. It is peculiarly well sheltered from the bitter winds of winter, yet has a very full allowance of sunshine. A quarter of an hour away lies

the Schwarzsee, a little lake at the foot of the jagged heights of the Wild Kaiser mountain. It provides as good skating in winter as it does bathing and boating in summer, and there are ski-jumps all round it. What else to do in Kitzbühel? Climb the wild crags of the Kaisergebirge, which offer as many opportunities for self-destruction as even Tyrolese could desire, fish in the many mountain streams and shoot in the woods. Do not miss the church, a fine example of simple Tyrolese late gothic. It was built between 1435 and 1506; among other interesting things it has a dignified early baroque altar.

A little way back along the line—we passed through it on our way from Zell—is St. Johann in Tyrol, easily visited from Kitzbühel by train. It is a village of Tyrolese houses of the same type as those in Kitzbühel, but in St. Johann they are detached.

Comfortable post-motors—the mails are largely carried by motor-coach in Austria—run regularly from St. Johann to Kufstein, one of the gates of Austria. The drive along the Kaisergebirge is well worth taking, and if you start from Kitzbühel by train before the post-motor leaves, you will be able to walk from St. Johann in half an hour to a tiny church on the Kufstein road, and there pick up the post-motor. There is a reason for doing so. In the midst of some farm buildings by the wayside stands the miniature Weitau Spitalskirche. It is very early gothic, built in 1262 by one Gebhart von Velbm, the remains of whose castle can just be traced on a neighbouring hill. From the road you would never expect to find anything of the sort in the farmyard—the hens were occupying the little wooden porch when I found my way there. In this porch are some fine gothic stone relief tombstones. The interior is beautifully light, and has been given a dignified coating of baroque, with elements of rococo. But what we are looking for is mainly hidden by the baroque high altar, and we must step behind to see it—the very fine glass in the thirteenth-century east windows. There are ten panes, each showing a saint more or less in silhouette, with such wonderful colouring as I have only seen elsewhere in Austria at Heiligenkreuz and in museums. Coloured glass formed no part of the baroque scheme of church decoration, and these windows were put here behind the altar in the seventeenth century.

CHAPTER XVI

INNSBRUCK

Innsbruck Grey and Gay—The Goldne Dachl—The Gothic Old Town—Maximilian's Tomb in the Hofkirche—Four Churches, Romanesque to Rococo—The Lost Half-Province—Deeds of Andreas Hofer—The Romance of Amras—Dinner-Jackets and Hobnail Boots

FOUR o'clock on a winter's morning. A grey, old city, walled in by snow-covered mountains, their peaks and the sky cut off by an opaque roof of mist. A room in a good hotel, costing per night about fifty pounds in Austrian money, in English currency less than fivepence. A bathroom geyser heated by burning half a fir-tree, gas and coal being unprocurable, except for the international trains and for the occasional inland ones which started off with no guarantee of arriving anywhere. Breakfast on sour black bread, mainly composed of potato meal and some woody pith, no butter, malt-and-acorn coffee. In the streets, spindle-shanked, hollow-eyed children making their way over the snow to one of the very few places in the world where there was pity left for the Tyrolese—the 'Quaker-Speisen'. A stranger photographs a group of these hungry mites, and an Innsbruck woman rushes impetuously to him. 'Won't you write—won't you tell the English people the truth—what they and their friends are doing to a brave but beaten enemy?' A promise to do one's best, with little hope of finding a newspaper that will listen at a moment when revenge masquerading as justice is the most marketable journalistic commodity. In the churches the golden splendour of baroque, mocking the lined faces of the kneeling men and women who repeat the *Vater Unser* with a new fervour long strange to the world. To such devout—if you prefer it, to such bigoted—Catholics as the Tyrolese, no miracle is impossible—not even this for which they beg before the altar, 'Give us this day our daily bread'. Such was Innsbruck as I first saw it in the piping times of peace in 1920.

August. The streets bathed in sunshine and filled with hustling, chattering crowds of tourists—Americans finding burly, bearded Tyrolese, mediæval streets and the Goldne Dachl alike 'too cute for words'; Britons sturdily forcing the Tyrolese—who are not easily forced—to talk our language; Germans from the Reich, in workmanlike mountain kit, alpenstock and ice-axe in hand. The great mountains, the snow on their peaks sparkling in the sunshine, seem no longer to cut off from the world's sympathy, but to protect the life in the streets which run in every direction straight to the foot of the Alpine walls. Thus was Innsbruck renewing her youth when last I saw her. Mourning wreaths, it is true, were still being laid, with South Tyrol names on the cards attached, at the foot of Andreas Hofer's monument on the Iselsberg and of the sad memorial tablet in the Hofkirche. In the hall of the Tyrolese Diet three of the pictures representing the cities of Tyrol were still draped in crape, 'and always will be', I was told quietly, 'until our brothers in those cities of Austrian South Tyrol are reunited with the Fatherland'. Postcards depicting 'The Tragedy of South Tyrol' still filled the shop windows. There were still refugees from the sunny side of the Brenner seeking work on its cold northern slopes. These were signs of an unhealable wound of the spirit; materially, Innsbruck was prospering as seldom before.

Hard as it will be to stop, there is no difficulty about where to begin in Innsbruck—at the beautiful *loggia*, known the world over from its roof of gilded copper plates as the 'Goldne Dachl'. We can trace very easily the old fortified city—it was contained in the oval formed by the river and the streets, Markt-and Burg-Graben, Rennweg, and Herrengasse; along these streets the moat ran, as the names of the two first record. In this little area I have failed to find one modern house.

The streets of Innsbruck and the Tyrolese themselves are alike distinctive in character. In this capital of sturdy mountaineers of German stock you will rarely hear the 'Küss' die Hand' ', the 'Hab' die Ehre', or any of the other countless compliments of the Viennese, except from a non-Tyrolese. Here the only salutation is the Catholic 'Grüss' Gott'—which in Vienna is used mostly by humble or old-fashioned people. You will see more Berlin and Munich than Vienna newspapers on sale. The recovery of her lost territory (as far south, that is, as the gorge of Salurn, where it is admitted

that the German tongue ceases to predominate—there is no wish ever again to be connected with the more southerly, purely Italian Trentino territory once joined to Tyrol) is the unchangeable obsession of the Tyrolese, and it is realized that help is more likely to come from the Reich than from the Austrian Republic. Innsbruck and Vienna are poles apart, geographically, spiritually, and architecturally. We shall not peep inquisitively into courtyards here, for there are none. Instead, I shall ask you to do something worse—to walk a few steps up any inviting staircase and admire the gothic or renaissance arching. There was no room in Innsbruck to build the spacious courtyards of Graz; the houses, almost without exception gothic, turned, as always in that period, the narrow front towards the street. When the Renaissance came, it could do little more than round off pointed arches here and there; baroque and rococo, though they had a free hand inside the churches, could do nothing to the houses but add here a monumental portal, there a coating of fantastic stucco arabesques. The city was cramped by its (long vanished) walls and moat before ever Friederich mit der leeren Tasche set up his court here after the second division of the crown lands among the Hapsburg family.

Nothing, I suppose, will ever avail to convince the Tyrolese-in-the-street or the tourist that the historical legend of the Goldne Dachl is not history. It is true that Friederich mit der leeren Tasche bought the two houses from which the *loggia* projects and set up his court there, but it is, alas! not true that, to prove that his pockets were not so empty as his nickname implied, he built the *loggia* itself and roofed it with imitation gold pieces. Beyond question it was built in 1500 by the Emperor Maximilian; Friederich died in 1439. Both the style (very late gothic), the date carved on the window itself, 1500, the oldest available chronicles, and, above all, the coats-of-arms carved in relief, which could not possibly have been claimed by Friederich, but which did belong to Maximilian, establish it after centuries of error as the work of the latter.[1]

The Dachl was built as a stage box from which the court might watch the players (English among them) who performed in the street below. You need glasses to examine all the details of this justly celebrated building. On two red marble pillars rises the first story, bearing in fine stone relief the coats-of-

[1] *Das Goldne Dachl in Innsbruck* (Garber).

arms of the Emperor below the windows; the façade is painted, almost in the style of the early renaissance. The second story is the actual *loggia;* the front balustrade displays in the centre two reliefs showing the court watching the performances of the players and carnival revellers from this very *loggia;* the two reliefs on either side and the two on the balustrade to the left and right display with rich humour the performers themselves. Above the pillars supporting the 'golden' roof which gives its name to the whole construction, are grotesque monkeys, lions, and dogs. There are tiny grotesques in the rabelaisian taste of the age at the interlacing of the vaulting beneath the first story.

This bald outline of the construction of the building does little to suggest the attractiveness of the Dachl as we see it in its beautiful setting at the end of the Herzog Friederich Strasse, with its serried ranks of gothic houses built out over gothic arcades, which have in some places been adapted by the renaissance. On either side open enticing dark alleyways, unchanged since the fifteenth century; behind the Dachl rises the sheer wall of the Hungerburg—first the terrace and café, to which we must go in the cool of a summer evening or in the bright sunshine of midday in winter, and then the heights reaching up into the clouds, usually snow-capped when not snow-covered. This is the one picture which you will carry away from Innsbruck, whatever else you forget.

To the left of the Dachl is a notable stucco house of such late baroque that it verges already on rococo—No. 10. It is an example of a mediæval gothic house which was reclothed in this dainty, fanciful dress about 1740. For the rest I must leave you to explore the fascinating street for yourselves.

Now for three or four representative churches. There are a score which I would like to revisit with you, but you cannot go wrong if you enter every one. First, of course, is the Hofkirche, a strange blending of late gothic and renaissance (the fine portal belongs solely to the latter period) which was built to contain the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian. It also contains the tombs of Andreas Hofer, Tyrol's national hero, and those of his two lieutenants, Speckbacher and Haspinger. Beside them a new marble tablet records the tragedy of South Tyrol and the determination of the north to recover this territory which Italy made two unsuccessful attempts to secure by force of arms in 1866 and was allowed to annex by treaty in 1919.

We are here amidst a noble company of kings and emperors, clad in armour or in the robes of their office. Twenty-eight life-size figures, actual or imaginary ancestors of Maximilian, stand as guardians of his tomb. They are the work of various artists, because the casting of the bronze went on from 1511 until 1548. Only the statue of King Chlodwig (Clovis) was cast in one piece; the others were modelled by sculptors or wood-carvers in wax and cast in sections. They vary greatly in artistic merit; the majority show a mixture of late gothic and renaissance elements, but three—King Arthur of England, the Archduke Ernst, and King Chlodwig—are pure German renaissance. King Arthur is unquestionably the finest of them all; after him comes Theodorich the Ostrogoth, otherwise Dietrich of Berne. In the centre of the church, enclosed by a delicately fantastic German renaissance wrought-iron grille, is the sarcophagus, displaying twenty-four exquisite white marble reliefs of events of the reign of Maximilian. Above, the figure of the Emperor Maximilian himself kneels in prayer, and on the four corners of the sarcophagus are the Cardinal Virtues, all cast bronze. In the so-called 'Silberne Kapelle' (from the silver Madonna on the altar) are twenty-three statuettes of saintly ancestors of Maximilian in copper, brass, and bronze, originally intended for his tomb. Here also are the sarcophagi of the Archduke Ferdinand of Tyrol and of Philippine Welser, of whose romance we shall hear more in a moment.

Now let us have a look at a very different building, the Jesuit church in the Universitätstrasse, mainly because it is so pure an example of early baroque. Severity is the keynote. Here is the outpost of the Counter-Reformation, and, in the spirit of that movement and of the Jesuit teachings, complete subordination to one central conception is demanded. The façade, with its twin towers, has a cold, classical beauty. Inside, a broad, well-lit cupola centres everything on itself. It is the principle of St. Peter's in Rome, of course; still more closely related is this church, both inside and out, to the Salzburg Dom. There are beautiful examples of Tyrolese skill in wood carving in the choir stalls and in many other parts of the church.

Before the impression fades, we should have a look at the parish church of St. Jakob, in the Pfarrgasse. The very façade reveals the fact that we are already in the period of high baroque. The level front is replaced by a graceful inward

curve between the twin towers. Inside, the dawn of fantasy is more apparent. Here and there pillars do not support so much as grace the superstructure of the altars; cornices start to bend picturesquely upwards. The stucco ornamentation is rich and varied, approaching the rococo, the frescoes a blaze of colour. Here is our old friend Andrea del Pozzo again at his favourite trick of increasing the height of the church by giving us in perspective the illusion of a cupola. The wonderful, unrestrained opening of the heavens painted over the choir is the work of a Tyrolese painter, Asam, whose brother is responsible for the stucco work. The pulpit, with its wealth of gold cherubs and angels, is one of the most gorgeous in Tyrol.

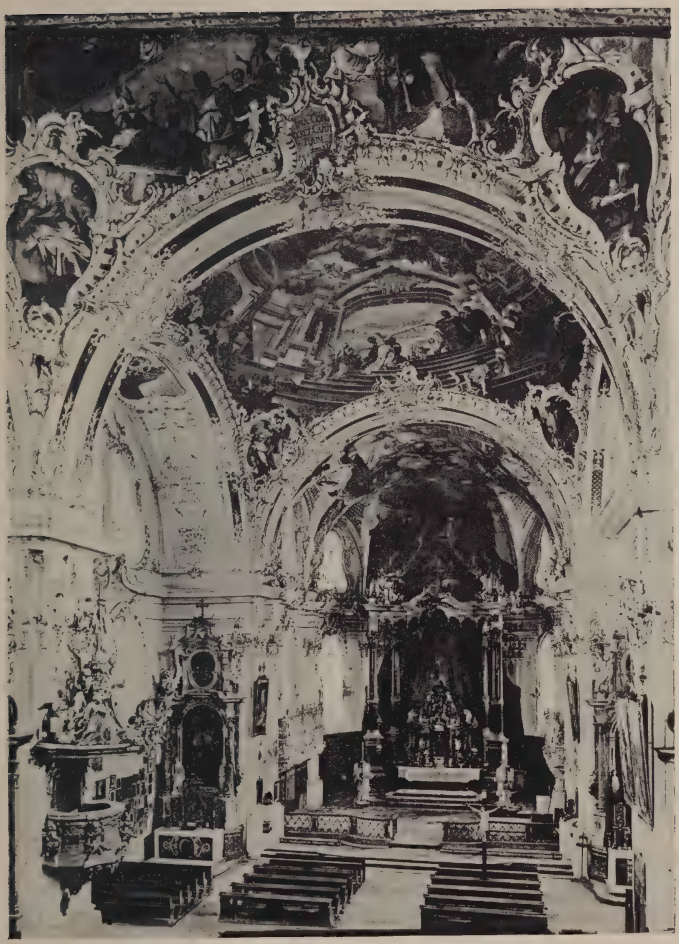
Now take the tram-car to the suburb of Wilten, where there are two fine churches next door to one another. The Stiftskirche we ought to have visited immediately after seeing the Jesuit church, were it not so far away, for it represents the transition from early to high baroque. There is only one domed tower here. The façade is already broken, not by the swinging curve of St. Jakob—so far the architects dare not yet go—but they build a recess reaching the whole height of the church. Inside, the lighter treatment of the altars noticed in St. Jakob has begun already; the stucco work is rich, and the frescoes are still subordinated to it and regarded as pictures framed in stucco—in St. Jakob, the frescoes have conquered, and everything else becomes merely their ornamentation. The grille through which we have to peer at the church is a later addition and is early rococo.

Let us cross the road to Wilten Parish Church. I think that for a moment you will rub your eyes and wonder whether you are in a theatre or a fairy palace. The interior seems to dance nervously before us. Gone is the severity of early, the majesty of high and late baroque. There is no subordination of detail, but a riot of it on every hand. Stucco plays frivolously over the corners of frescoes and paintings, every line is broken and irregular. Cherubs have become cupids and chase one another around the pulpit, across the walls and the frescoes. The very saints and angels pose with studied artificiality, smiling gaily at us. The whole church is laughing, rollicking with abandon. I do not need to tell you what has happened —rococo has triumphed and has brought its gaiety even into the House of God. Is that a shocking thought? I must leave you to decide. The people who made this church what it is

did not think so. They embodied in it an aspect of religion which did not so much insist on stern obedience to the priest like early baroque, or thunder out the majesty of heaven as did baroque in its middle phase; still less did they put forward the contemplative view of the renaissance or the devout austerity of early gothic. They depicted not hell, but heaven; they had the feeling that it was rather a jolly place; they pictured a God with an imagination, with a touch of fantasy, the angels as fantastic as themselves. I do not think it matters so much whether they were right or wrong in their beliefs. They were able to believe something, and so they produced this gay little church, which for me, at least, is a work of art; you may think differently, and I admit that if you do, you have the best taste on your side. 'How Ruskin would have hated it!' I said to a Tyrolese connoisseur who was dilating on the beauties of this, the finest thing of its kind in Austria. 'Ruskin died some years ago,' he replied dryly.

While we are in Wilten we must see one more church, the romanesque St. Bartholomäus Kirchlein, out in the fields. It dates at least from 1275, and is just a little round funnel of stone with an extinguisher cap—the most primitive thing, and the most vivid contrast to the church we have just left, that could be imagined.

Because of the interesting lessons in style which they afford, I have taken the four principal churches of Innsbruck together. In point of fact, when we see the Hofkirche, we shall also go through the richly decorated rooms of the Hofburg, the former residence of the rulers of Tyrol. Most of the building was done by the Emperor Maximilian, but under Maria Theresa many alterations and additions in the spirit of rococo were made; the interior decorations are also mostly of the rococo period. While near the Goldne Dachl we must certainly see the Landhaus in the Maria Theresien Strasse; it has a finely ornamented staircase and a baroque hall in which the Diet meets (here are the draped pictures of South Tyrol cities), which in a different way is as fine as that at Graz. In the neighbourhood of the Goldne Dachl, too, is the oldest inn in this city of old inns, the Goldene Adler, with its memories of Goethe (who stayed here with the Dowager Duchess Amalia of Saxe-Weimar in 1790) and of Hofer, who is supposed to have addressed the crowd from the middle window on August 15, 1809, after his victory in the third



ROCOCO-WILTEN PARISH CHURCH INNSBRUCK

battle of Berg Isel. Beyond the confines of the cramped Old Town begins baroque Innsbruck. There is much to see in it which should be described, but I neglect it—even the fine triumphal arch of Maria Theresa—because, in the sense in which Vienna belongs to baroque and Graz to renaissance, so is Innsbruck the city of gothic.

There is much to see everywhere in and around this city, but before we go beyond it I must take you into another museum—the Ferdinandeum. There are many things there of importance, such as one finds in the other Austrian museums already visited, but for me no room approaches in interest that of Room VI, containing the Andreas Hofer relics. As complex as is Vienna, with its mixed population and its traditions of the façade and of window-dressing, so is Innsbruck simple. Understand four things and you will understand this city. They are mountains, the Roman Catholic faith, the loss of South Tyrol, and Andreas Hofer. Apart from the trophies taken from the French, the simple things in this room are typical of the mountain innkeeper who, moved by nothing more romantic than love of his inn and the mountains, took up arms against Napoleon and his Bavarian helpers and, descending upon them from Berg Isel with his shaggy mountaineers like the Wrath of God, three times hurled them out of Innsbruck. And with what arms they did it—scythes, billhooks, and shot-guns, for the French 'Military Mission' of those days had carried out disarmament very thoroughly. Vienna discreetly approved of Hofer taking all the risk, but raised not one finger to help. True, somewhere in the distance the regular Austrian Army at last began to move, but 'the Tyrolese had done their work without the help of a single Austrian regiment. . . . No foreign soldier remained on Tyrolese soil'.[1] It was on April 10, 1809, that Hofer, his plans matured for a rising against the French and Bavarians who for three years had occupied his country, gave the signal by the lighting of fires on the mountain-tops. Two days later, fifteen thousand Tyrolese poured from the surrounding heights into Innsbruck. Down the Herzog Friedrich Strasse they forced their way with their rude weapons, while the streets ran blood; in the narrow alleys they caught and killed the well-armed enemy. Before the end of the day the French General Bisson had surrendered and begged the peasants to stay their hand. Then, the work being done, the Austrian

[1] Fyffe's *History of Modern Europe.*

General Chasteler, of whom it was said that 'he always arrived too late and withdrew too early', was sent from Vienna to take charge, and succeeded in one month in losing all that the Tyrolese had gained. The French returned to Innsbruck. A second time Hofer descended from Berg Isel and drove them out—a second time the regular Austrian forces arrived and promptly lost the town.

Then from his mountain fastnesses, where he lay hidden, Hofer made his last effort, sending out his famous instructions signed 'Andreas Hofer, from where I am', and receiving replies addressed: 'To Andreas Hofer, wherever he may be'. The moment arrived, he loosed previously prepared avalanches down the mountain-side upon Napoleon's Saxon troops, and once again, accompanied by his lieutenant, Speckbacher, and the Capuchin priest, Haspinger (who fought with a crucifix in one hand and a bloody sword in the other), hacked his way back to Berg Isel. At dawn on August 14 Haspinger celebrated Mass on Berg Isel, then sprang to the saddle and led the left wing of the ragged mountaineers, Hofer leading the centre. By nightfall he had driven the French under Marshal Lefèbre from the town. For two months he ruled at Innsbruck, awaiting the support of Vienna. Then came the end. By the Treaty of Vienna, Tyrol was abandoned by the Hapsburgs to Bavaria. Hofer was called upon by the Erzherzog Johann to lay down his arms, but declined and took to the mountains. He was finally betrayed to Italian gendarmes who, with the French, seized him and took him to Mantua, where his first enemy, General Bisson, presided over the court-martial which sentenced him to death.

He was shot at the Cerese Gate of Mantua. He refused to have his eyes bandaged or to kneel before the firing-party. He handed his last piece of money to the corporal in charge, saying merely, 'Shoot straight'.[1] The sequel came with the beginning of Metternich's tortuous diplomacy. The Austrian Emperor gave the hand of his daughter to Napoleon; 'the Archbishop of Vienna anointed the bride with the same sacred oil with which he had consecrated the banners of 1809; the servile Press which narrated the wedding festivities found no space to mention that the Emperor's bravest subject, the Tyrolese leader, Hofer, was executed by Napoleon as a brigand in the interval between the contract and the celebration of the marriage'.[2]

[1] *Tyrol and its People*, by Clive Holland.

[2] Fyffe, *op. cit.*

Here is a set comprising folding-knife, fork and spoon (almost precisely like those which we found so useful between 1914 and 1918), worthless rubbish were they not the gift of Hofer to his adjutant. Here is a mouldering black felt hat of the Capuchin, Haspinger, and many other *personalia*. Close to the tombstone of Hofer from Mantua (it bears the simple inscription 'A.H. XXI Februar') is Napoleon's proclamation recording the trial and condemnation of the Tyrolese hero. In it he is described as '*cinq pieds, huit pouces*' in height, aged about forty-four, ex-innkeeper, 'face oval, ruddy, and *bourgeonné*, high forehead, black eyes, black hair and eyebrows, the chin covered with a long black beard'. Follow the questions put to the court. Was he taken with arms in his possession? Yes. Had he organized the insurrection against the French? Yes. Had he corresponded with the enemies of Napoleon? Yes. For each offence, concludes the proclamation, the penalty is death.

In the picture-gallery upstairs (it contains excellent Tyrolese gothic paintings and a few other important pictures—a 'Hell' Brueghel, a Paul Potter, a fine Rembrandt, and a Frans Hals, which is a good painting even if, as some think, it is not a Hals) let us go straight to the Defregger room and see how this Tyrolese painter tells the story of Hofer. Only three of the dozen canvases here are originals, but the copies are excellent, made by his pupils under Defregger's supervision. Most of them are devoted to personal incidents in the 1809 struggle for independence. Three tell the larger story. No. 5 shows the victors, a column of Tyrolese sharp-shooters, passing through a typical mountain village, wild with joy, as are the liberated women who rush from their chalets to greet them. In the rear, grey and sallow, French prisoners, their uniforms contrasting with the vivid national costume of the Tyrolese. In the next of these pictures, No. 4, the days of glory are past. Here is 'The Last Draft', toothless old men, bent and broken in the service of the mountains, marching with scythes, pikes, and sickles, that at least they may die in the face of Napoleon's matchless troops. They have the look of the old Covenanters on their grim, determined faces; the women weep to see them go, but do not stop them. . . . 'Frosty-tops'—was not that the name that a nation which takes refuge in irony rather than be suspected of deep emotion applied to its own last line (which was inspired with the spirit of Hofer's own) a decade ago?

No. 7 shows the end—Hofer's heartrending farewell to his family and his friends after his arrest. Once more French shakos appear grey and sinister in the background. They belong to the escort waiting to conduct Hofer down the road at the end of which stood a firing-party. There is one more good Hofer picture here, by Egger-Linz, the modern Tyrolese painter—of course, in a very different style. It is the 'Ave Maria after the Battle on Berg Isel'.

In the dull museum in the castle of Kufstein is one Hofer relic which ought to be here—a proclamation by the Baron von Lerchenfeld, offering a reward of 1,000 ducats for Speckbacher, Hofer's devoted friend, 'dead or alive'. Lerchenfeld, who signs as 'General Commissioner for the Inn', and dates his proclamation from Innsbruck on September 12, 1813, declares that this 'notorious rebel leader' has 'tried to anticipate' the possible recovery of Tyrol, and says that even if he were to succeed, he would meet with the punishment of Austria!

After this, of course, you will take the tram-car to Wilten and walk on to Berg Isel itself to see the defiant Hofer monument, and incidentally a wonderful view of Innsbruck and its Alps. Coming down, you may take that charming walk through the woods to Schloss Amras, passing the 'Tummelplatz', where Tyrolese, French, and Bavarians who fell in 1809 are buried in nameless graves, and votive pictures and photographs honour in typical Tyrolese fashion the victims of the Great War. The original Schloss Amras, or Ambras, dates back to the Middle Ages, but the beautiful castle which we see commanding the valley of the Inn was built mostly during the renaissance period when, in 1564, the Archduke Ferdinand of Tyrol gave it to his wife, Philippine Welser. Remote from the court, this daughter of the wealthy trading family of Welser was able to live her own life and never feel that she was not the equal in birth of her consort. This was the home of their romance; here Ferdinand spent a fortune on decoration, on renovation, on tourneys, and entertainments. Most important for us, he installed here the famous Amras collection of armour and made many additions to it. The best of it we have seen in Vienna, but here are still many good pieces. We can lounge in the sunshine in Amras park after this, or, if we feel energetic and are giving a whole day to the excursion, we can walk on through the woods to the pleasant little winter sport and holiday resort of Igls, by the lake.

A word about hotels. The 'Tirol' is extremely comfortable, and no more expensive than the leading hotel in non-Austrian holiday resorts. Further inside the town—much more conveniently placed for sightseeing—the hotels are more modest. There is, for instance, the 'Grauer Bär'. There is nothing of the international hotel about it—it is pure Tyrolese and Bavarian, and once you have looked inside you will not even ask if there is a lift. But when the whole city was crowded out recently, I found the 'Grey Bear' able to provide me with one of its many small, clean, and simple bedrooms at no more exorbitant price than three shillings a night. Do not pack a dinner-jacket for the 'Bear'—you might cause a riot if you appeared in one, but nailed mountain boots in the dining-room are perfectly correct wear. If you are a woman, you may find a few people turn round in mild surprise to look at your shorn locks, but do not think to create a sensation by coming down to breakfast in a pair of your husband's breeches. You will be only one of a large company who hold that the mountains were made for man and not man for the mountains.

CHAPTER XVII

THE VALLEY OF THE INN

Backbone of the Inn—Shooting in the Mountains—Stams Monastery—Hall, Mediæval City of Salt—Fortunes of the Fuggers—Tratzberg Castle—Rattenberg and its Signs

BEFORE you decide what to see in Tyrol, picture to yourself the province (within its present boundaries) as the long, narrow moulding of a skeleton placed on its back. The crooked backbone of the Inn stretches from Kufstein to Landeck, where it turns south into the Engadine. On either side extend the ribs—to the south, starting from the eastern end of Tyrol at which we entered it, the Brixen Tal, the Ziller Tal, the Wip Tal, the Stubai Tal, the Oetz Tal. Down each of these valleys flows a tributary of the Inn, frequently accompanied by a railway. The tributaries spring from that wall of glacier-topped mountains which run from east to west, south of the Inn, their spurs reaching out into the Inn valley—the Hohe Tauern, the Zillertal Alps, the Stubaier Alps and the Oetztaler Alps; south of the latter the Austro-Italian frontier runs through the Ortler Alps. The ribs to the north are less important, except one, which is not formed by a river but by a lake in the mountains—the lovely Achen See, which, with the artificial lake in the Stubai Tal, provide most of the power for the electrically driven trains in the Inn valley. It is only after the deep-blue waters, which mirror the surrounding peaks and forests, have well and truly served æsthetic requirements that they are put to practical use.

I do not know that it matters which of these ribs we explore. In each of the valleys you will find facilities for winter sport, in each pleasant inns of the chalet type, surrounded by flower-garlanded balconies. Some of them, especially in the Oetz Tal, have fine painted frescoes. Talking of flowers reminds me that we have scarcely thought as yet of the coming of

INNSBRUCK
GOLDNE DACHL

ÖTZ
A PAINTED GOTHIC INN

spring to Austria, when such valleys as the Ziller Tal seem to be snow-filled despite the warm sunshine, because of the masses of white blossoms powdering all the fruit-trees, while the peaks above are glistening with real snow. Spring and summer are perhaps the best seasons for these side valleys which are often snowed up in the cold of winter. In most of them you will find either the wild mountain stream itself or lesser tributaries from the hill-sides foaming and boiling over the rocks in a series of waterfalls. The better inns are in the Oetz Tal and the Ziller Tal, but if your tastes are simple, you will be contented in any of these valleys. The Oetz Tal is the loveliest of them all—it is, perhaps, the loveliest valley in Austria, though so few foreigners have discovered it. In spring and summer you will find that there seems to be no limit to the walks and easy climbs. Those who like their mountains with the minimum of exertion will, of course, take the train to the Zugspitze, on the Bavarian frontier, and be swung up in eighteen minutes to just below the summit—which is nearly ten thousand feet above sea-level—by the longest cable railway in Austria.

In the side valleys, and to a certain extent in the main valley of the Inn, the sportsman will find himself in paradise. There are thousands of acres of wild, mountainous country where, in addition to more usual game, the beautiful blackcock, capercailzie, and chamois abound. The system of paying so much per head of game killed (*Abschüsse*) is the usual one, as in Carinthia; a smaller charge is made if you fire and miss. Bad shooting is justly penalized by a higher fee being charged for wounding than for killing an animal. To the Tyrolese, the pursuit of mountain game is a religion second only to that of his Church. There is a language of venery in regular use to-day with a wide vocabulary of its own. The sport is pursued under scrupulously fair conditions for man and beast, the man cheerfully undergoing great hardships when pitting his wits against those of the shy and nimble creatures which he pursues. Woe betide the man, native or stranger, who transgresses the code of the mountains; the roughest mountaineer will speak his mind, though the other be his employer and a millionaire. Tyrol, as I have said, is a paradise for the sportsman, but not for the type which enjoys a battue of game driven up to comfortable butts and finds a well-filled luncheon-basket essential to a day's shooting. This type of sportsmen will do well to give the mountains a wide berth.

I must not penetrate these quiet valleys with you, but I would like to tempt you to have a look at a few treasures of the Inn valley itself. Why not, for instance, take the stopping train from Innsbruck, and pay a call on our friends the Cistercians, whom we met at Heiligenkreuz? They have a wonderful little monastery at Stams, and the trip there and back will fill up a morning very pleasantly.

There is nothing to the village of Stams except the monastery buildings and farms, though a simple inn will give you good mountain fare. Four pairs of swallows rear their families every year in the hall of the latter, one pair having made a home between two porcelain electric-light fuses. The monastery was founded by the mother of Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufen dynasty in Germany. This prince invaded Italy to recapture the southern provinces of the Hohenstaufen family, was defeated, and, at the age of sixteen, beheaded in the market-place of Naples by Charles of Anjou. This happened in 1268, and Stams was founded in 1273 by the widowed mother (after she had married Count Meinhard II of Tyrol), both in memory of her son and as a family sepulchre for the Counts of Tyrol. Stams is not, strictly speaking, a show place, though you can examine the glorious church through the grilles at all times. But I found the monks and the Abbot himself very ready to show much more to anyone taking a serious interest in such things. I would advise visitors to apprise the Abbot of their intentions by letter a day or two beforehand. Remember that for all monks the day begins at 4 a.m., and that they take their midday meal at eleven. It is well, therefore, to reach the monastery by ten o'clock at the latest, or else after one.

The church is by far the best thing in Stams. The side aisles of the old romanesque flat-roofed church have gone, and the roof itself has been first gothicized and then baroquized. It consists now simply of the original nave, with three chapels on either side where the aisles once stood. The three romanesque apses remain, hidden from the inside of the church by the high altar. It is worth while going behind this to see an exceptionally graceful baroque Madonna in one of the apses. In the flood of light, the excellent frescoes set in dignified high baroque stucco-work are very easily studied. The unusual background of the high altar is interesting. From the roof there hangs a huge stucco canopy, the corners held to either side wall by cherubs; at the top a clock is set in stucco.

KUFSTEIN

STAMMS MONASTERY

In front of this rises from the altar almost to the top of the canopy the 'Tree of Life' of Wolfgang Kirchmayr. From the central figures of Adam and Eve grow branches supporting the figures of the saints; the Assumption is depicted in the centre. The whole is a rich specimen of early baroque wood-carving. The rococo altar in a side chapel of the porch is worth noticing for its daring embodiment of a church window in the structure of the altar.

For the Tyrolese, the importance of Stams lies in the fact that it contains the bodies of so many rulers of the country, in the 'Herzogsgruft'. Frederick with the Empty Pocket is here—so is Sigismund the Rich in Coin, with his wife, Eleanora Stuart, whom he brought from Scotland, and many other famous rulers. The parish church on the hill-side is pure rococo, but of poor quality.

On the opposite side of Innsbruck are three interesting places, each of which, with good staff work, can be visited in half a day. Hall is a complete town of the same period as Innsbruck's little Old Town—that of tall, narrow houses with bulging gothic bays, narrow streets, and strong fortifications. A good deal of the city wall and a little of the moat are still to be seen. Salt made Hall, and on salt it still lives, but not as well as formerly. The mountain of salt, the Salzberg, is far from being exhausted—we might do worse than devote half a day to the weird experience of visiting the mines, which are one of the recognized sights. Sigismund the Rich in Coin did much for Hall when he made it the instrument of his wealth in the fifteenth century by transferring the ducal mint here from Meran. It was fed with that same silver from the Tyrolese mines which founded the Fugger fortunes.

Hall lies on a hill, at the foot of the towering Karwendel mountains. From the tramway station, one of the most interesting little streets, the Lange Graben, leads up the hill to the heart of the town, where there is a picturesque and important group of churches—the Pfarrkirche, with the Josephskapelle on the north and the Magdalenenkapelle on the south of it. The original building of the parish church was thirteenth-century romanesque work, but there have been many alterations, and as it now stands it is mainly fifteenth-century gothic, with the usual baroque additions. It has a remarkable collection of relics of skulls and bones of saints, laid out on cushions in a large glass case, and art treasures far too numerous to be described here. I mention

only the altar painting, by Quellinus, the beautiful late gothic grille before the Waldauf chapel, a fifteenth-century fresco of the Mass of Sarrones beneath the organ gallery, remains of the sixteenth-century gothic windows and the Bavarian rococo ceiling frescoes. Both the chapels, the Rathaus, and the Stiftskirche are interesting.

Bearing to the right from the Stiftskirche, we can follow the trace of the old moat around the Speckbachergraben, turn into the town again at the Krippgasse, make our way through any of the old alleyways which take our fancy to the tramway station on the Unterer Stadtplatz again, and then walk towards the Inn, where the twelve-sided Munzerturm, the most famous building in Hall, has been beckoning to us since our arrival. Close to it is the thirteenth-century Burg Hasegg, in which was located the Münze (Mint) itself. Here the first of all German gold coins was struck in 1484. The last time the mint was used was when Andreas Hofer struck his war Kreuzer here in 1809, while he ruled Tyrol for two months after his last victory over the French. These are the bald outlines of what Hall means to the tourist; to its citizens it means salt, quite literally. There are three Halls in Austria—this one is Hall-in-Tyrol—as well as a Hallstadt and a Hallein, and in each case Hall means the salt of the adjacent mines.

Some distance farther along the line towards Kitzbühel is Schwaz, another old town on the Inn, commanded by the castle of Freundsberg. It has not the general mediæval character of Hall—its streets are wider, and late renaissance and baroque houses have largely replaced their predecessors. But the fine old Fugger Haus—a massive gothic block, with fast-vanishing frescoes on the façade—still stands, and, with the church, is what brings us to Schwaz. The Fugger family stood for a time with the Welsers (who unwillingly furnished Ferdinand of Tyrol with his consort), almost alone in this country where there were only two classes—the titled nobility, with their lands, ancient lineage, and castles, and the peasants, their serfs. But over the Brenner Pass, down the valleys of the Wip and the Inn, came and went traders' convoys to Italy, slowly accumulating wealth for the Fuggers and two or three other families who could not claim one robber-baron as ancestor. Some of the romance of these great merchant houses, the fathers of the middle classes, has been revealed in the *Fugger Letters*, recently published in English. Too proud to buy castles on mountain-tops from impoverished

MÜNZERTOR

SALVATORGASSE

HALL IN TYROL

aristocrats and play at nobility, the Fuggers built their own solid palace here in this city, where they could look down the Inn valley and watch the stream of prosperity which flowed on and beside the river.

There can be no valid excuse for failing to see Rattenberg, tiny city of wrought-iron signs and gothic alcoves, with one foot on the banks of the Inn and the other on the mountains. It is in the heart of the old fortified country. At Brixlegg, the station before it, there is some difficulty in keeping count of the number of castles which for a moment can be seen from the railway.

Between the stations of Stams and Jenbach (where the Ziller Tal railway branches off '*en route* to Rattenberg') lies the finest castle in Tyrol, Schloss Tratzberg. It appears to be situated at the foot of the Stanser Joch, and it is only when you come to climb up to the gates that you discover it to be on a ledge of rock quite a considerable height above the valley. There is no other castle in Austria which retains so much of the original panellings and interior fittings unrestored and unaltered. Those who take a serious interest in old castles will be afforded such facilities as are possible for seeing it, but Count Enzenberg (the present owner) does not wish it to be considered as one of the recognized 'show places' of Tyrol. No provision is made for dealing with floods of trippers, who are not desired.

The original Schloss Tratzberg is first mentioned in 1300, when it was one of a chain of fortresses protecting the frontier between Tyrol and Bavaria. It was destroyed by fire in 1489, and replaced in 1500 by the present castle. The Emperor Maximilian I gave the site to the Tänzl family in exchange for a castle in an area where the ibex (long since exterminated) was abundant; Tänzl's building was completed by his sons thirty years later in late gothic, while the fourth wing was added by the Ritter Georg Ilsung in elaborate Italian renaissance.

The special value of Tratzberg is the insight which it affords us into the mode of living in the sixteenth century. The rooms generally run in pairs—a *Stube*, or living-room heated by a stove, adjoining an unheated bedroom, which obtained a little warmth from the *Stube* through two tiny windows high up in the partition wall. As a result, the wash-stands are found in the living-room close to the stove, with a towel-rack in the intervening space. The more elaborate

washstands resemble tiny altars, but the sacrifice brought to the altar of cleanliness was not excessive. A tiny pewter reservoir, holding a pint of water, sufficed. The bathing habits of the twelfth and thirteenth century began as a remedy for the eastern diseases contracted by the Crusaders, but were dropped with the disappearance of these maladies. Godliness hereafter considerably outdistanced cleanliness.

The gothic cupboards built into the wall are a special feature of Tratzberg, and are often finely inlaid; one of them. of course, conceals the inevitable secret staircase. The doors are remarkable for their fine painted ironwork. On the walls of the interesting 'Stammbaumsaal' are painted in fresco pictures of the Hapsburgs from Rudolf I to the children of Philip the Handsome. They are depicted as the fruits of a tree whose branches run right round the walls.

In an adjoining room is a beautifully panelled renaissance ceiling of 1560, put in by Georg Ilsung; wood-carving is a speciality in the castle. There is a venerable legend that seven carvers worked seven years and seven months on this ceiling, that if you find the right spot to begin, the whole (since it contains not a single nail) can be taken down and packed into exactly seven waggons. The leaded windows slide open; in winter they were permanently wedged and padded to keep out draughts, and only a tiny sliding strip of wood (forming a true *Wind-Auge,* such as we saw in Graz) enabled the inmates to peep out. Fresh air was as little in demand as water.

Rattenberg is one of the many Austrian townships left stranded several centuries back by a receding tide of prosperity, to our great gain. When the working of the silver mines of Tyrol, which contributed so much to the wealth of the Fugger family, ceased to be remunerative, Rattenberg rapidly declined in importance. Its old-world streets are the Mecca of Tyrolese painters, and in summer are rarely free from easels.

When the train comes out of the tunnel, there it stands before you—the castle on the knoll, the spires and cupolas of its three churches, and the wall of mountains behind it. It is a friendly place—it was characteristic that three strange dogs walked in to the inn to share my lunch of ten-pennyworth of venison (so cheap is game in Tyrol) and no one said them nay.

It is a gothic town, with a trace of renaissance and the inevitable baroque additions inside and sometimes outside

its churches. The latter are excellent, but it is hard to tear oneself away from the charming street picture to enter them. Nearly every house has its projecting gothic alcoves in every variety of form. Italian influence softens the rigidity of the German style, for we are on the great high road to the south. Beautiful wrought-iron signs—Rattenberg work—abound; every period from gothic to rococo finds a place, and it is these and the projecting windows which characterize the town. The fifteenth-century parish church on a little eminence near the station is the most important.

CHAPTER XVIII

SALZBURG

Surrender to Salzburg—Four Prince-Archbishops—Wolf Dietrich the Ruthless—The First Lunch with St. Peter—A Churchyard—Franziskanerkirche—Hohen Salzburg—The Gaisberg—Water Jokes at Heilbrunn—Goldstein

YOU will neither expect nor desire to see much of me in Salzburg. Let me accompany you to my favourite hotel on the banks of the silvery Salzach, and try to secure you a corner room looking across the hurrying stream to the grey fortress of Hohen Salzburg, on that defiant rock in the centre of the town. I can no more explain my preference than I can tell you why, long before we have caught sight of the buff-coloured walls and restaurant-terrace of the hotel, Salzburg will have entered permanently into possession of that corner of your heart which has been waiting for her since your own beginning. To show you Salzburg's treasures, at least one volume would be required, but you will not need a guide, stranger though you may have been until you left the station. Salzburg will softly disclose herself to you as day by day you walk her streets. Hermann Bahr, the Freud of architecture, has psycho-analysed Salzburg in two sentences in his book on the city which, if you read German well, you must on no account miss. 'While in other places we can hardly avoid feeling some painful emotion in the presence of ancient buildings, even a sense of pity for them standing so lost, so forgotten, in a strange world, here the most venerable lives vividly with us to-day. Trustingly it throws a glance over its shoulder at the grandson, who never notices that this venerable Salzburg, leaning on him for support with the faintest imaginable pressure, is yet leading him onwards.'

How often have I taken train to Salzburg intending to study the city, only to find the direction of matters taken out of my hands the moment I left the hotel! It is a great mistake

to make plans, to resist this gentle pressure of Salzburg, who is far wiser than we. The first of her mercies is the single gesture with which she effaces all that has gone before and draws a curtain over the future. Not merely is it impossible to visualize a traffic block in the Strand when one is in the shadow of Hohen Salzburg—the Kärntnerstrasse in Vienna, even the gables of Rattenberg, are equally dim and remote. For here is Italy planted amidst the Austrian Alps. It is not a matter of Italian style influencing German, such as we saw more than once in Tyrol and as is still more evident on the other side of the Brenner. Here is pure Italian baroque uprooted and amazingly acclimatized side by side with such German gothic as was spared by a masterful hand.

We have no time for history in Salzburg, but four names we must learn, and what they have meant for the city. All are Prince-Archbishops of Salzburg, of course. First came Leonhard von Keutschach, who broke the will of the burghers and made Salzburg pass beneath the yoke of archiepiscopal domination. He ruled at the end of the fifteenth century. Nearly a century later came Wolf Dietrich, who brought Italy to Salzburg, and was followed by his nephew, Marcus Sitticus, who deposed and imprisoned him, but continued building Salzburg on Wolf's plan. He was the least of the moulders of Salzburg; his successor, Paris Lodron, it was who brought Wolf Dietrich's schemes to fulfilment. 'He was a born inheritor,' writes Bahr. 'Wolf Dietrich glimpsed Salzburg. Paris Lodron carved the vision in stone, Mozart set it to music.' Before all these were first Illyrians and then Celts, who left the fine Celtic helmet, now in the museum, which was found in that iron gateway between Tyrol and Salzburg Province, the Pass Luegg. Then come the Romans, some of whom, with the converted Celts, built the secret Christian chapel which you can still see in the catacombs hewn in the rock of Hohen Salzburg, above the picturesque Peter's Friedhof. The Bavarians followed. Until Leonhard von Keutschach, Salzburg developed along the lines of other mediæval German towns, grew and prospered, built gothic houses and churches expressing the Teutonic character of the inhabitants and witnessed the usual efforts of the citizens to protect themselves against the exactions of their ruler. Von Keutschach made an end. When the burghers obtained from the Emperor Friederich III a letter granting them a city council and the full rights of a city of the Holy Roman

Empire under the direct rule of the Emperor, the first of the great Prince-Archbishops invited their leaders to a banquet, seized them, bound them to sledges and dragged them through a bitter winter's night to Radstadt. 'Submit, or see your leaders perish' was the choice put before the men of Salzburg. They submitted, and thereby decided the fate of the city. Like no other, it became a preserve of the Princes of the Church—men who for the most part did not so much allow worldly ambition to deflect them from the path of religious duty as, being men of rank and ambition, put on the priestly garment for the sake of the wealth and power which it promised to bring. In vain did the peasants besiege for six months the successor of Von Keutschach in Hohen Salzburg; though the townspeople gave them some help, their spirit was broken, and the peasants' revolt was suppressed, with the usual mass executions as a sequel. If you walk up to Hohen Salzburg instead of taking the lift, you may stop at the little Restaurant Katze, if you are untroubled with a lively imagination, and refresh yourself where the bodies of the peasant leaders once hung in chains on the gallows.

Von Keutschach made Salzburg 'a church with houses added', as Bahr declares. Wolf Dietrich made it a church of Italian baroque at a date when the baroque influence had not yet crossed the Alps. He was the son of a German warrior-knight related to Pope Pius IV and thus to the Medicis, and to St. Borromeo. He was brought up in Italy, and on becoming Archbishop of Salzburg proceeded with ruthless hand to destroy its German character in order to make room for the fulfilment of his dream—baroque Italy on German soil. Whole streets of gothic houses came down at his behest, to make room for palaces and churches. . . . One night the lovely romanesque cathedral stood in flames. 'The Cathedral burns?' said its Archbishop. 'Then let it burn down.' The people, not unnaturally, believed him to have been the incendiary. Though it was so little damaged by the fire that some wooden gothic altars stood intact, Wolf did not restore but razed the walls and built—the Salzburger Dom. Or, rather, he placed the work in the hands of the architect of Schloss Porcia, Vincenzo Scamozzi, but his gorgeous dream of a second St. Peter's transplanted from Rome to Salzburg was never realized in its entirety; the grandeur of what was completed by Marcus Sitticus and Paris Lodron give us some idea only of what that dream was.

Let us stroll across the Salzach to what is, after all, Wolf's cathedral. If we select eleven o'clock in the morning, we can take part in three of the rites of Salzburg. Standing at this hour on the Residenz Platz, we hear first the weird roaring of the 'Bull of Hohen Salzburg', the ancient organ of the fortress, blare forth a hymn from far above our heads. Then, from the roof of the Neugebäude, opposite the Residenz, the Glockenspiel, a mechanical arrangement of bells installed at the end of the seventeenth century, replies with the notes of a gigantic musical-box. After that we may enter the Dom and listen to some real music at the daily organ recital in the building where Mozart so often played.

We have had to pay dearly for this beautiful building. Wolf Dietrich not only tore down its predecessor, but in his hatred of gothic and still earlier styles, destroyed the old churchyard and burnt to a powder the gravestones of the archbishops who had gone before him. The whole façade is composed of pinkish marble from the neighbouring mountain, the Unterberg, and this pure Italian front—early baroque before ever baroque was born in Austria—is as dignified as anything in this city of proud, palatial churches. Inside, the nave is deliberately left in dimness, to prepare us for the flood of light from the cupola above the transept and from the bright windows of the choir. We know well enough by now what to look for in a baroque church—frescoes, altar pictures, altar construction; most of this is Italian work.

We may have time before lunch to return to the Residenz Platz, silent now save for the murmur of the slender Italian fountain, the Hofbrunnen, and accompany the guide through the beautiful rooms of the palace of the Prince-Archbishops. An early baroque palace, the interior is as rich as such rooms usually are in the many palaces of Austria.

As to lunch, there is only one place for the first midday or evening meal in Salzburg, if you are coming with me. Across the Kapitel Platz and through that loveliest of churchyards, St. Peter's, with its graves piled up against the cliffs, we must make our way to 'Peter's Keller', the restaurant attached to St. Peter's monastery. In a narrow courtyard we shall find the rough tables and benches already crowded with the international public attracted by the thought of being served, if not by monks, at least by waiters whose activities are supervised by a Benedictine priest. Time was, not so long ago, when at 'Peter's Keller' you heard only the

clipped German of the mountaineers and townsfolk for whom it originally catered; nowadays the accents of Broadway, London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome float around St. Peter, who, keys in hand, surveys the lively scene about his Keller from the top of his fountain in the centre of the public courtyard outside. The food is good, the wine better, and the company best of all. Here sit peasants, opera-singers from Vienna, famous artists, and actors, cheek by jowl—literally, in the height of the season—with tourists from all countries. A man's resort, this, in its essence, but you will find many ladies who have become *habitués* of the Keller.

Here we are on monastic ground already; and I do not think that Salzburg will let us go much farther without seeing more of St. Peter's, the cradle of the city, and the only Germanic monastery which has continued uninterrupted since the seventh century. It was an Irish monk from France, St. Rupert, who chose this sun-bathed corner of Salzburg to build a monastery hugging the cliff of the Mönchberg in the year 690, yet St. Peter's is so alive to-day that a spacious courtyard has just been formed by the construction of the new Collegium Benedictum. The Abbot has had the courage to reject all imitations of past architecture and to build in the very latest style. For an example, ask to be shown the huge, starkly realistic crucifix of Jakob Adlhardt in the hall of the college. Personally, I can imagine nothing more revolting, but I admire the courage of the man who gave the twentieth century a chance to measure itself with the giants of romanesque, gothic, baroque, and rococo already in his care.

The catacombs themselves, the delicate late gothic church of St. Margaret in St. Peter's Churchyard, where you are as likely to stumble over the legs of an easel or of a dreaming poet as over a mediæval tombstone hidden in the grass, the sunlit public courtyard of the St. Peter's monastery—all these things will whet your appetite for the Stiftskirche, and its extravagant employment of marble, beginning with the lovely romanesque portal built of alternate blocks of red and white marble from the Unterberg. Though you will soon discover romanesque capitals on the columns and other fragments of the earlier style in the church, the flood of light pouring down from the cupola into the choir betrays the hand of baroque, the stucco-work that of rococo in its final phase. It is a new period for us. Gone is the effervescence which we saw in Wilten Parish Church; here is a satiated fantasy in

its phase of degringolade languidly tracing delicate arabesques and awaiting the end.

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

The most interesting parts of the monastery are barred to ladies (and to everyone without special permission, which it is worth while going to the trouble of applying for in writing). I have been shown by a friend in this monastery more gorgeous robes, more precious and semi-precious stones in sacred vessels, than I have seen in any other monastery in Austria. And to catch sight from the fine cloisters—the oldest part romanesque—of the lovely old garden, where in summer you will usually see a priest, breviary in hand, pacing backwards and forwards in the sunshine, himself far from that overpowering scent of roses and the hum of bees of which you yourself are so acutely conscious, is to yield entirely to that gentle guiding pressure of Old Salzburg on the shoulder.

Surely that will lead you into the Franziskanerkirche one afternoon when you are retracing your steps towards the Salzach, to see the strangest thing in Salzburg—a gothic church moved by the spirit of baroque more than a century before the latter was born. That is not a thing to be explained, but to be felt, as you step from the gloom of the nave into the beautiful choir, with its slender pillars reaching up to the skies and bursting into flower as they reach the roof which ends their aspirations, but gives them the task of supporting its weight. The form is gothic, but the fantastic spirit is pure baroque. Nowhere save in Salzburg could this anachronism have been tolerated, but this city was created to house baroque art, and welcomed even this strange stone prophecy of a style yet unborn. What a sweet Madonna has been spared from gothic times to adorn the high altar! Even the iconoclastic spirit of baroque at its most furious would not destroy this gem of Michael Pacher. Here, as in St. Peter's, a study of many of the capitals will reveal the most delightful romanesque grotesques.

Do you want a change from churches? There is so much else in Salzburg, yet at every step we are drawn back to a church. Shall we breakfast in the courtyard of Hohen Salzburg and enjoy the finest view to be obtained inside the city from its battlements? Until the nineteenth century this was a very sure refuge of the Prince-Archbishops in time of trouble. None of the fine trees which add so much to its charm to-day

grew then on its rocky slopes, which were strewn from base to summit with broken glass except where the outer walls of the fortifications stretched down towards the city. All ages and styles have contributed something to the big complex of buildings crowning the crag to-day, but gothic predominates. The fortress is so vast and its corners so fascinating that one might spend a week up here and only then begin to know it thoroughly. Though we may have to come here more than once, we shall not be long in finding the way along the crest of the hill to another church, the Nonnbergkirche, amidst the buildings of the convent of Benedictine nuns here resident; all styles are blended also in this richly endowed church; the romanesque frescoes are among the oldest in Austria, and the crypt one of the most graceful. Either here or on the other side of the river, on the Kapuzinerberg, with its realistic Stations of the Cross and the little wooden hut (brought here from Vienna) in which Mozart wrote his *Magic Flute*, we must come at eventide to hear the Angelus bell tolling from the sea of churches below us, for that is another Salzburg moment.

Across the river from Hohen Salzburg there is something which belongs to the history of Salzburg as much as anything in the old town. That is the Mirabelle Schloss, originally built by Wolf Dietrich for his beautiful Salome Alt. This mistress of his was made one of the main counts in the indictments against him by the citizens when they and his nephew, Marcus Sitticus, drove him forth, captured, and imprisoned him.

There can be little in the palace of Mirabelle as it stands to-day that Salome Alt would recognize. Lukas von Hildebrandt rebuilt it once, but his work perished in the flames of 1818. Much of the present palace is let out nowadays as inglorious tenements, but there are still a few good things to be seen. Yet the gardens with statuary designed by Fischer von Erlach are the best of the Mirabelle to-day and full of surprises—here a fountain, there a garden full of hideous stone dwarfs waiting to spring out on you from beneath some flowering shrub, there a little aviary.

Talking of Fischer von Erlach reminds me that I have paid no attention yet to the various specimens of his art to be found in Salzburg. The finest is his Kollegienkirche, with the wonderful high altar, all cherubs, saints, angels, and chains of golden roses of his own design. Architecturally the

church belongs entirely to Fischer's own period, but the playfulness of some parts of the design already foreshadows the frivolity of rococo. On the day that we go to see it, we may well wander through the gay market, with its southern colouring—scarlet tomatoes, deep-purple plums and grapes, and everywhere the insistent blue of the gentian softened by bunches of edelweiss from the mountains—to see the Winter Reitschule, the home of the Salzburg Festival, and the Summer Reitschule, the amphitheatre at the base of the Nonnberg, with galleries scooped out of the rock to serve as boxes for the spectators. From here we may walk through the Neutor, beneath the Nonnberg itself, and emerge in the open country behind it.

There will be another day when Salzburg will whisper to us of music, and that we shall divide between the two Mozart houses in the town and the 'Magic Flute' hut on the Kapuzinerberg. Or, in the Festival season, we shall spend it listening to concerts, operas, and the old dramas and miracle plays on the steps of the Cathedral, which the city revives with scrupulous attention to atmosphere. On another day she will impel us to see her from without, and we shall take the tram-car to the rack-and-pinion railway up the Gaisberg, to realize the shameful favouritism of the gods who have added such wealth of natural beauty to the artistic treasure store of this beloved city.

Therewith Salzburg again achieves our undoing, for we shall have to leave half the churches and palaces inside the city unseen to glance at the delights without. When Marcus Sitticus succeeded Wolf Dietrich as Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, the local vigilance committee found it had made a bad bargain. The scandal of Salome Alt was the only one connected with the name of the fallen Prince, but Marcus Sitticus the crafty built himself Hellbrunn, farther from the city, and installed within its walls a whole galaxy of fair women. 'Wolf Dietrich, who had one mistress, we drove away', murmured the aggrieved citizens, 'but his successor has doubled the establishment.' Here in the gardens of this park, modelled on those which Sitticus had seen in Italy and, with the palace itself, created by the Italian Solari (the architect who completed the Cathedral) are the childish amusements provided by Marcus Sitticus for his guests. All kinds of quaint toys are set in motion by the streams full of baby trout flowing through the grounds. One is a marionette

theatre, another an organ. You sit on a bench in a grotto, and jets of water suddenly bar the exit. You stand beneath a sculptured stag's head and streams sprout from the antlers. These were the *jeux d'esprit* with which the frail inhabitants amused themselves while their lord attended to the affairs of his city. Here, on the velvety green lawn surrounding the great pond, with its greedy, monstrous carp, were held the splendid fêtes of this most unreverend of Archbishops; high above in the woods is the little 'Monatsschlösschen', so called because Sitticus is supposed to have built it in a month, either to surprise a visiting potentate or to satisfy the whim of one of his ladies.

That is but one of the many excursions around Salzburg, but you will be led on, given time enough, until you know them all. On a little hill outside the city is the dainty pilgrimage church of Maria Plain. This should be made an afternoon excursion, in order that we may walk down the slopes when the setting sun is gilding Salzburg city. Whether you climb or whether you merely follow the lovely Salzach as it twists and turns at the foot of the mountains, it will be long before you cry, 'There is nothing else to see'.

Be prepared every day to encounter fresh surprises. Wandering along the Salzach one afternoon, I found myself outside an interesting-looking castle, Goldenstein, so-called from the days when the sands of the Salzach yielded gold. What would you expect to find inside a well-preserved castle of the fifteenth century? Certainly not a convent of the *Augustine Chorfrauen*, exiled from Rastatt-in-Baden, with a flourishing girls' school, an English Mother Superior, and English ladies spending a few weeks here as paying guests during the school holidays. Nor would you expect to sit down at the Café Tomaselli in Salzburg at the same table as a Benedictine Father, to find in him almost a fellow-townsman, blessedly ignorant of one word of German, and to be assured by him in his robust English way that the baroque of Salzburg's churches was 'pretty gaudy stuff'. But in Salzburg, as in Vienna, the commonplace becomes eventually the unexpected.

SALZBURG

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CHAPTER XIX

THE SALZKAMMERGUT LAKES

Lake Country—St. Gilgen as Centre—The Aber See, Atter See and Mond See—On the Schafberg—Michael Pacher's Altar—Ischl, Drawing-room of the Salzkammergut—Francis Joseph and his Gun—King Edward and Ischl—A Royal Visitors' Book—In the Hell Mountains—Bathing at Gmunden—Sands which are Sacred

THE local railway from Salzburg to the Salzkammergut proceeds at a wayfarer's pace, which, as the distance to be covered is so short and the scenery so delightful, is no disadvantage. Ischl may be regarded as the capital, as it is the centre, of the lake country which still bears the name given to it when its salt was one of the most important sources of revenue of the Austrian treasury. The innumerable lakes of all sizes are best visited from two other centres, with a halt at the spa of Ischl in between. Little St. Gilgen, on the Aber, or Wolfgang See is perhaps the best centre for the northern group, Bad Aussee for the southern. The Traun See, on the route we are following, is most easily reached from Ischl, but coming from Vienna you will, of course, stay at Gmunden (on the main line), even if that place is all you have time to see in the Salzkammergut.

Between St. Gilgen and St. Wolfgang it is hard to choose—indeed, to make any choice among these lakes of the northern group is difficult. There are steamboat, bathing, yachting, and fishing facilities on all of them. The hotels, generally of the most comfortable inn type, are nearly always on the water's edge. I know of no better awakening, for instance, than that to be had at the little Fischer Hotel at St. Gilgen. Below your bedroom window, a lake of glass; straight across, the jagged, beak-like peak of the Schafberg, and all around mountains of every imaginable queer shape—peaked, flat-topped, sugar-loafed, craggy—all covered with the dark-green forests characteristic of the Salzkammergut. The price paid

for this luxuriant vegetation common to the whole area is frequent, and heavy rainfall—the far-famed 'Salzburg String Rain'—extends its rule into the Salzkammergut. But the soil is light, porous chalk, and the roads are dry in an incredibly short space of time. This is the country which the gentle Mozart set to music, and its inhabitants, something like the Tyrolese but gentler in disposition, are attuned to the country.

No one, of course, has any meal indoors in the summer-time. You can share your breakfast indifferently with the sparrows and finches from the woods and with the little green fishes of the lake, and be in two strides from your breakfast-table in your rowing-boat. The fashionable promenades of Velden, on the Wörther See, are unknown in the Salzkammergut, except at Gmunden. In St. Gilgen and its fellow-townships there is a blessed absence of anything which must be done and a never-ending string of things which suddenly reveal themselves as worth doing. To the Mond See is a very short walk; to the Atter See a good day's excursion. Mondsee town, round on the far side of the lake, has heterogeneous attractions. It makes a peculiarly delicious creamy cheese, which bears its name, and offers a good church with a very fine renaissance high altar and the spectacle of what all the lakeside townships must have been until the tourists discovered them. The lake is less picturesque than the Aber See, because the mountains do not arise so abruptly from its shores, but for that reason it is warmer for bathing and safer for sailing. The lovely Aber See, on the other hand, is set in a veritable forest of peaks, and only after much experience does one get to understand the strange winds that strike its waters from all angles. For a novice, the sudden tempests that may come out of a blue sky and in ten minutes lash the glassy surface to a boiling fury are dangerous.

Unterach is a sunny township at 'our' end of the Atter See, which is the largest lake in Austria and the only one with an horizon. It is, at this southern end, the least picturesque because the most open of the lakes, but to the north the usual wooded mountains of the Salzkammergut enclose it once more. Our most important excursion from St. Gilgen will be to St. Wolfgang, on the opposite side of the lake, both because the rack-and-pinion railway which takes us to the summit of the Schafberg starts from St. Wolfgang, and because the loveliest example of gothic wood-carving and

painting in Austria is in its pilgrimage church—the high altar of Michael Pacher.

First for the railway, because the view from the Schafberg is finest in the early morning. I always find something hilarious in the appearance of these little mountain engines, the forepart tilted downwards, with the elevated tender suggesting irresistibly a butting goat or a slightly fuddled diner with a 'Gibus' tilted over his eyes delivering a determined assault on a brick wall. I love to sit facing him and to watch him punching our car incessantly in the small of the back, ever and again emitting a breathless 'Phew!' He makes a deal of heavy weather about covering the lower slopes at a snail's pace, but the moment that he touches the steep cliffs of the mountain he gets down to his work in earnest, and only pauses twice in the hour it takes him to push us to the summit. If you start early enough, you can generally enjoy the double pleasure afforded by rising above a sea of cloud—the entirely innocent delight in the beauty of the still, frozen cloud-waves caught in the very act of breaking against the mountainside, and the purely malicious satisfaction of thinking of the beings of the lower world breakfasting beneath a misty sky.

Your *Schadenfreude* is short-lived, for it needs but an hour of sunshine to dispel the clouds and reveal the white sails of the yachts drifting across the blue waters of the lake. Through a tunnel blasted in the rock the gallant little engine pushes and punches you up into Alpine vegetation—stunted trees and scrubby bushes hugging the barren soil which affords them scanty protection against the blasts of winter, myriads of wild-flowers, hardy but dwarfed relatives of the soft-living lakeside blossoms below. From the terrace of the hotel on the summit there is on a clear day a wonderful panorama. From here we get our first glimpse of the great Dachstein glacier, which henceforth we shall constantly meet in the Salzkammergut. All around, in our immediate neighbourhood, gleam the waters of the lakes—on every side stretches the sea of peaks far into Bavaria.

Do not, as I must, ignore all the other lovely things in the fifteenth-century church down in St. Wolfgang which houses Michael Pacher's altar, but take all the time you can afford for a first inspection of this—and then come again. The paintings on the double sets of panels and on the wings of the predalla, carved wooden groups inside the predalla and (loveliest of

all) inside the shrine, are his own work—in fact, the whole altar is Pacher, painter and sculptor in wood.

You will have seen more than once in Austria paintings and statues of a saint carrying a church in his hand; they represent St. Wolfgang, in whose church we are now standing. The four pictures visible when all panels of the altar are closed depict scenes from his life; left and right, as guardians of the shrine, stand St. Florian, carrying out his particular task of extinguishing flames, and St. George killing the usual dragon. These are two of the noblest figures on the altar. Above are the slender spires, like those of a cathedral, with the central figure of the Crucifixion, all delicately carved and gilded. The opening of the first set of panels discloses eight paintings of New Testament scenes. Perspective has just (in 1481) been fully mastered, and you will observe how Pacher revels in displaying his wonderful grasp of the new technique in every picture.

Then the last panels are opened, and you see the shrine, with the most delicate specimens of his carving in the central group, the Crowning of the Virgin by Christ. Pacher depicts this scene with all the fire and colour, dignity and conviction that a scene from the heavens demands if it is not to leave us very cold indeed. No one can see this grouping of Pacher's without catching something of the sculptor's fire. To the left stands St. Wolfgang with his church—to the right St. Benedict. Use your glasses (you will have had them on the Schafberg, of course) to look at this last most beautiful gentle face—a portrait, undoubtedly.

When you first see the trim walks, the ornamental flowerbeds, the Kursaal, the bands, and the dancing bars of Ischl, you feel that you have left the Salzkammergut instead of, in point of fact, having reached the heart of it. Though the glory of the Imperial Presence every summer has left the town, it has not at all the appearance of someone who has seen better days. But it attends to the need of its present rather overdressed and self-assertive guests (former *habitués* call it the New Jerusalem), with something of the air of the butler who has been let with the house by an impoverished county family —careful to please and scrupulously polite, yet with a certain reserve that makes us wonder what Ischl thinks of us when its duties are at an end after the season.

Walk through the well-kept spa into the park that used to belong to the Emperor, and, when you are a little way up

its green slopes, you will see the hall-mark of the Salzkammergut—the snow peaks and cold, grey glacier of the Dachstein range. On a much lower level is the hill with a cross to Francis Joseph, erected by a local celebrity who was anxious to be included in the list of decorations awarded annually by the Imperial and Royal visitor. His name was placed on the list of proposed honours, and the monarch inquired for what he was to reward the worthy citizen. On being told, he scratched out the name with considerable vehemence. 'The blundering fool!' he said. 'Can he not wait until his Emperor is dead to put his name on a stone cross? Never let me hear of the nincompoop again.'

In the centre of the park is the simple villa of the Emperor. Here Francis Joseph lived the life that really appealed to him —that of a *Jäger* hunting the game of the surrounding mountains. The upstairs windows on the right-hand side of the villa as you stand facing it are those of the Emperor's bedroom and his study. In the bedroom he achieved the acme of the simplicity that he always sought for himself. It has one little window, and still contains the only furniture which he would allow there—an iron bedstead and bed-table, a cheap, single-doored wardrobe of pine wood, and one uncomfortable arm-chair. In the neighbouring study the old man, persuaded (as the people of Ischl, who loved him, will tell you) by the 'Hofcamarilla' that the Serbs had crossed the Austrian frontier with the Russians behind them, signed the ultimatum to Serbia. In that fatal summer of 1914 he left Ischl, never to return, and the glory of the Imperial Spa departed with him.

The villa—the interior is not shown, as the ex-Archduke Franz Salvator lives there—is filled with the old Emperor's hunting trophies. The café near by was once the luncheon pavilion of the unhappy Empress Elisabeth. You may enjoy an undescribably beautiful view of the closely wooded hills from the terrace while you take tea.

Even at the last, when Francis Joseph's brain was too feeble for State affairs, his hand never lost its cunning with a gun. He was a good sportsman, and for that the mountain-folk loved him. Many and many a fine deer would he spare for the sake of the breed. 'That's the Red King'—he knew hundreds of the best specimens by name—he would say, peering through his glasses. 'A fine fellow like that must live another year.' A different type was the heir to the throne, Francis Ferdinand.

The old Emperor would never allow him to shoot on his estates on account of his well-known passion for the indiscriminate slaughter of game. Though he was held in great affection by his small circle of close friends for other good qualities which were his, in the Salzkammergut it is only remembered of him that among the wild things of the wood and mountains, which they love even while they shoot them with a sportsman's discrimination, Francis Ferdinand was a *Massenmörder*.

Here is a story of Francis Joseph which I believe to be authentic. It was on a golden autumn day that three roughly dressed sportsmen tramping along a country road not far from here hailed a peasant and asked for a lift in his cart, as they were going to a shoot. It was readily accorded. 'You don't live around here,' said the sturdy mountaineer to one of them. 'Who might you be?'

'I happen to be the King of Saxony,' answered the green-clad *Jäger*. 'That's fine,' returned the old peasant, grinning. 'And what might you be king of?' he asked his second passenger. 'Of Bavaria,' was the answer. 'And your shabby old friend, the keeper,' said the mountaineer, anxious to show that his wit was no duller than that of the *Herrschaften* from the city, 'he would no doubt be the Emperor of Austria?' 'Precisely,' returned Francis Joseph dryly. When they reached their destination, where the company waited respectfully for the Emperor and his two royal visitors to dismount from their unconventional conveyance, the former called to his A.D.C. to give the old peasant a suitable reward, as he had no money. The fact that the Emperor never handled money in his life was notorious, and the incredulous driver was convinced. 'Pardon, pardon, *Majestät*!' he cried. 'How could I have guessed? But now I know that you are indeed my Emperor.'

The Emperor would not have been the good Viennese he was had he not had what that gracefully graceless capital calls a *Lebensgefährtin*, who was a very famous actress. Only once did the affair (on which Vienna smiled an approval as discreet as the arrangement itself) cause a scandal, when the Emperor, who often spent an afternoon at the lady's peaceful house, away from the ceremonial of the Court, left later than his custom and found that the door, like all doors in Vienna, had been locked at ten o'clock. Even the *concierge's* allotted fee of twopence was not forthcoming, and the

Emperor did cause a real scandal in Vienna at last by rewarding the man with the coins which he found by chance in his pockets —two Kreuzer, the equivalent of about two-tenths of a penny.

Only once was the pomp of the Court allowed to impair the cherished simplicity of Ischl. It was in July 1907, when King Edward VII paid his most famous—and final—visit to the Spa, in the hope of detaching the Austrian Emperor from his alliance with the German Emperor. Francis Joseph was not to be moved; he felt that he was in loyalty bound to turn a deaf ear to the plea of the monarch of whom personally he was so fond. But to soften the blow he arranged a great fête in Ischl. The famous golden dinner-service was brought from Schönbrunn, and two hundred guests invited to the banquet held in the Kursaal; thousands of workmen were set to work in the mountains, with the result that on the great evening every one of the many peaks visible from Ischl was outlined in fairy lights, while coloured flares were burnt by the ton on the hill-tops.

The fête took place on the evening of the day when King Edward's proposals had been rejected. The Emperor, to please him, entered the detested motor-car for the first and only time in his life. (He never once used a telephone.) The two rulers motored alone to Laufen, and in the course of the drive the British proposal was mooted and rejected—traditionally, by a single sentence from the Emperor: 'Do not forget what I must always remember—I am a German Prince'.

The visitors' book of the Hotel Elisabeth is a rich field for autograph students. It opens with the signature of King Carol I of Roumania; King Edward follows. In 1880 Kaiser Wilhelm II signed the book—so did King Alexander of Serbia, the last Obrenovitch, who was subsequently assassinated in his palace of Belgrade. Moltke signs in 1882—as do Randolph S. Churchill and Johann Strauss, the latter adding a few bars of a waltz. Victor Napoleon enters his name two years later, and in 1884 W. E. Gladstone signs. King Edward signs in all three times.

From Ischl, the drawing-room of the Salzkammergut, it is only an hour by express to Ebensee (which, despite its name, is a town, not a lake) at the southern end of the Traun See. Here the mountains lose their generally friendly character. A new cable railway swings us in thirteen minutes from the lake-level to the Kranabetsattel (nearly 5,000 feet), high in the wild Höllengebirge, with the best view of the Dachstein

glacier country obtainable without climbing. In the old days all this was sacred ground—part of the enormous Imperial game preserves—and woe betide peasant or mountaineer who dared set foot in this desolate country. One of the many advantages of the cable over the rack-and-pinion railway is that it does not distrub the game to any great extent. Last summer I saw two families of chamois feeding undisturbed as we swung out far above their heads in our little tin cage.

Ebensee is a quaint old-fashioned village with one side of its main street given over to the washerwomen who plunge their linen into the icy-cold waters of the mountain stream. It is tragic, in a way, to think of all the old-world cottages which must presently be sacrificed to make room for the big hotels that are so badly needed to cope with the tourists attracted by the cable railway into the romantic Höllengebirge. Hotel-keeping in the many Austrian districts which have been opened up to tourists since the war must be a profitable business, low as are the prices charged, and a fortune awaits the syndicates who first succeed in disfiguring the landscape with modern palace hotels. May it wait for them long indeed.

From Ebensee the usual lake steamboat plys past romantic Traunkirchen, built on a little wooded peninsula, to Gmunden, the fashionable summer resort at the other end of the lake. In its way, this voyage is as lovely as any which can be made on Austrian lakes. Wild duck constantly flit across the bows, for the Traunsee is wild enough except for the three popular holiday resorts. The mountains, often running sheer into the water, make it unlikely that new watering-places will spring up. Gmunden itself has grown so much as to have lost a great deal of the character of an Alpine village. There is a lovely beach of silver sand, which I imagined in my innocence to have been placed there by Nature, until I lit a cigarette. Immediately two agitated officials pounced down upon me. 'Smoking on the sands is strictly forbidden', they exclaimed almost simultaneously, in horror-stricken tones. I thought I knew my Austria—I do, indeed, realize the sacredness of city grass—but this was something new. However, I obediently proceeded to stub my cigarette in the sand, only to evoke fresh cries of horror. 'You're making it dirty!' screamed the senior official wildly; and his assistant added: 'Don't you realize the cost of bringing this lovely sand down here? Have you no respect at all for our most expensive asset?' What to do but bow my coarse English head, which had never

been taught the sacredness of sand, in shame, and crawl back, a very Batemanlike figure, to my bathing-box through a forest of elongated necks, craned to see The Man who Dropped some Cigarette Ash on Our Beach!

But I returned to the beach next day, when my crime was forgotten, for the crystal clearness of the sea, the gay colours of costumes, sunshades, and pyjamas, the merry undressed tea-parties in the café, and the long hours of sun-baking on wooden couches provided for the purpose. Gmunden is loveliest when the sun goes down and turns the sheer face of the grim Traunstein rock to a gigantic glowing coal which in its turn throws quivering rainbow shadows across the waters. Nowhere else have I seen the *Alpenglühen* brought right down to the water's edge. Behind Gmunden the mountains gradually slide into the plain of Upper Austria, but in the town itself there is no indication that you are not in the heart of the wildest mountain country.

CHAPTER XX

MORE LAKES, THE GESÄUSE, AND THE END

Bad Aussee as Centre—Winter Sport and Summer Pleasures—Fishing again—A Chain of Lakes—Hallstatt and its Lake—Gosau Lakes and Dachstein Glacier—The "Ice World"—Admont, Monastery and Library—Mariazell—In "The Roaring"—Fury of Storms in the Alps—The Wild Johnsbach Valley—Shall we catch a Train?—Vienna, and the End

BAD AUSSEE, the centre for the southern part of the Salzkammergut, is surrounded by a bewildering number of lakes of all sizes. From the neighbouring mountain, the Loser, you can see fourteen lakes. Bad Aussee does not itself actually touch the water, but lies in a green nest of mountains of moderate height. Besides being a starting-point for all the neighbouring lakes, it is a spa in its own right by virtue of the saline baths and a fairly important salt-producing centre. The process of salt production is the usual one in Austria. Within the mines a cavity is blasted in the salt rock. The debris is brought to the works in the form of yellow-brown rocks, and either ground to powder or sold in the lump for cattle. These are bye-products. To produce salt for human consumption, the cavity is filled with water, which, when saturated with salt, is carried in pipes to the works in Bad Aussee, there evaporated, and the pure white salt compressed to cubes or put up in bags.

Somehow one always thinks of the lake country as a summer paradise only. Yet nothing could be lovelier than the little lakes around Aussee, which we are about to see, when they wear their winter dress. The snow arrives somewhere about November, as a rule to stay. It lies thickly on the surrounding slopes and from then onwards the roads leading to the lakes are gay with the jingle of sleigh-bells. There is plenty of skating, many toboggan tracks (the longest stretching for nearly four miles), a bob-run, and countless ski-ing fields.

THE GRUNDLSEE

The snows afford a wonderful opportunity for seeing the mountain fauna; a trip to the lower slopes to see the feeding of the deer, stags, and even chamois, forced by hunger to overcome their fear of humanity and accept the food laid out for them, is one of the regular winter attractions.

Three lovely little lakes in a chain, the nearest of which is reached in half an hour on foot, are the most personal property of Bad Aussee. The Grundlsee is surrounded by low hills, on the slopes of which are many villas of well-to-do Viennese, and a good motor-road runs along the banks. At the end of it, a few minutes' walk through the woods brings you to the little Toplitz See, wilder and still more beautiful. Here there is no road; the virgin forests reach down the steep cliffs of the mountains to the edge of the dark-green, melancholy waters. Two small waterfalls, flowing underground from tiny lakes far above us in the mountains, fall in spray into the lake, which must itself have some underground outlet. A little boat brings you in half an hour to the far end. The third lake, the minute Kammersee, lies ten minutes' climb beyond the far end of the Toplitz See, at the very foot of the gaunt Tote Gebirge, the loneliest and loveliest of them all.

Permission to fish the Grundlsee can be obtained for a small payment from the Bürgermeister's office; the fee is absurdly low, and the catch remains the property of the fisherman. The Salzkammergut generally is an anglers' paradise. The *Saibling* (the great, orange-bellied lake char) and a large variety of coarse fish are to be found in most of the lakes; the many mountain streams are full of trout.

The Ausseer See is within easy walking distance of Bad Aussee, with the pretty village summer resort of Alt Aussee on its banks. Set as usual in the midst of mountains, it has the distinction of offering you a wonderful glimpse into the heart of the Dachstein glacier country from any point to which you may row. It is a big, friendly lake, with ample facilities for boating, bathing, and fishing.

We must glance at three more Salzkammergut lakes, the Hallstätter See and its neighbours, the two Gosauseen. They are all-day excursions from Bad Aussee, but sufficiently attractive to warrant you spending a few days over them, sleeping at Hallstatt and the Gosaumühle. Hallstatt needs no description, as you have the photograph before you. Look how the houses cling anxiously to the cliff side, and bulge over the glassy surface of the lake. There is no place here for

the almost flat roofs of Tyrol, and the angle of the gables becomes more acute. Between the cliffs and the water there is no room to afford even the dead a permanent resting-place. Every ten years the churchyard is dug over, and the bones stored in its charnel-house. In front lie the skulls, painted with religious emblems and other designs, and bearing the name of the late—should one say owner or occupant? The view from the churchyard wall across the lake at eventide—which comes early, on account of the height and abruptness of the mountain wall which shuts it in on three sides—is but matched in charm by its reverse, Hallstatt from the lake. Tiny as the township is, the museum is worth visiting if you are interested in the prehistoric for the sake of the relics of that primitive Iron Age civilization to which it has given its name—the Hallstatt Age. From Hallstatt we can conveniently set out to explore (with a guide) the marvels of the underground glacier world whose generic name, the Dachstein Caves, suggests nothing of the frozen fairyland within. They are barely exceeded in interest by those of the more famous Eisriesenwelt, near Salzburg.

Half an hour's boat journey to the north lies a charming old mill, the Gosaumühle, now run as a waterside hotel. Here is another rest-cure for jaded nerves, a world's end where one feels obliged to do a little desultory fishing and nothing more. It is the starting-point for the day-trip to the two Gosau lakes, higher up in the mountains. Motor-chars-à-bancs take about an hour and a half to traverse the wild gorge and open country beyond to the Gosauschmied, the old smithy, where you are set down at the foot of the weird dolomite peaks of the Gosaukamm. Like the mill, the smithy has become an hotel, where in the season you must perform the very pleasant rite of eating fried *Schwarzreuterl*, a delicious variety of lake char, smaller than the *Saibling*, and so perishable that they can only be transported alive. There is a narrow mountain road from here to the Vordere Gosausee, but as there is a fixed fine of, I think, one pound sterling for motoring on it, everyone makes the journey on foot through the woods. The climb, which takes an hour, is very easy, and the reward, when you suddenly reach the crest of the road to find the dark green lake at your feet and the dazzling white Dachstein glacier immediately facing you, is ample. The climb to the farther lake is fairly stiff, but nothing to mountaineers; it takes two hours, and offers you a similar view of lake and

HALLSTATT, ON THE HALLSTÄTTER SEE

VORDERE GOSAUSEE AND DACHSTEIN GLACIER

glacier, but with the former set in an even wilder and deeper cup in the mountains.

Leaving Bad Aussee—and the Salzkammergut—we may make our way, with a change of trains, around the awe-inspiring Dachstein range to Schladming, which nestles at its foot, another glorious winter-sport centre, where in summer waterfalls seem to meet us at every turn. From here you may continue on the line back into Salzburg Province as far as Werfen, the starting-point for the caves of the Eisriesenwelt, the most extensive 'ice-world' in existence. Take warm clothing here, even in summer, for an icy blast from the interior always streams through these ghostly caverns to meet the warmer air without. In the winter, when the greater cold pours into them from outside, they are practically inaccessible.

Admont, another budding and inexpensive winter-sports centre, is an hour by rail from Bad Aussee. It is still in the mountains, though we are gradually leaving them. In summer, visitors crowd in here for the sake of the delightful walking tours for which it is the centre, but still more to see the renowned Benedictine monastery which was founded in 1074 by a lady whom we met at Gurk, the Holy Hemma. The *clou* of Admont is the monastery library. It is baroque, and most beautifully proportioned, ranking certainly with Melk, and second only to the National Bibliothek in Vienna. Altamonte's ceiling frescoes are good, of course, but the best thing in the long hall is the group of four wood-carved statues by Stammel in the middle, showing allegorically the 'Four Last Things'—Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.

The pleasantest way to visit Mariazell in summer is by motor chars-à-bancs through the mountains from Admont, though the usual route is by train from Vienna to St. Pölten, and thence by the electrified narrow-gauge railway.

Mariazell is the most celebrated place of pilgrimage in Austria. Over fifty thousand pilgrims come there between May and September every year, so that, despite the number of excellent and very cheap inns, it is necessary to reserve rooms in advance. The township lies in a sheltered basin amidst higher hills, and is itself 2,800 feet above sea-level, making it an ideal winter-sport resort. It is packed at Christmastime.

The church is the most remarkable thing in the little market town, half the population of which lives on the 'pilgrim traffic'. I do not think you will find anything in the world

to compare with its extraordinary mingling of architectural styles. It was originally a gothic church, of course, with a nave and two aisles, and a single gothic tower in the centre. The case for extending it during the baroque period was a strong one. Such was the sanctity of the original building that even baroque stayed its hand and spared the gothic tower; but that was the limit of the homage which the new style was prepared to show its despised predecessor. The additions were pure baroque, so that to-day the typical gothic centre spire has on either side equally typical baroque square towers with 'onion' cupolas.

Inside the effect is less disturbing, though the harmony usually attained by the Austrian genius for compromise in 'mixed style' churches is lacking. The gothic vaulting has not been destroyed, but is somewhat fantastically clad in baroque stucco. The prolongation of the church by an unexpected cupola, however, destroys all proportion. The detail of the baroque work is as gorgeous as usual.

In the middle of the church stands the Lady Chapel itself, shut off by a heavy grille; on the silver altar, clad in gorgeous modern robes, is the simple twelfth-century statue of the Virgin and Child, carved from the trunk of a lime-tree. This it is which has won the church its great reputation; to pray before Our Lady of Mariazell the devout come from as far away as America. The Catholic aristocracy of Austria and of Hungary came here regularly long before there was any railway to carry them up the steep slopes of the mountains; Maria Theresa herself was a frequent pilgrim.

The treasury of the church contains a curious collection of jewellery and valuable bric-à-brac left here in gratitude for the help given by the Madonna of Mariazell. In the many galleries of the church are thousands upon thousands of photographs, inscribed with expressions of gratitude for help asked and granted, together with the crutches and leg-irons of the lame who cast them away as no longer required.

From Admont we may take train, or, better still, try to motor along the impossible road to Gesäuse Eingang, the entrance to that majestic cañon, the Gesäuse. The name, of course, means 'The Roaring' (of the waters), and is well applied. The Enns, a broad, dignified river, is suddenly confined between walls of rock, forced over waterfalls, and generally extremely roughly treated. In foaming rage it dashes over boulders with terrific force for over four hundred

yards, no longer a river, but simply, as the Austrians have called it, a Roaring. Then there is a pause of a hundred yards or so, before the Roaring commences again. The series of magnificent cataracts continues between towering chalk alps for over ten miles. The country is wild and desolate; on the hills are stationed permanent avalanche observation-posts, necessary in summer as in winter, as the road and railway are frequently overwhelmed by masses of snow and rocks, or, in summer, by tons of chalk debris carried down the mountain-side by a sudden storm.

A delightful tour in the Gesäuse can be made very comfortably in a day, starting by train from Admont, getting out at Gesäuse Eingang, and walking from there along the boiling torrent until the little valley of the Johnsbach is reached. There is an infinite variety of climbs to be made all along the ten miles of the Gesäuse, some simple, some extremely perilous. To get an idea of the effect of a storm in these alps, I do not think you can do better than take the Johnsbachtal itself. I do not advise you to do so when a storm is actually threatening, but from the Hotel Gesäuse at Gstatterboden you can watch in safety the terrifying spectacle of the lightning leaping from the peaks, the black clouds gathering and bursting, and then, in less than an hour, see the '*Wildbäche*' or mountain torrents appearing where there was but a trickle of water or nothing but a dry watercourse before the storm, and hurling destruction into the valley. As they burst their self-made dams, the nearest trees splinter or are uprooted with the weight of debris and water flung against them. With a roar, which for a few moments drowns even that of the Gesäuse itself, the whole mass crashes into the valley.

The Johnsbachtal—quite impassable, I should think, for motor-cars—shows even in fine weather what these storms can do. The channel of the Johnsbach is five times the width of the little torrent itself—in places even wider—and piled up with debris. The road which follows it is a succession of switchbacks, and you can plainly see how it became so. From the mountains on either side perpend motionless 'cataracts' of limestone, narrow at the top, but expanding to a width of fifty or a hundred yards when they reach the road. The labour of removing such debris every few months, only to have it renewed by the next storm, would not be worth the expense; all that is done is to smooth over the surface a little; hence the switchbacks. Just before you reach the

little inn at the head of the narrow valley the road gives up the struggle, and is finally obliterated under a confused series of chalk cataracts. Some months before I was last there the daughter of one of the peasants was making her way up the valley through a storm to the inn. She was but a hundred yards away when a *Wildbach* burst its bounds on the hillside to the right of the road; in an instant she was swept away and buried beneath several tons of boulders, rubble, and tree-trunks. There is a cemetery by the village churchyard where many victims of mountaineering accidents are buried.

Returning down the valley to the Gesäuse and crossing the railway at the Johnsbach Halt, there is a two hours' walk before us through the woods on the lower slopes of the hills to Gstatterboden. There we shall find a good hotel which is an excellent centre for exploring the whole district. We may turn in here and discuss the eternal problem of the wayfarer—where next? There is much—so much, which we have left unseen in Austria, and particularly in this wild corner of it. But there is also a comfortable express which, somewhere about four, pauses a moment at Gstatterboden station. If we decide to catch it, we can see something of the rest of the Gesäuse from the carriage window, we can pass through the soft green valley of the Ybbs, and, past castles and monasteries, we can reach the plain of the Danube just as the purple tints behind the low hills receding into the distance are turning into gold and the gold is fading to black. If, for the last time, we grasp the skirts of happy chance—and our handbags—at Gstatterboden station, we shall, in fact, enter the sea of light around Vienna somewhere about nine. A little late, perhaps, but still in time for the best with which the city of laughter can welcome back a truant lover.

There will be a bone to be picked at the What-Is-It Grill, a golden-brown *Brathuhn* to be dealt with in that little restaurant in So-and-So Strasse; there is a cunning chef standing by with a couple of eggs in the Anything Keller waiting, with the aid of a couple of pints of air and a whisk, to make of them a mountain of crisp nothingness and call it *Salzburger Nockerl:* we are, in fact, as you may observe, in very much that frame of mind in which we first approached the capital.

I must leave the decision to you. If we return to Vienna, turning our backs on lakes and mountains, and our faces

towards opera, galleries, and the flesh-pots, of course we shall not have seen Austria. But to do that, we should have to become wayfarers, not once, but many times, and commit our experiences to a series of volumes. I hope at least that we have seen enough to decide you to return to this land of many-sided charm again, and yet again. If that is so, and if your present visit must anyhow come to an end in a few days, then you will want to see Vienna once more. Anyway, this is the very last moment for you to make up your mind, for the express is here.

INDEX

Aber (Wolfgang) See, 197, 198
Achen See, 180
Adlhardt, Jakob, 192
Admont, 138, 209, 210, 211
Affritzer See, 156
Aflenz, 127
Aggstein, Schloss, 105
Albrecht V, 38
Alland, 90
Altamonte, Martin, 35, 78, 101, 104, 209
Alt Aussee, 207
Alt, Salome, 194, 195
Amras, Schloss, 70, 178
Anschluss, 15, 16
Antiquities, 71, 72
Arlberg, 6, 8
Armour, 70, 71, 118, 178
Arthur, King of England, 172
Asam, 173
Aspern, 97, 109
Atter See, 198
Ausseer See, 207
Austria—
  Charm of, 88
  Complexity of, 15
  Enigma of, 10
  Secret of, 10
Austrians—
  Being Austrian, 6, 90
  Endurance of, 16
  Gaiety of, 124
  Non-existent, 14
Avars, 136, 145

Babenbergs, 91, 92
Bach, relics of, 83
Bad Aussee, 129, 197, 206 *seq.*
Bad Gastein, 162 *seq.*
Bad Gleichenberg, 132 *seq.*
Bad Ischl, 17, 197, 200
Baden, 93, 94
Bajuvaren, 145
Barend van Orley, 69
Baroque periods, 26
Baroque, spirit of, 24 *seq.*, 35, 36
Bars in Austria, 101
Bathing, Viennese love of, 95
Bayer, Dr. Joseph, 72
Beethoven, 37, 52, 84, 85
Bellini, 66
Blondel, 3, 105, 106
Bludenz, 6
Böckstein, 162
Bordone, 67
Bosch, Hieronymus, 77
Botticelli, 75
Brahms, relics of, 83
Bratislava, 9
Bregenz, 5
Brenner, 6, 8, 9, 169, 184, 189
Brenn See, 156
Brixlegg, 185
Bruck, 116, 135
Brueghels, paintings by the, 66, 69, 76, 177
Brusselle, Count, 132
Buchs, 4
Bummel, the, 32
Burgenland, 47, 111 *seq.*

Cabarets, 43, 55, 86, 124
Canale, 75
Canaletto, 68
Canova, marble tomb by, 59, 66
Caravaggio, 67
Carinthia, 115, 134, 135, 136 *seq.*, 150, 181
Carlone, 102
Carnuntum, 110
Castlereagh, Lord and Lady, 52
Cellini, Benvenuto, 72
Chardin, 76
Cleve, Joos van, 69

Conradin von Hohenstaufen, 182
Constance, Lake of, 5
Correggio, 67
Counter-Reformation, 16, 25, 27 35, 74, 116, 129, 141
'Court Camarilla,' 17, 37, 201
Cranach, Lucas, 68

Dachstein Glacier, 199, 207
Dachstein Ice Caves, 208
Dachstein Range, 115, 116, 201, 203
Danube, 4, 9, 19, 56, 88, 95, 99 *seq.*, 212
  Canal, 12, 31, 33, 50
  Steamers, 3, 100 *seq.*
Da Vinci, Leonardo, 75
Defregger, 76, 177
Dell' Allio, Domenico, 118
Della Robbias, the, 74
Del Pozzo, Andrea, 42, 74, 122, 173
Del Sarto, Andrea, 66, 67
Deutsch-Altenburg, 110
Dietrich, Wolf, 189 *seq.*, 195
Dobratsch, the, 153
Dogs in Vienna, 48, 50
Donatello, 74
Donner, Raphael, 14, 33, 62, 78, 140, 141
Drave, River, 152, 153
Dürer, Albrecht, 66, 68, 79
Dürnstein, 3, 91, 105, 137

Ebensee, 203 *seq.*
Edward VII, 203
Eggenberg, Schloss, 131
Egger-Linz, 178
Eisenerz, 126
Eisenstadt, 111
'Eisriesenwelt,' 209
Elisabeth, Empress, 48, 57, 59, 89, 93, 201
Enns, River, 210
Enzenberg, Count, 185

Faaker See, 151
Fasching, 54
'*Fasselrutschen*,' 109
Feichtmayr, 101
Feldbach, 132, 134
Feldkirch, 4, 5, 6
Ferdinand I (of Austria), 40
Ferdinand I (of Holy Roman Empire), 152
Ferdinand II (of Holy Roman Empire), 119
Ferdinand of Tyrol, 70, 72, 172, 178, 184
Fischer von Erlach, 30, 34, 35, 39, 48, 55, 56, 60, 63, 122, 194
Fishing facilities, 149, 207
Folklore, 79, 127 *seq.*
Francis Ferdinand, 17, 82, 83, 201, 202
Francis Joseph, 13, 17, 37, 39, 41, 44, 45, 49, 57, 58, 59, 61, 62, 81, 89, 93, 94, 200 *seq.*
Francis of Lorraine, 13
Francis II, 97
Frederick the Catholic, 91
Frederick the Quarrelsome, 91
Frederick III, 24, 70
Freundsberg, Schloss, 184
Friederich der Siegreiche, 71
Friederich mit der leeren Tasche, 170, 183
Friesach, 136 *seq.*, 138, 142, 143
Frögg, 145
Fugger family, the, 183, 184, 186

Gailtaler Alps, 157, 162
Gainsborough, 68, 76
Gaisberg, 195
Gemsbart, 7
Gemütlichkeit, 28
Geroldeck, Schloss, 9
Gesäuse, the, 210 *seq.*
Gesäuse Eingang, 210
Giorgione, 66, 67
Gleichenberg (Trauttsmandorff), Schloss, 132
Glockner, the, 152, 157, *seq.*
Gluck, relics of, 83, 85
Gmunden, 197, 198, 204 *seq.*
Goethe, 174
Göttweig, 107, 108
Golden Fleece, Order of the, 46, 58
Goldenstein, 196
Gosaukamm, 208
Gosaumühle, 207, 208
Gosauschmied, 208
Gosauseen, 207, 208

Graz, 91, 115 *seq.*, 129, 135, 146, 152, 175, 186
Architecture of, 118 *seq.*
Barbara Kapelle, 121
Cathedral, 121
Excursions, 123, *seq.*
Folk-Lore Museum, 127
Hauptplatz, 117
Joanneum, 125
Landeszeughaus, 118
Landhaus, 118, 174
Picture Gallery, 78, 126
Schlossberg, 130
Streets and Courtyards, 119 *seq.*
Greifenstein, 108
Grein, 102
Grillparzer, 48
Gross Venediger, 157
Grundlsee, 207
Gschnasfest, 54
Gstatterboden, 211, 212
Gulasch, 11
Gurk, 112, 137, 138 *seq*, 142, 152, 153, 209

Händel, 83
Hainburg, 104, 110, 137
Hallein, 184
Hall in Tyrol, 183
Hallstatt, 129, 184, 207, 208
Hallstatter See, 207
Hals, Frans, 70, 75, 177
Hapsburgs—
End of, 61
Influence of, 15 *seq.*
Unregretted, 15
Vide also Francis Ferdinand, Francis Joseph, 'Patriots for Me'
Haspinger, 171, 176
Hausmeister, the, 11
Haydn, 84, 111
Heidentor, 110
Heiligenblut, 157, 158 *seq.*
Heiligenkreuz, 42, 89 *seq.*, 107, 167, 182
Heiligenstadt, 108
Heinrich Jasomirgott, 38
Helenental, 94, 95
Hellbrun, *vide* Salzburg
Helst, 70
Hermes Villa, 89
'Herzogsgruft' (Stamms Monastery), 183
Heurigen, 63, 86 *seq.*
Hinterbrühl, 96
Hoch Osterwitz, Schloss, 132, 142, 143, 160
Hofer, Andreas, 169, 171, 174, 175 *seq.*, 184
Hof Gastein, 163
Hogarth, 68
Hohenberg, Duchess of, 82
Hohe Tauern Range, 149, 153, 162, 163, 180
Holbein, 68
Höllengebirge, 203, 204
Holy Roman Empire, 15, 57, 58, 189
Hoyos, Count, 93
Hugo van der Goes, 76
Hungarians, 94, 95, 96, 103, 109, 111, 134, 136
Hungerburg, 171
Hütteldorf, 88, 89

Igls, 178
Ilsung, Georg, 185, 186
Inn, River, 4, 9, 180 *seq.*
Innsbruck, 5, 6, 8, 27, 40, 70, 71, 164, 168 *seq.*, 182, 183
Berg Isel (Iselsberg), 169, 175, 176, 178
Ferdinandeum, 175
Goldene Adler, 174
Goldne Dachl, 169, 170, 174
Hofburg, 174
Hofkirche, 24, 169, 171 *seq.*
Hotels, 179
Jesuitenkirche, 172
Landhaus, 174
St. Bartholomäus Kirchlein, 174
St. Jakobs, 172
Wilten Parish Church, 26, 173 *seq.*
International Country Club 89 (*n.*)
Iron Duke, the, 52

Janneck, F. C., 121
Jasomirgott, Heinrich, 38
Jellačić, Ban, 53
Jenbach, 185
Johann, Erzherzog, 176
Johnsbachtal, 211
Halt, 212
Joos van Cleve, 69

Joseph II, 51, 62, 65, 129, 135
Judenburg, 126, 135
'Judenburg Chariot,' the, 126

Kahlenberg, 108
Kaisergebirge, 167
Kals, 157
Kaltenleutgeben, 96
Kammersee, 207
Karawanken Range, 142, 144, 145, 147, 149, 151
Karl, Emperor, 57, 61, 62
Karnberg, 143
Karwendel Range, 183
Kirchmayr, 183
Kitzbühel, 164 *seq.*, 184
Klagenfurt, 134, 136, 137, 141 *seq.* 151, 152, 160
Klagenfurt-Bad, 145
Klausur, 92
Klosterneuburg, 96, 108 *seq.*
Knittelfeld, 135
Korneuburg, 108
Kranabetsattel, 203
Krems, 107
'Kremser' Schmidt, 78, 107, 126
Kremsmünster, 101
Kreuzenstein, 108
Krimml Falls, 163, 164
Kritzendorf, 96
Kuenringer, the, 105, 106
Kufstein, 9, 167, 178, 180
Künstlerfest, 54

Lainzer Tiergarten, 89
Lake of Constance, 5
Landeck, 180
Langen, 6
Latour, Count, 40
Laxenburg, 96, 97
Leopold I, 35, 36
Leopold III, 108, 119
Leopold V, 91, 106, 119
Leopoldsberg, 88, 108
Leyden, Lucas van, 76
Lichtsäulen, 109, 143
Liechtenstein (Principality of), 4
Liechtenstein, Prince Johann II of, 4, 5, 96
Liechtenstein, Schloss, 96
Lienz, 157
'Light Pillars,' *vide Lichtsäulen*
Linz, 3, 100, 101 *seq.*
Liszt, 83, 111
Lobau Island, 110
Lodron, Paris, 189 *seq.*
Loibl Pass, 144
Loser Mountain, the, 206
Lukas von Hildebrandt, 39, 55, 194

Mabuse, Jan, 69
Mantegna, Andrea, 145
'March Days,' 39
Marchfeld, the, 109
Margarete Maultasch, 143
Maria Plain, Church of, 196
Maria Saal, 143
Maria Theresa, 13, 59, 60, 61, 80, 85, 97, 174, 175
Maria Wörth, 148
Mariazell, 35, 209 *seq.*
Marie Antoinette, 60, 61, 80
Marie Christine, Archduchess, 59
Marie Louise, Archduchess, 37, 176
Martinelli, Domenico, 74
Marx, Karl, 81
Maulpertsch, 78, 126
Maximilian I, 70, 170, 174, 185
Maximilian II, 60, 80
Maximilian, Tomb of, 24, 172
Mayerling, 93 *seq.*
Meals in Austria, 18, 20, 117, 150
Meinhard II of Tyrol, 182
Melk, 3, 27, 100, 101, 102 *seq*, 109, 209
Memling, Hans, 69, 76
Menu, the Austrian, 19
Meran, 9, 183
Messerschmidt, F. X., 78
Metnitz, River, 136
Metternich, 1, 39, 40, 52, 61, 176
Meytens, 78
Michaelangelo and baroque, 26, 27
Millstatt, 107, 145, 153 *seq.*
Millstätter See, 152, 153
Minnesänger, 91
Mödling, 96, 97
Moll, Balthasar Ferdinand, 14, 78, 141
Möll, River, 157
Mond See (lake), 198
Mondsee (town), 198
Montecuculli, 133

Montenuovo, Prince, 37
Moretto da Brescia, 67
Mountaineering, 161 *seq.*
Mozart, 78, 83, 86, 191, 194, 195, 198
Mur, River, 115, 131, 135
Murau, 135
Mürzzuschlag, 115

Napoleon, 37, 52, 57, 60, 61, 62, 66, 70, 80, 84, 103, 107, 117, 119, 175, 177
'Nationalities,' the, 14, 16
Neusiedlersee, 112
Nicolas of Verdun, 109
Niebelung Saga, 4, 103

Obermurau, 135
Oberwolz, 135
Oetz Tal, 180, 181
Oetztaler Alps, 180
Olsa, 135
Orley, Barend van, 69
Ortler Alps, 180
Ossiacher See, 151, 156

Pacassi, 60
Pacher, Michael, 68, 193, 199 *seq.*
Paltauf, Katherina, 133
Parmigianino, 66, 67
Pass Luegg, 189
Passau, 2, 3, 4, 9, 100, 109
Pasterzen Kees, 161
Patanier, 76
'Patriots for Me,' 15, 16, 28, 80, 116
Payerbach, 96
Payerbach-Reichenau, 112
Peasant Dances, 129
Perchtoldsdorf, 96, 97
Perugino, 67
Petersberg, 137
Petronell, 110
Pfänder Mountain, the, 5
Philip the Handsome, 186
Pietro de Pomis, 122
Pocapello, 141
Pöchlarn, 103
Porcia, Schloss, 152, 190
Pörtschach, 142, 148
Potiorek, General, 82
Potter, Paul, 77, 177
Poussin, Nicholas, 76
Prandauer, Jacob, 102, 103, 106
Pressbaum, 88
Pressburg, 9, 110
Prince Eugene of Savoy, 56, 78
Prince Regent, the, 58
Princip, Gavrilo, 83

Quellinus, 76

Radetzky Hotel, 96
Raeburn, 68
Raphael, 67, 69, 155
Rattenberg, 185, 186, 189
Rauchküche, 127
Rauchmiller, 35
Rauchstube, 130
Rauheneck, Schloss, 94
Rauhenstein, Schloss, 94
Rax Alp, 112, 113
Reichenau, 113
Reichstadt, Duke of ('Napoleon II'), 37, 57, 61, 62
Rekawinkel, 88
Rembrandt, 70, 177
Reni, Guido, 75
Revolution of 1848, 39 *seq.*
Reynolds, 68
Richard Cœur de Lion, 3, 91, 105, 106, 137
Riegersburg, the, 132 *seq.*, 135, 143
Rococo, 25, 26, 61, 173, 192
Romney, 76
Rosegger, 129
Rotenfels, Schloss, 135
Rottmayr, 35
Rubens, 66, 69, 75
Rudolf I, 186
Rudolf, II, 51
Rudolf, Crown Prince, 62, 93 *seq.*
Ruisdael, van, 76
Ruskin, 174

Sacher, Madame, 18
St. Anton, 6
St. Florian, 102
St. Gilgen, 197, 198
St. Gotthard, 133
St. Johann in Tyrol, 167
St. Lambrecht, 135
St. Martin, Schloss, 131

St. Paul, 135
St. Wolfgang, 68, 197, 198, 199
Salurn, 8
Salzach, River, 116, 163, 193, 196
Salzberg (near Hall), 183
Salzburg, 6, 80, 86, 116, 137, 138, 139, 159, 164, 188 *seq.*
  Dom (Cathedral), 172, 191, 195
  Festival, 195
  Franziskanerkirche, 193
  Glockenspiel, 191
  Hellbrunn, 195
  Hohen Salzburg, Fortress of, 189, 190, 191, 193
  Kapuzinerberg, 194
  Kollegienkirche, 194
  Mirabelle Schloss, 194
  Mönchberg, 192
  Nonnberg, 138, 194
  Peter's Friedhof (Churchyard), 192
  Peter's Keller, 191
  Residenz, 191
  St. Peter's Monastery, 191
  Stiftskirche, 192
Salzburger Nockerl, 10, 212
Salzkammergut, 129, 150, 197 *seq.*
Sängerknaben, 56, 84
Sarajevo, 17, 82, 83
Scammozi, Vincenzo, 152, 190
Schafberg, 197, 198, 199
Scheifling, 135
Schladming, 129, 209
Schlagobers, 4
Schlamperei, 44
'Schlimme Liesel,' 133
Schneeberg, 112, 113
Schubert, 29, 83 *seq.*
Schumann, 83
Schwarza, River, 113
Schwarzsee, 167
Schwaz, 184
Schwechat, River, 93, 94
Seckau, 135
Seitz, Dr., 46
Semmering, 55, 96, 112, 113 *seq.*, 115
Sennerin, the, 156
Shooting facilities, 150, 181
Sigismund of Tyrol, 71, 183
Sitticus, Marcus, 189 *seq.*, 195
Slavs, 142, 144, 145
Slovenes in Austria, 134, 144
Social-Democrats, 16, 44, 46, 48
Solari, 195
South Tyrol, 8, 61, 66, 111, 169, 170, 171
Spanish Riding School, 57
Speckbacher, 171, 176, 178
Spittal-an-der-Drau, 152, 153, 157
Spitz, 105
Spullersee, 6
Stams, 182, 185
Stanser Joch, 185
Stephanie, Crown Princess, 93
Stockau, Baron, 93
Strassburg, 139
Strauss, Johann, 203
Strauss, Richard, 4
Stuart, Eleanora, 183
Stubai Tal, 180
Stubaier Alps, 180
Styria, 115 *seq.*
Styrian ore and England, 126
Styrian Peasantry, 129
Südbahn, 88
Sylvester Abend, 55

Tänzl family, 185
Tannhäuser, 91
Tassilo Chalice, 101
Teurnia, 153
Thalhof Hotel, 113
Thiersee, 9
Tintoretto, 66
Titian, 66, 67
Tobacco, English, 34
Toplitz See, 207
Traisenmauer, 104
Tratzberg, Schloss, 185
Traunkirchen, 204
Traun See, 150, 197, 203, 204
Tulln, 104
Tyrol, 168 *seq.*, 180 *seq.*
  Tragedy of, 8
Tyrolese Costumes, 7, 8
Tyrolese Houses, 7

Unterach, 198
Unterberg, 191, 192
Unzmarkt, 135

Vaduz, 4
Van Dyck, 70, 75
Van Eyck, 66, 69
Van Ruisdael, 76

Velazquez, 66, 68
Velden, 136, 138, 142, 147 *seq.*, 153, 157, 198
'Venuses of Willendorf, '72
Vermeer, Jan, 76
Vetsera, Baroness, 93
Vienna, 1 *seq.*, 11 *seq.*

VIENNA—
Austria Fountain, 59
Basilisk House, 42
Böhmische Hofkanzlei, 34
Burgtheater, 45
Burgtor, 49
Cabarets, 43, 55, 86
Cafés, 14, 43
Capuchin Vault, 13, 51, 59, 93
Cemeteries—
Währinger, 85
St. Marx, 86
Churches—
Annakirche, 43
Augustinerkirche, 40, 59
Carmelites, Church of the, 29
Deutschordenskirche, 42
Jesuits, Church of the, 42
Kapuzinerkirche, 13
Karlskirche, 25, 26, 29, 30, 34, 54 *seq.*
Michaelerkirche, 36, 56
Minoritenkirche, 37
Nine Choirs of Angels, 39
Old Rathaus Chapel, 32
Peterskirche, 31, 34, 35
Rupprechtskirche, 31, 32
St. Bernhard's Chapel, 42
St. Maria-am-Gestade, 24, 33
Schottenkirche, 38, 68
Stephanskirche (Stefansdom), 12, 21 *seq.*, 32, 35, 36, 40
Votivkirche, 36, 45
Cobenzl, 19, 95, 108
College of Jesuits, 42

Dönner Fountain, 14
Dornbach, 86

Gänsehäufel, 95
Grand Hotel, 113
Grinzing, 86

Hotels, 18
Heiligenkreuzerhof, 42, 92
Hubertushof, 19, 86

VIENNA—*Continued*
Imperial Hotel, 113
Innere Stadt, 12, 32, 36, 86

Josefssäule, 32

Künstlerhaus, 54
Krapfenwaldl, 95

Landhaus, 39, 41
Leopoldstadt, 31, 35

Mozart Statue, 78
Museums, Picture Galleries, etc.—
Akadamie der bildenden Künste, 50, 77
Albertina, 78
Archives, the, 79
Army Museum, 82
Baroque Museum, 78
Czernin Gallery, 76
Estensische Collection, 77
Folk-Lore Museum, 79
Harrach'sche Gallery, 79
Haydn Museum, 84
Hofmobiliendepot, 82
Kunsthistorisches Museum, 49, 65 *seq.*
Liechtenstein Gallery, 66, 74 *seq.*
Lower Austrian Museum, 41
Museum für Kunst und Industrie, 81
Museum Vindabonense, 82
Musical Museum, 83
National Library, 58, 79, 209
Naturhistorisches Museum, 72
Rathaus Museum, 46
Schubert Museum, 84
Technical Museum, 82
Uhrenmuseum, 83

Opera, 18, 43, 50

Palace of Justice, 47
Palaces and *Palais*—
Belvedere, 14, 25, 54, 55, 56, 78
Breuner, 42
Esterhazy, 39
Hofburg (including 'Neue Burg),' 17, 36, 40, 48, 49, 52, 56 *seq.*, 77, 78

VIENNA—*Continued*
Palaces and *Palais*—*Continued*
Kinsky, 39
Lobkowitz, 85
Montenuovo, 37
Prince Eugene's Winter Palace, 43
Schönbrunn, 17, 26, 58, 59 *seq.*, 68, 77, 82, 203
Schwarzenberg, 55
Starhemberg, 29, 37
Trautson (Ungarische Garde), 29, 48
Parks—
Augarten, 63
Belvedere Gardens, 55
Burggarten (Kaisergarten), 49
Prater, 19, 20, 49, 50 *seq.*, 63
Stadtpark (Stadtgarten), 20, 50
Volksgarten, 20, 48
Parliament, 47
Plague Column, the (Pestsäule), 32, 34, 35, 91

Rathaus, 36, 46, 76
the Old, 33
Restaurants, 18, 33, 37
Roman Vienna, 31 *seq.*

Sacher's Hotel, 18
Savoyisches Damenstift, 43
Schottenkloster, 32, 38
Sievering, 86
Strauss, Johann, statue, 50
Streets and Squares—
Am Hof, 39
Annagasse, 43

Bäckerstrasse, 42
Ballhausplatz, 1, 37, 46, 97
Bankgasse, 39
Bognergasse, 32

Domgasse, 43

Färbergasse, 32
Fischerstiege, 31
Franziskanerplatz, 43
Freyung, 39, 40

Goldschmiedgasse, 32
Graben, 31, 32, 34, 40
Grünangergasse, 85

VIENNA—*Continued*
Streets and Squares—*Contd.*
Haydngasse, 84
Heldenplatz, 36, 49
Herrengasse, 39, 40
Himmelpfortgasse, 43
Hoher Markt, 31, 32, 34

Johannesgasse, 43
Judengasse, 32
Judenplatz, 31

Kärntnerstrasse, 11, 12, 13, 20, 32, 41
Kettenbruckengasse, 85
Kohlmarkt, 32, 34
Kramergasse, 31

Landstrasse, 1
Löwelstrasse, 37
Lugeck, 41

Micheler Durchhaus, 36
Michaelerplatz, 56
Minoritenplatz, 29, 37, 39, 79
Molkerbastei, 37, 85
Molkersteig, 37

Naglergasse, 32
Neuer Markt, 13, 14, 32, 78
Nussdorferstrasse, 84

Operngasse, 78
Oppolzergasse, 37

Praterstern, 31, 53, 95
Prinz Eugen Strasse, 37

Rauhensteingasse, 86
Renngasse, 39, 40
Rennweg, 55
Revolutionsplatz, 78
Ringstrasse, 2, 12, 32, 44 *seq.*
Rotenturmstrasse, 32, 41
Rotgasse, 31

Salvatorgasse, 32
Schaufflergasse, 37
Schönlaterngasse, 41, 92
Schottengasse, 37
Schreyvogelgasse, 37
Schulerstrasse, 42
Schwarzenbergplatz, 55
Singerstrasse, 42

VIENNA—*Continued*
Streets and Squares—*Contd.*
Sonnenfelsgasse, 41, 42
Stallburggasse, 36
Stephansplatz, 31
Stock-im-Eisen Platz, 36
Stoss-im-Himmel, 33
Strauchgasse, 39

Tiefer Graben, 31, 85
Tuchlauben, 32, 34

Universitätsplatz, 42

Wallnerstrasse, 39
Weihburggasse, 43
Wiedener Hauptstrasse, 86
Wipplingerstrasse, 33
Wollzeile, 32, 42

Theatres, 18

University, the, 45
University, the Old (Akademie der Wissenschaften), 39, 42, 68

West Station, 11, 84

Vienna, City of Dreams, 12, 28, 46
Vienna, City of Realities, 12, 46
Vienna Congress, 51, 97
Vienna Forest, 88 *seq.*
Viennese, Character of the, 23, 33, 124
Villach, 152, 162
Vinci, Leonardo da, 75
Vindobona, 31
Vironum, 143, 144
Von Erlach, Fischer, *vide* Fischer von Erlach
Von Galler, Elisabeth, 133
Von Hildebrandt, Lukas, *vide* Lukas von Hildebrandt
Von Keutschach, Leonhard, 189 *seq.*
Von Lerchenfeld, 178
Vorarlberg, 4 *seq.*
Vorderbrühl, 97
Vöslau, 96

Wachau, 99 *seq.*
Wagner, Richard, 81
Wagram, 110
Waldmüller, 78
Wallenstein, 80
Walther von der Vogelweide, 91
Warmbad Villach, 152
Weitau Spitalskirche, 167
Weissenkirchen, 105
Welser, Philippine, 70, 172, 178, 184
Werfen, 209
Weyden, Roger van der, 69
'Wicked Liesel,' 133
Wien, River, 89
Wiener Neustadt, 111, 112
Wiener Schnitzel, 10, 19
Wild Kaiser, 167
Wilhering, 101
Wilten, 26, 173, 178, 192
Windischgraetz, 40, 53
Winter Sport, 6, 55, 114, 123, 151, 166, 178, 180, 206, 209
Wip Tal, 180, 184
Witch-hunting, 132, 133, 134
Wolfgang See, *vide* Abersee
Wolfsberg, 135
Wörther See, 136, 142, 145, 147 *seq.*, 160, 198
Wouverman, 76

Ybbs, River, 102, 212

Zell-am-See, 6, 163, 164, 167
Zeller Lake, 163
Zeltweg, 135
Ziller Tal, 129, 180, 181
Zillertal Alps, 180
Zita, ex-Empress, 61
Zollfeld, 142, 143, 160
Zugspitze, 181
Zwettl, 107

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